

TTrue **Romances**

July

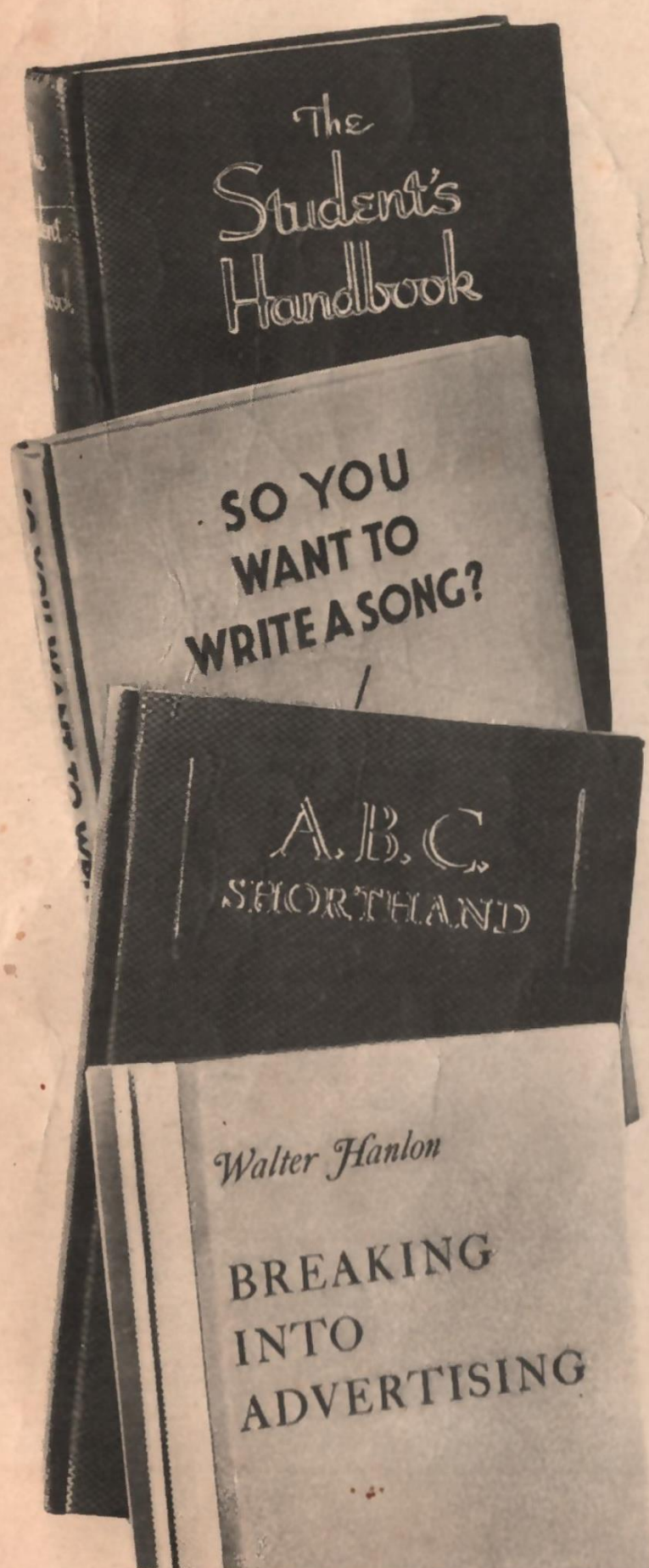
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A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



RED-HEADED DANGER
IN LOVE WITH HER BOSS
TOO YOUNG FOR BOY FRIENDS

SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

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Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You,

yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



True Romances

VOLUME 23, No. 5

JULY, 1936

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Cover: Painted by Georgia Warren

Photography by the Macfadden Studio. Director of Illustrations—George Larkin

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THE SPELL OF A BAD WOMAN

"Yes, she was unusually friendly to me that evening. I did not know why and I did not care. If reason whispered to me it was because she thought she had got hold of a good thing in me and she might as well work me as much as possible, I quickly stopped this line of thought. I was madly in love with her by now and was grateful to her for every kind word, for every little smile.

"She let me take her in my arms. She let me kiss her until every fibre of my body yearned for her. Then she made me stop making love, again on the plea that her brother and sister-in-law would hear us.

"We sat down and talked. In very little time she had managed to let me know she needed new clothes. I reached into my pocket and gave her every dollar I had. She called me a 'nice boy' for that and I departed in a glow of happiness."

This strange and powerful story of a man's slavery to a bewitching woman will begin in the

AUGUST TRUE ROMANCES MAGAZINE—ON SALE EVERYWHERE JULY 22ND

General Business Offices:
Macfadden Building
1926 Broadway, New York

Editorial Offices:
Chanin Building
122 East 42nd St., New York

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Published Monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Entered as Second Class Matter July 25th, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the
Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Dunellen, N. J.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per year in the United States. \$1.50 per year in U. S. Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. All other countries, \$2.50 per year. Price—United States, 10c per copy; Canada, 15 cents. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by first class postage, but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Member of the Macfadden Women's Group. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Copyright also in Canada and Great Britain. The stories in this magazine are about REAL PEOPLE, and because of this fact, fictitious names, which bear absolutely no relation to the real characters and places involved in the story, have been used.

Printed in U. S. A. by W. F. Hall Printing Co.

Advertising Offices:

Chanin Building, New York
Walter Hanlon
Director of Advertising

Chicago Office:

333 North Michigan Ave.
C. H. Shattuck, Mgr.

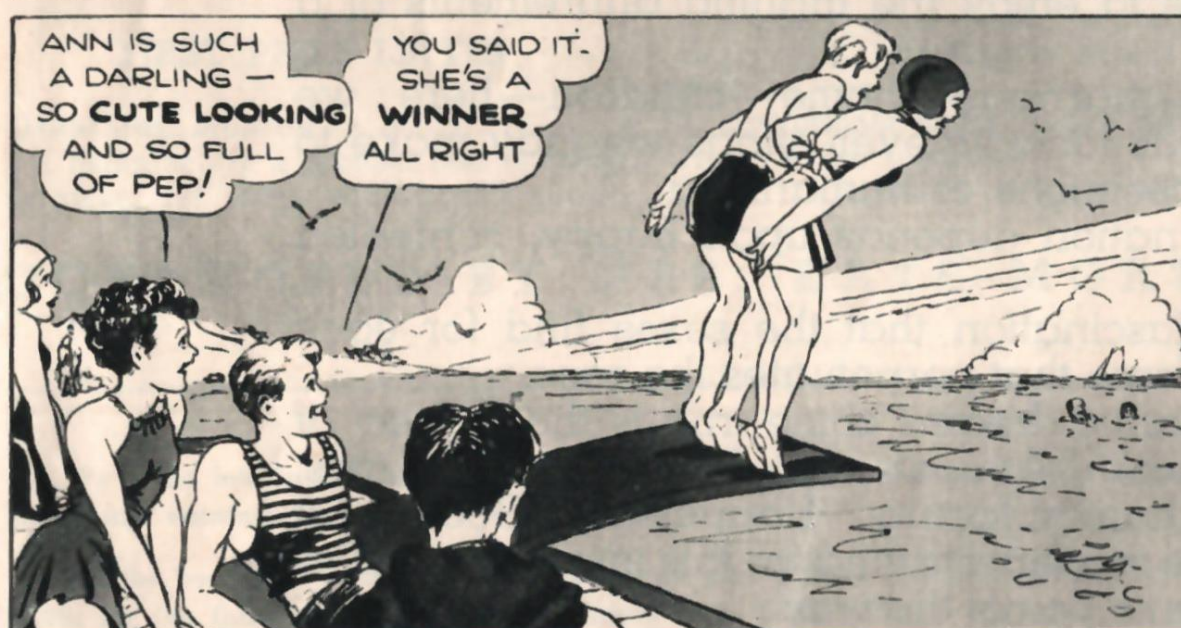
London Office:

Macfadden Magazines, Ltd.
30 Bouverie Street
London, E. C. 4, England



**I NEVER WANT TO SEE
ANOTHER SOUL AS
LONG AS I LIVE**

**HER
PIMPLY
SKIN
MADE ANN
FEEL
LIKE A
TOTAL
LOSS**



**Don't let Adolescent Pimples
spoil YOUR vacation plans**

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

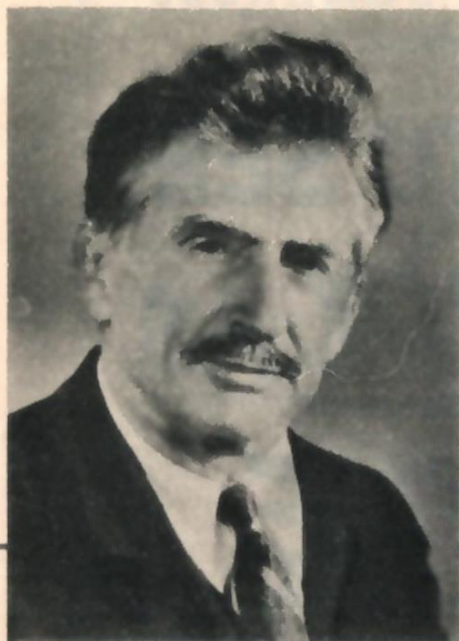
After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast **regularly**—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



—clears the skin
**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**



True Romances

JULY, 1936

LOVE—ENTHRALLING, INSPIRING!

TO BE in love is a wonderful experience. Romance is a dangerous game and you often have to run the gamut of emotional extremes.

At times you are thrilled with fascinating imagery—overcome with a sense of possession. Reciprocated love is an inspiring force.

And then you may be cast into eternal gloom. Doubt and suspicion rankle in your heart. Jealousy may sting your soul, like the sharp thrust of a knife.

Yes—love is a glorified game. We often hear that all is fair in love and war.

But from recent events we would be inclined to include politics.

We must admit that Cupid at times seems to have Satanic qualities. He plays strange pranks.

But, regardless of how venturesome the enticements of romance may be, if we are normal we cannot avoid this powerful appeal. It enters our lives at times with a compelling force that cannot be restrained.

And, regardless of one's ambitions, there is always a desire some time in the future to enjoy the thrilling allurements of a happy love life.

Sweetheart days—marriage—home—children—here we find the ultimate rewards for whatever efforts we may make to become outstanding specimens of humankind.

The strength of a nation depends upon happy, contented people.

And the alluring fascination that the sexes find for each other is the cementing force that perpetuates the race.

To make your romantic dreams come true is the highest of all human achievements. A contented love life stimulates, vitalizes, adds to every human faculty. Happiness is God's most majestic gift, and our life is spent striving for this inspiring possession and reciprocated love points the way.

Bernard Macfadden

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AT HOME

THE more I think about the splendid work being done by the readers of this department, the more I am impressed with the fact that often the simplest way of making money at home turns out to bring in the best returns. Of course, they aren't always as much fun or as exciting as the more adventuresome plans we sometimes print, but in the long run they are more dependable. Such homely tasks that fall within the duties of the average homemaker—such as baked beans, fine laundering, caring for children, making over other people's clothes and supplying other housewives with flowers and fresh vegetables are tasks that any woman can do. And there are women making a nice income through them.

Which brings me to a little piece of advice I have in mind to offer you this morning. Don't approach this business of making money in your spare time with anything but a sincere and calm determination to do it methodically and courageously. If you are the type who gets easily bored and passes from one thing to another, I can't offer you much encouragement. Because our home moneymakers are business people just as those who work in offices and run stores and the same principles apply to them. Unless you have system and order you might as well give up. Don't think you can work in spurts and be successful. In the hard world of business there is scant room for temperament or periodic laziness.

On the other hand, there are several excellent plans that are out of the ordinary yet do not involve any special talent. Take our first prize letter for this month, for example. Real ingenuity lies behind it. And the fine thing about it is that you should be able to sell to housewives and stores alike.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

DEAR MRS. MORTON:

I manufacture a product that is cheap to make, yet yields considerable profit.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. KATE MORTON

■ We want letters from women readers who have solved the problem of keeping their homes and earning extra money.

For the best letter published each month, we give a prize of \$10.00; for the second best, \$5.00; for the third best, \$3.00; for the fourth best, \$2.00. For every letter we print that does not win one of these prizes, we will pay \$1.00. No letters will be returned.

The prizes are awarded on the merit of the suggestion they contain, and not on literary style.

We shall be glad to mail our full list of money making plans to you, if you send a stamped and self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Kate Morton, care TRUE ROMANCES, Channing Bldg., 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

As a girl, I had attended a school where we were instructed in home-making. One of the things we learned was how to make our own spot removers and other formulas. At that time I thought that some time in the distant future I might want to consult the instruction sheet again, so I put it away. When it became necessary for me to make some money at home I eagerly sought this sheet and was overjoyed to find that the formulas included one on how to make a good polish for silverware, glass and, above all, furniture.

I experimented with the solution on several kinds of materials, finally selecting a soft woolen cloth as the best to make my polishing pad. I cut it a size convenient to slip over the hand and then bound the edges, adding an inch and a half wide band on top to slip the hand through.

Then I placed it in this solution and left it for a while.

Removing it, I experimented on my own furniture and the furniture took on a new lustre. To say I was elated is putting it mildly. I made several more of these cloths and took them to a local furniture dealer, laying my plans before him. He was as enthused as I with the idea and gave me an order for a gross at a special discount from the regular price of fifteen cents, which I had decided was fair for a single pad.

As an added inducement, I went to a printing company and had each pad stamped with his name and address of the store, thereby supplying free advertising for the dealer. He intended giving these pads as free gifts for every piece of furniture purchased by a customer. A pad lasts six months. I got more orders from pleased customers; the pads sold themselves. I find that I make a very good profit—about three-quarters of what I ask for each one is clear profit, and several dozens can be made at one time.

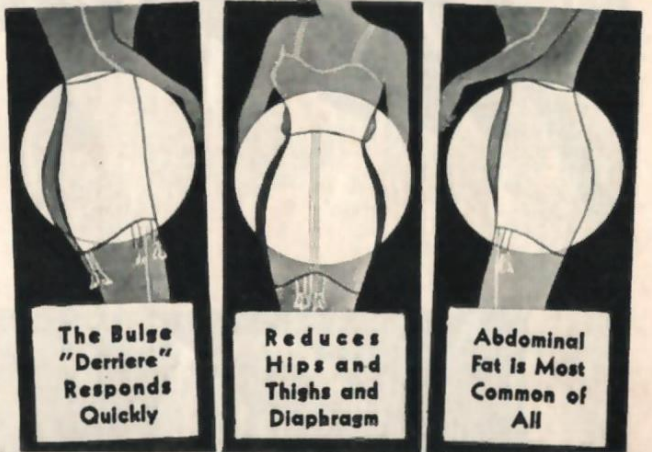
My husband helps in his spare time. Here is the formula—

(Continued on page 99)

... **REDUCE** ...
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
... or no cost!

"REDUCED
9 INCHES"
writes
Miss Healy

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS



Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

■ You do not risk one penny... simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results... as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing... and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material.

Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the soft, silky inner surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

We want YOU to TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE... at our expense!

Send for FREE sample of the fabric and illustrated booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of others.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 287, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

The happiest moment OF MY LIFE



FIRST PRIZE ■ \$25.00

WHEN I reached the age of twenty-five and was still unmarried, my friends laughingly called me "a confirmed old bach". But how could they understand? The right girl just hadn't come along yet. I was sure I would know her when she did. In our crowd there were many jolly and likable girls, but none of them appealed to me. Not one that I would care to make my wife.

One evening the gang set out for a corn roast. It was given by the teachers of two of our neighboring schools. One I knew very well; the other I had not met. We could see the glowing fire long before we arrived on the scene. It lighted up the fields for yards around. Near the fire sat a young girl, with a group of laughing children around her. They were toasting marshmallows. My companions joined the merrymaking.

I stood in the background as if rooted to the ground and gazed. What a girl! And what a lovely picture she made,

sitting there Turkish fashion, with the fireglow lighting her bright eyes and glowing cheeks. I can't begin to describe my feelings. My heart was doing all sorts of crazy flip-flops. A voice within me seemed to say, "She is yours." As I came out of my trance and moved nearer the fire, our glances met. What a heavenly smile she gave me! I believe that was the happiest moment of my life. After ten years of perfect companionship I can still recall that moment. The picture rises before me as plain as if it were only yesterday.

—F. J. R.

SECOND PRIZE ■ \$15.00

NEITHER my husband nor I wanted children. We traveled with a very fast crowd who thought children both a nuisance and an interference with the freedom they enjoyed.

So it was quite a blow to Ralph and me when we found there was to be an "interference" in our lives. A very disagreeable

blow to me that grew steadily worse as my time approached. For I was compelled to stay home nursing a bitter heart, while my husband continued his round of gayeties.

There was no feeling whatsoever in my heart for the little life that was resting so serenely beneath my breast.

In due time I was taken to the hospital and, after several long hours of intense agony, my baby was placed in my arms. Then—ah, the miracle of motherhood! For suddenly, just as tiny fingers closed around my thumb, the ice melted from around my heart and I knew the full joy that every woman knows when she looks upon her firstborn.

While still trying to grasp the meaning of the sweet change that had come over me, my husband was ushered into the room. "Your son, Ralph," I said softly.

He hesitated a moment, looking curious and embarrassed, then bent over the blue blanket. The tiny mite seemed to realize he was up for inspection. His baby eyes opened, stared straight into his father's.

There was a broken sob, and my husband was down on his knees, his strong arms enfolding the baby and me.

"He's precious, Judy," he whispered. "And to think we didn't want him!"

Those words made me the happiest woman alive!

—MRS. J. S.

THIRD PRIZE ■ \$10.00

I WAS thirty-five years old and most unhappily married when another man came into my life.

I met him in a business way and we were attracted to each other.

He was ten years my senior, married, and had two grown children, a son who was a doctor and a daughter who was a trained nurse. We soon found we could not go on just seeing each other for an hour once a month and he suggested that I divorce my husband and he ask his wife to divorce him so we could marry. It seemed such a serious step to take that I begged him not to say anything to his wife until I had more time to think it over, and I soon became convinced I could not build my happiness on another's unhappiness or do anything to hurt his splendid son and daughter.

So I sent him away. It was the hardest thing I ever did, but I knew it was right.

Ten years later I met him quite by accident and learned that his doctor son had been killed during the World War and his daughter had also died of a disease contracted from one of her patients.

It was the happiest moment of my life when I realized that, because of a decision I had made ten years before, they were together when their great sorrow came; that no breath of scandal had come to them because of me and that the little mother, now a hopeless invalid, was receiving tenderness, protection and care from the man who had promised to cherish her till death parted them.

—MRS. J. M. A.

(Continued on page 98)



SCARED?

That panicky doubt—that fear of embarrassment—what woman hasn't known it?

Would you like to banish it forever? Then try Modess—the new and different sanitary pad. *It's certain-safe! Invisible!*



YOU CAN ALWAYS BE CAREFREE NOW!

You can always be confident—with certain-safe Modess.

It stays safe—no striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice specially treated material on sides and back.

It stays soft—no chafing—the edges remain dry. Wear *blue* line on moisture proof side *away* from body for complete protection.



End "accident panic"—ask for *Certain-Safe*
Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

Do You Need Advice?

ASK JANE PORTERFIELD

VERY fortunately the human race has been given the gift of freedom, but unfortunately we do not quite realize—especially when we are young and in love—just what a tremendous force freedom can become. Of course, every individual who leads a useful and happy life has, either consciously or subconsciously, certain rules of behavior. Call them ideals, or codes of honor, or self-imposed commandments, but whatever name you give to them they form the fundamentals of life.

However, our moment to moment existence can't be run like a railroad time-table. Most specifically the element of love is one which grows in freedom and comes to its full flower when unhampered. Because love is such a mystery, and so many young people have been hurt by it they have a tendency to be possessive about it. They feel that it can be anchored by keeping it harnessed to a treadmill. As I have so often said before, love can't be shut up in a box. The harder you cling to it, the more certain it is to break jail and escape as soon as a bar is loose. The only rules and regulations needed for love and marriage are those which the heart makes of itself from day to day, and if the love is genuine the commandments will be true.

DEAR MISS PORTERFIELD:

There is a rather peculiar problem facing me now that I know you will understand and give me some help on. I just feel that I can't handle it alone, and yet I know something has to be done. I have seen evidences of this problem throughout the past year of my engagement to John, but it is only in the past few weeks, when we have been actually planning our marriage and our home, that the thing has hit me full force. Please let me say, right off, that I love John. I don't want you to think I am criticizing him. I am just a little scared, not only for myself but for him, for I think he is building his life in pretty narrow channels and he may suffer for it as well as I. I don't like to see him bound throughout his adult life by the things which hampered him when he was a boy. The fact is he doesn't seem to recognize the need for freedom. It never even enters his mind, and that is what frightens me.

John was brought up in an orphan asylum. Of course, you know as well as I do, Miss Porterfield, that under the best of circumstances, an orphanage is not always a happy place. Naturally he is quite serious, but I don't mind that. I myself am not the kind of girl who takes everything lightly. I was brought up in an average family where we had our sicknesses, and our trouble and many worries, so I know that life has to be approached with a certain

fundamental seriousness. I don't mean that John never laughs. In fact, he has a great capacity for enjoying things at any time. Usually he gets more fun out of a movie, for instance, than I will. The problem is something altogether different.

Of course, during these years in the orphanage, he lived according to rules and routine. It was there he learned to work hard. He was bright and willing, and always showed an aptitude for management. And so the orphanage sent him to high school, and then one of the directors helped him to take some business courses in hotel management. I certainly think he deserves credit for having made so much of himself under such conditions. He is now managing one of the middle-sized hotels in this city, and doing a very excellent job of it.

All the way round, I suppose, it is natural that he should be a great believer in rules and regulations. Not only his early life, but his work now, depend for their success upon a certain schedule. Of course, we are going to live in the hotel, in a three-room apartment always set aside for the manager, and the owners are letting us furnish it the way we please. I know that, to a certain extent, my life is going to be bound by the hours he has to keep. He is not officially on duty at night, as there is a night clerk and an assistant manager for that. However, of course, if anything important should come up and he is in the building, he will be called up. That doesn't bother me, however. Every girl, when she marries, naturally guides the routine of her home by her husband's work or business.

What bothers me is this— More and more, John has some idea the life of a human being can be arranged just the way you arrange a schedule of meals, dish-washing and sweeping for an orphanage or hotel. He thinks our personal life is all a matter of commandments

and rules, and that if we just keep certain iron-clad rules everything will be all right.

Now, of course, I know that there are certain codes and ethics on which I was brought up. The Ten Commandments of the Old Testament, I suppose, are as good as any. But John is beginning to lay down new commandments for our marriage. And, frankly, it sounds pretty terrible to me. He feels we have to arrange in advance just how many nights a week we are going to stay home, how often we are going to go out, how many times through the month we will have our friends in, what hours we should spend in reading, and just how many minutes a day to discuss our personal affairs.

The thing is that John really means this. Now I don't



WRITE me whenever you are troubled about something. You needn't sign your name—make up a name that I can publish if you want me to answer you in **TRUE ROMANCES**. But remember it will be several months before your reply can appear in print.

If your need is urgent and you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, and I shall write you as soon as I possibly can.

JANE PORTERFIELD.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF MARRIAGE

blame him. He was brought up on one hour of recreation a day, beginning with a bell and ending with a bell. He was allowed a half hour of free conversation with the other boys in the dormitory, and that period too began with a bell and ended with a bell. There were so many minutes in the library, so much time for making his bed, and set periods when movies were shown to them and other entertainment given.

That is just why I feel he ought to allow himself freedom now that he is a man. Perhaps I should say that he is twenty-six, and I am twenty-two. I don't see how adults can be happy living under that sort of discipline. There can be no free expression. I will have to be consulting a schedule all the time. Suppose there is a picture on that we want to see on the night we are supposed to stay home. Well, why not go to see that picture if it is going to be taken off, especially if we aren't going to have any visitors and have nothing set on hand? But John thinks you get most out of life by keeping to iron-clad rules.

Frankly, Miss Porterfield, I don't want to be kissed by the clock and smiled at by my husband on alternate Mondays. I don't think there is a special time for joy and a special time for seriousness. I think the occasion brings out that which is necessary. And, even if you can get a little joy out of a serious situation, why then you are so much to the good. You have stored up a little bit of happiness to be used at some time when things are really black. For instance, if John thinks it is time for a walk and the weather is very nasty, and there is something especially interesting on the radio, is there any great crime in staying home and listening to the program? Just because he has decided to take a walk do we have to go out in miserable weather, get wet to the skin, and take our exercise even if it kills us? I really don't think so.

HOWEVER, knowing the way John was brought up hampers me. I can't be unkind to him. And I feel that, never having known love before, he will be easily hurt by the person he loves.

Don't think I am a person who has never known discipline. Of course, a certain amount of self-discipline and ordinary routine is necessary. People who live very carelessly aren't happy either, because the things they want to do never get done. But it seems to me that the kind of life John outlines is little better than prison. And, unless I completely sacrifice every desire I have for normal freedom of thought and action, I know I will be unhappy. Sometimes I think John is like a prisoner who has been shut up so long that he is afraid of freedom and of the need to make his own decisions from hour to hour.

Now what can I do about this, Miss Porterfield? I do want to marry John because I love him. I more than admire (Continued on page 101)

New! "GLARE-PROOF" powder shades
Flatter you in glaring light!

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES



The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.



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■ I would have turned and run except that Carl told me that his family would love me at once

THE three of us Dexter girls—Pearl, Janice and Holley—although only a year apart in ages were so different in temperament that the teachers at Bluestone High used to wonder how we happened to be born in the same family. My older sister Pearl always was restless and defiant. My younger sister Holley is, to this day, sensitive and easily wounded by a harsh word. And I—I guess I have Mama's quiet courage to do the things which have to be done without fuss or talk.

Even when I was very small I felt protective toward my two sisters. When Pearl dawdled on the way to school or had dates with boys which made her tardy, I was always the one who invented excuses for her. When an older person told Holley anything, it was to me she turned with her questioning "Is that right, Janice?" as if I were the final word in all matters. And, although Mama reproved Holley constantly for this habit of doubting others and depending on me, although she reminded me often that I was not the

mother of the family and not responsible for my sisters' training, nevertheless this relationship continued.

I used to think it was because I was the middle one and so occupied the position of buffer. I realize now it was just my nature to assume the cares of others, although it was not required of me.

The summer people who came to our hotel, Setting Sun Lodge on Moonhill Mountain, thought the Dexters and their way of living very adventurous. "The romantic Dexters," they called us, because the four of us lived on a rocky ledge jutting out over the side of the mountain, eight miles from the village of Laurel Platte—with no man on the place except during the summer months. At first, after Dad died, when I was eight, Mama had kept a handy man all year 'round. When Pearl was fifteen, something happened between my sister and this man Slim, I never did find out what, and after that Mama said there would be no handy man during the fall and winter.

Romantic it appeared, I suppose, to imagine three beautiful girls, which we were in different ways, and a handsome young mother in this setting of shaggy cliffs close to the lazy summer clouds, and iridescent waters tumbling off every slope. The vast expanse of the valley spread beneath our feet in a mosaic of blended greens, of white villages and colorful farmlands, was our carpet. The lordly, secretive mountains, protecting their treasured possessions, their trout holes and fox dens, their deer runs and bird retreats were our library books.

These summer people pictured us roaming the woods, paddling down the length of Wapanak Lake in the expectant hush of a spring sunset, skating in winter, exploring the white shoulders of the mountain on snow-shoes.

Yet we didn't find it very romantic to be shut in the house, away from our kind for two months every winter. "The end of the world," we had named that period, and what the summer people didn't understand was that we

never got up to Wapanak Lake to skate, though it was only on the next highest ledge and on our property. Snow-shoes were about as useful as roller skates, and the spotless expanse of snow eventually choked us, like a featherbed that was too big and heavy. We counted those end-of-the-world months lost, and no amount of fun in the other seasons seemed to compensate.

To show you how viewpoints differ, our neighbors in Laurel Platte called Mama "that fool Irene Dexter", for not moving into Bluestone after the season. They knew that if she hadn't been determined to give us a high school education, she could have managed to leave. They sniffed at the snug way we dug ourselves in, with our radio and phonograph, our piano, our box of books from the Bluestone Library. Most of all though, they resented Mama's teacher's certificate, honestly come by, and her special arrangement with the education board whereby she held school for us at home, as soon as the snows closed in, so we never missed

LOVE

against the

LAW

His words seemed to
echo down the valley.
"I love you—" The
mists murmured it.
"I love you—" The
waters roared it, the
streams picked up the
melody—"I love you!"

12 TRUE ROMANCES

a term either in grade school or High.

Laurel Platte didn't bother us much. We three girls were popular at Bluestone High and that was enough. Every year when the different classes voted for their prettiest girls, the Dexters carried the day. Since Pearl and I were in the same class, our election was a toss-up between Pearl with her thick, honey-colored ringlets, and me with my black hair exotically drawn back from my high-boned face, dark eyes and delicately tinted complexion. Sometimes I won out, sometimes Pearl. Holley, being in another class, never had any competition. Her dainty little features, the bright trusting look in her dark eyes, her amazing russet hair like a crown of autumn leaves assured her victory. We were all tall and we walked well.

AND when Mama went down to Bluestone twice a year to see the teachers, one or the other of them would always say, "Well, Mrs. Dexter! If we voted for the handsomest mother—"

Mama was like me, or perhaps I should say I was her younger image, the same hair—like a moonless night over the mountains, high cheek bones, deep set eyes, fragile skin. There's a flower grows in our woods, the trailing arbutus, white petals brushed with the palest pink, which my skin and Mama's resembled. Every spring Holley used to gather bouquets of them and hold them up against Mama's cheek first, then mine, to remark and exclaim over the complete blending of flower and skin. It sounds silly, I suppose, but she remembered Dad doing this, although she was only seven when he left us.

From childhood, when I first began to notice the talk of the villagers in Laurel Platte, I was always amused by my elders' habit of dating everything by the year of the great forest fire, or the summer when lightning struck the church and ten people were killed by the collapse of the roof.

The joke is probably on me, for now I find that my story begins with the October flood of 1924, truly an unexpected act of God which brought me the deepest happiness I have ever known, brief though it was, the sorriest tragedy, and all the important experiences of my life.

Before the flood, my years had been a repetitious round of childish pursuits, some memorable, others routine. After it, I was a woman.

The rain began some time in the middle of the night and, when we awoke that Saturday morning to the sharp drumming on the roof, our home wedged in the mountain seemed peculiarly isolated, not so much by the sight of the grey rain as by the sound of it. Although the valley was visible beyond the liquid curtain, nevertheless, the insistent beat, the sudden accelerated bursts of rain walled us in by a barricade as solid as the glass confines of an aquarium.

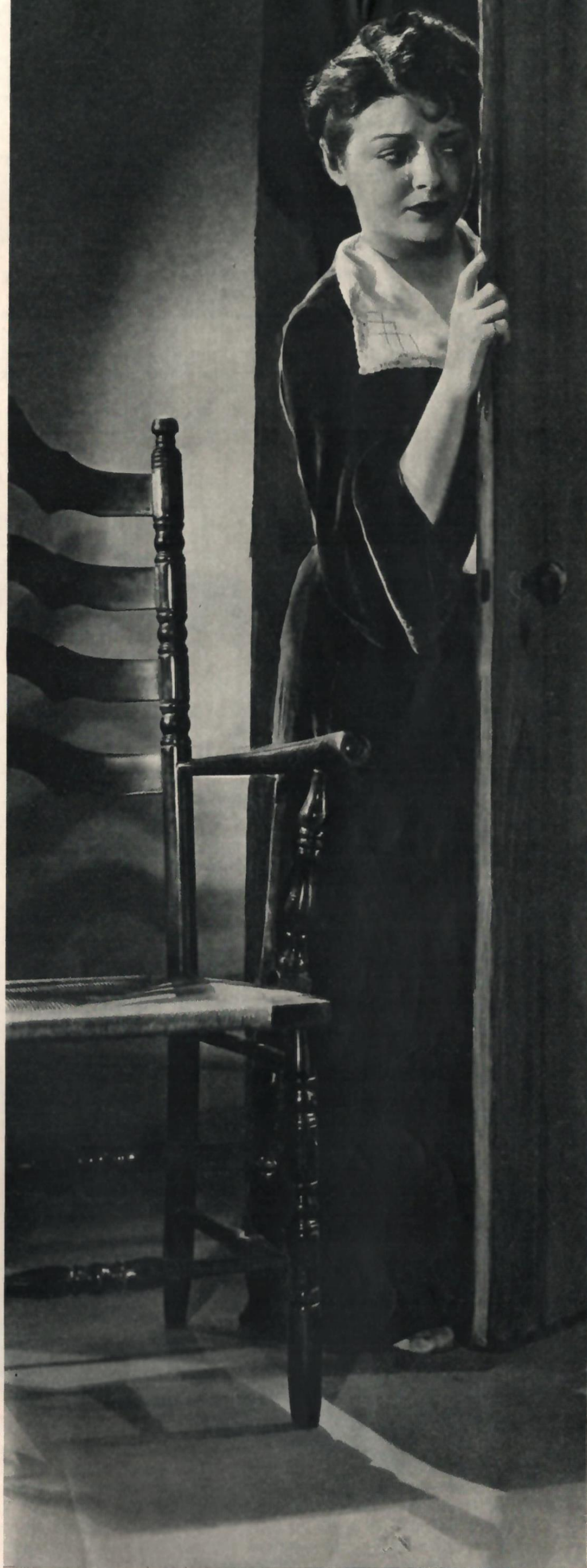
I was eighteen then, and had been graduated from High the previous June. Pearl, though a year older, had finished at the same time, not because she wasn't as quick and bright, but she had been kept home a year to wait for me, so we could travel the twenty miles on the school bus together. Holley still had a year to go, and now Pearl and I were staying home that year to wait for her, before we all made plans for further study or careers.

My recollection of that day is that the flood was an ominous possibility in our minds from the very start. It was a bit of fun, at first to have to shout to each other over the noise of the rain, and to dash to the window at intervals to predict when the storm might clear. But soon we tired of reporting imaginary rifts in the lowering sky, and I think it was about eleven in the morning when Holley crossed the room in her soft, gliding way and said, "Janice, isn't it awful? We are going to have a flood, aren't we? What do you think will happen?"

I took her face between my hands and then hugged her closely, which was what she wanted. Pearl turned away from the window where she had been aimlessly watching the dripping mountains, and against the background of murky rain she looked like a yellow candle set in the window to guide a lost traveller—honeyed hair, golden skin which never lost its sunny warmth through the winter, electric blue eyes the color of the heart of a flame.

"It sure does look like flood," Pearl answered in a high nasal drawl, imitating our Laurel Platte neighbors, "though we ain't had none sence nigh on to eighty year, sence old Nanny Price had the blind staggers."

Mama looked up serenely from (Continued on page 14)



■ Something more than hope died in me. Confidence died, and fear was born. I shouldn't have stood there watching them caress and kiss. But I was rooted to the spot



■ On the window seat, their figures thrown into relief by the yellow rays of the lamp, sat Pearl and Carl, locked in each other's arms. Pearl had a light bathrobe on—

the sewing machine.

"We can't change the weather by complaining, Pearl. It's going to be a trying day for all of us, and— isn't it unkind to relieve your feelings by ridiculing the people with whom you and I grew up? You know I don't like it."

"That's what comes of giving me a high school education," Pearl retorted.

Mama never took our complaints too seriously. Her deep eyes softened when she smiled.

ISN'T it a little late to talk about that, now you have your diploma safely in the—goodness knows where you have it."

"Well, I never wanted it!" Pearl burst out. "And if you hadn't kept me home a year, I'd be in New York now, or even Bluestone or somewhere—doing something, instead of rotting here. I'm always the goat. First I had to wait for Janice—now for Holley."

"You ought to know," I put in, "that Mama has some kind of plan up her sleeve for next year—that depends on us all being together. And maybe even—Mama will be with us."

Mama stopped her sewing now, and with her eyes commanded our attention. Her authority always gathered us together into a unit, yet there was nothing tyrannical about it. Indeed, that subtle, unifying authority she now exercised, like a big, generous embrace, was comforting and healing, a refuge to us in time of restlessness.

"Now look, chickens," Mama argued. "It does seem as if we're to have a flood. I confess I've never quite seen rain like this. But it's just the sort of day—"

"This pioneering stuff doesn't appeal to me," Pearl interrupted.

Mama's eyes took in the electric sewing machine, the book shelves, the rugs on the floor, the skins on the walls, the spacious living-room with its balcony around three sides, like a Swiss mountain house, which led to the bedrooms; and she remarked that pioneering was never like this. Also the house was well-stocked with food and we wouldn't have to go out and shoot a bear in order to eat.

The four of us were in our own home connected with the hotel by a covered passage. Mama had never permitted the house to become part of the hotel in any way. She wanted a sanctuary for us, a place we could truly call home, not to be shared with the summer people.

"I guess I'll play the piano," said Holley, and presently her music began to beat its way through the driving attack of the elements.

"I'm a sour-faced pig," Pearl said. "I don't know what's the matter with me."

"It's the dance at the Platte tonight," Mama answered. "If the rain stops at all, dear, we'll get you down to it, even if we have to float a canoe down the trail."

Pearl kissed Mama gratefully, but in our hearts we all knew that Jed Seagram would never get up the Woodland Trail to call for her, and that there would be no way of her getting down if the rain continued. Several days of steady rain were not unusual in our mountain range, but never before had so much water fallen in so short a time. We wouldn't have minded the rain so much if it hadn't been for the loud din it created, a constant reminder to us of the increasing danger. Like machine gun hail on the roof, at times like the pounding of a cannon, it beat and thumped, drove against the windows, battered down our very resistance. It was impossible to forget the weather and all its dire implications for an instant.

"Looks like the end of the world is coming in October instead of December," Pearl remarked at about one o'clock, and instantly a flash of lightning tore through the sky, followed by a splitting crash of thunder. Actually the lightning seemed to split the window through which we had seen it. The electric lights went out with it, emphasizing for the first time the darkness of the day.

In the strange midday twilight, we sat petrified. Nobody spoke until I groped across the room and saw with horror that a large pot-bellied pine we loved had been splintered. It lay with its roots in the air, the top not ten feet from the corner of the living-room. The ugly wound in the earth from which it had been torn was already filled with dark brown seepage, as if it were bleeding. Suppose the tree had fallen just a little closer and gashed open the house?

In a rush of thanksgiving for our escape, I met Mama at the door when she entered carrying two kerosene lamps. She gathered us quickly together with one of her all-embracing glances and, big as we were, we were all glad to troop down to the cellar with her, to keep close to her skirts while she inspected our electric plant. We generated our own electricity, which sometimes blew out in a summer storm, so Mama knew what to do in any ordinary emergency.

This was no ordinary emergency, though. Mama could do nothing to replace the broken part. Pearl and Holley were scared, so I went through the deserted, eerie rooms of the hotel, and gathered together enough lamps to make the house as bright as possible. All afternoon the rain hammered and whipped at us. With the electricity gone, the radio was dead. Right after lunch a telephone pole a little way down the road from the house sagged, then toppled, and that line of communication was shut off.

I was frightened beyond words, yet the storm outside



■ And because he seemed so helpless, Mama said, "We shall be glad to give you shelter with us."

drew me with a terrible fascination, the way people are drawn to a horrible accident or the scene of a crime. I couldn't keep away from it.

I don't know how many times that afternoon I put on my slicker and went up to the little observation balcony on the roof. Often I thought the wind, which had increased, would blow me away. Each time a more terrifying sight spread before me. The broad valley inundated, the river a wild, raging brown serpent lashing its way through. Trees torn, somebody sailing down Main Street on a raft, troopers piling up sand bags. The next time I saw that the roof of the Seagram house had caved in. Then the telegraph wires were down, and tangled heaps of them covered the submerged railroad tracks.

I WAS up there when Wapanak Lake overflowed its banks and a cascade of angry water half a mile in width came pouring down the mountain virtually over our heads. I was up there, too, when finally all thought of escape was cut off, and the Laurel Platte bridge, torn from its cement ramps with a ghastly groan, turned up on end and crashed into the creek, now a sweeping river of muddy brown.

Out of these fourteen hours of devastation and destruction, at about five o'clock that afternoon, a stranded traveller knocked at our door for shelter.

"Thank God, he's young!" Pearl whispered to me just before she opened the door.

"It's a shame," the stranger said, "to bring all this mess into the house. My car fell into a hole up the hill here—and me with it," he added humorously.

"This is no time to think of such matters," said Mama. "Come in."

He stopped within the doorway.

"Do you think I can get a team of horses or telephone a garage?"

Mama explained the situation quickly, about the electricity, the telephone and the bridge which cut us off completely from the valley. And because he seemed so helpless, because Mama would have done this anyway, she said, "We shall be glad to give you shelter with us."

"That's awfully kind of you," he said gratefully. "I'll try not to be a bother to you."

He stood just where he had stopped, looking about him. Pearl was right—he was young, about twenty-four, and dripping though he was, muddied and torn, nevertheless he was plainly handsome. Perhaps because he was soaked through and his clothes clung the tightness and firmness of his body were emphasized. I had only to look at his hands to know that his strength did not come from farm work but from tennis and swimming, and perhaps even polo.

My heart began to pound unaccountably when his hazel eyes peered about incredulously, at the high living-room, the piano, at us.

"Well—no battered traveller ever hoped for better!" and his glance strayed to Pearl.

"I don't know what we'll do to get you dry," Mama observed. "There isn't a bit of men's clothing on the place."

"You don't mean to say the four of you live here alone?" Mama nodded.

"Do you think it's safe for me to stay?" he laughed.

"Oh, quite," Mama replied.

"Too bad—I was hoping it wasn't!" and his quick smile held a hint of mystery, as if he were enjoying a good joke by himself. Yet there was nothing offensive or bold in

his intimation. His manner was a subtle compliment to the beauty he saw before him. Through the wet grime on his face and the soggy clothing his very presence proclaimed poise and ease in any encounter.

Pearl giggled nervously and, as if that were some sort of signal to him, his gaze shifted to me. He stared at me just to the point of embarrassment, when I felt the color deepening in my cheeks, and dropped my eyes. I had felt some appeal in his look, as if he wanted me to find the solution to his bedraggled attire.

I said almost without thinking: "We have chefs' uniforms, Mama."

"Fine—so we have. I'd forgotten."

We all got very busy the instant he disappeared into the kitchen, but were sitting about the open fire tense with expectancy when he emerged, crisp and starched in the white trousers and jacket. We had forgotten that the Bluestone Laundry always pinned the cook's cap to the jacket, and our guest had also donned the ridiculous tall white puff. He had rubbed his hair dry—it was light chestnut in color, and wavy, and I thought, "He's rubbed his eyes dry, too," because they glistened so exuberantly.

"The steak is excellent today," he cried bowing, "and we have a chef's special of wet shoes and old hat en casserole—very delicious. Would you like to try it?" We were convulsed with laughter when he added, "Carl Binney at your service," and so we scarcely heard his name. The look in Mama's face called our attention to it.

"Carl Binney, did you say?"

"Yes, ma'am, of Crown Crest. My father sent me here to look over some timberland, though why, only he knows. Thought it was good for me, I suppose, to take an interest. At your service, ma'am, (Continued on page 75)

■ "That's awfully kind of you," he said gratefully. "I'll try not to be a bother to you."



DANGER

Red-Headed

KAY MORTON'S picture often appeared in our high school paper, not because of her scholastic achievements, but because of her unusual beauty. Usually, at the end of the term, she was selected as the most beautiful girl in her class. But during the term there were many allusions to her as "the red-headed firebrand."

Philip Carton and I were Seniors, whereas Kay was a Junior, but we were always together. Though Kay had many admirers, she was rarely seen in the company of other boys. And rarely did she date one of us without the other. Phil was somewhat of a celebrity and his picture also appeared often in the paper, for he was considered a brilliant mathematician and the school was really proud of him. He was slight in build, with black curly hair and very black, sensitive eyes. He was my best friend, and in addition to a desire to protect him and shield him, I had a profound respect for his straightforwardness, his honesty, and his delightful modesty.

I was the tallest of the trio, and truth compels me to say that the same high school gave me the honor of selecting me as the most popular boy in school. I achieved distinction as a basketball player. In addition, I did most of the illustrations for the paper, and though I had no desire to become a great artist I never had any difficulty disposing of drawings to various dealers. The teachers in our school talked about me to their friends. One of the school jokes was that, when a teacher wanted to give someone a wedding present and only wanted to spend five dollars, he or she would come to me with an order for a landscape—pastel or water color.

I handled my crayons and brushes with dexterity, and in a few hours I could fill the order. My parents, who were in modest circumstances, did not know much about this extra money I was earning, and I don't think they would have minded, anyway. I also had literary inclinations and specialized in humorous poetry. But I had no ambition to become a poet.

Many of the students in school called me "Handsome". I resented this nickname very much, and I always referred to it as my epitaph. Neither Kay nor Phil

ever used it, and both called me by my right name. I had been christened Robert Atwater, and they called me Bob.

Kay Morton, the "firebrand," was very much devoted to both of us. During school days she showed no partiality, and in spite of the keen rivalry between us there never was any discord between Phil and me. After Phil and I had graduated from school, Phil was the first to secure a job. He couldn't afford to go to college and neither could I. A prominent firm of accountants offered him a position, and there was no doubt in my mind that he was bound to make rapid advancement.

I lost a whole year trying to make up my mind as to what I wanted to do. After several months I managed to obtain a job with a publishing house, but it lasted only a week when I realized I was only an office boy. It wasn't that I minded starting at the very beginning so much, but, though I was very young, I felt very conspicuous because of my height. I felt very silly escorting people from the waiting-room to the offices of various executives especially when some of the executives seemed so small. So I gave up the job in disgust.

Phil, on the other hand, was making rapid strides. His mathematical genius was recognized and, though he was taking additional courses at night, it seemed to me from his modest comments that he already knew all that the teachers could offer him and in addition could put some of his own stuff on the ball. I wasn't envious of his success, but I can't say that the awareness of it made my lot easier.

Gradually I realized how little my equipment counted, the equipment I had been so proud of. The dealers whom I approached with my drawings were not very enthusiastic, though occasionally they would buy something from me. I wasn't the fair-haired boy any more whom the school had liked and patronized. I was one of many in a world that traded sharply and looked one over with great severity. At home, however, my parents were good-natured about it, for they knew that I was trying very hard. And I will never forget their gentle and encouraging attitude.

During that year both Phil and I often called on Kay Morton. I tried to with-



draw because I had no money to spend, but Phil never failed to stop for me. And when I told him frankly that I couldn't travel in their company, he laughed in his shy and delightful way.

"Don't be silly." He always spoke softly, and never did I hear his voice rise in anger or speak harshly of anyone. "I'm just lucky. I got a job—well, it's about the only thing I can do, I guess. You'll get your chance," he encouraged.

"Yes, I'll get my chance when I'm old and decrepit."

My annoyance seemed to amuse him.

"No, you're impetuous and hot-headed. I guess I got a job first because I wasn't so anxious."

"What has that got to do with it?" I demanded.

"A lot. Attitude, my dear fellow. But that very energy will some day burst out in the right direction. You've got brains, looks—"

"Now wait a moment," I objected. "What do I care about my looks?"

Again he smiled at me in that gentle way.

"You don't, but the world does. Appearance counts.

It's a natural, God-given asset and should be so used."

"Yeah? Well, I don't want to trade on it."

"You've got strength and brains," he continued. "Some day someone will see it, and then you'll rush through like a comet."

"In the meantime," I objected, "you're paying for all the sodas and movies. I really am ashamed. I don't mind you as much as I do Kay. She sees it. I wonder what she thinks of me, sponging on you like this."

Phil's eyes lit up. I guess his face always lit up when Kay's name was mentioned.

"Kay knows. She feels about it just the way I do."

"You've talked about it?" I asked in horror.

He saw my anguish. "Not exactly. She asked me to help you in any way I can. She knows how proud you are, and we both agreed that you have the most brilliant future of any of us."

Kay, as usual, showed no preference. The three of us went out and saw all the movies in the neighboring theatres. Afterward, while we would sit at a table drinking sodas, we would discuss each character and analyze the plot.



■ I could give her happiness.
As she clung to me, I forgot all about my resolutions

It was all so silly, exciting and beautiful. All three of them were so terribly young and in love with life, and they felt that they could keep this relationship unspoiled forever, but found—

In these talks it was Kay and I who aired our wisdom. Phil usually listened. When we became conscious of his silence and referred to it, he would assure us that there was nothing he enjoyed quite as much as listening to both of us. Kay's brown eyes would sparkle, and her bronze hair set off her white skin with a dazzling lustre. She was vivacious and very attractive. Though she was smaller than Phil, she gave the impression of a youthful vitality and hidden inner resources.

WE talked of economic conditions, politics, literature, philosophy, and many other subjects which we knew very little about. Then we walked home. During the last few months Kay, who had been strictly impartial seemed to show a leaning toward me. It wasn't anything that I could define, but I thought that her smile for me was a little more tender, her handclasp at the end of the evening had a little more firmness. It was like an unspoken word of encouragement.

At the end of the year Kay graduated and promptly secured a position as a stenographer in Wall Street. She had taken an extra commercial course in high school, and now she promptly started to make good use of it. Though I wanted to remain in the city during the summer, I realized that I had no right to overlook any opportunity, and so when I was offered a job as assistant counselor of athletics in a summer camp I accepted with some misgivings. At the end of the summer I had sixty dollars left and felt very prosperous.

We had a big reunion in Kay's home and, though I had known her for many years, I had never seen her so beautiful as she was that night. I felt very proud, with the money in my pocket, and I asked them to join me in a little fun. We went across the river to Palisades Park, and we tried everything within reason. I excelled in most games of skill, and I don't mind admitting that I showed off. Phil always had been the most ardent of my admirers. He was never comfortable with a rifle in his hand, but exclaimed with enthusiasm over my perfect score. Kay seemed a little reserved and there was mystery in her brown eyes.

"What are you thinking of, Kay?"

"A woman should never disclose her thoughts to a man," she said very learnedly.

With all my admiration, I suspected that she had read this line somewhere and memorized it.

"A woman? You're only a child."

"The legal age for a woman is eighteen. The statutes say so. And I am one month over eighteen. What's more, a woman of eighteen is far older than a man of nineteen."

"She's putting us in our place," Phil said. "Nevertheless, I want to remind you that I am the oldest here. I'm nineteen and a half."

"You're just a baby," Kay said laughingly. Her mood suddenly changed and she became sparkling once more. "And that's the reason I like you, Phil."

"How about me?" I asked. "Am I left out of this?"

She had a trick of narrowing her eyes. Something brooding and mysterious would creep in and also something reflective.

"Well, Bob, if this is a cross-examination," she said slowly, "I admit that I like you, too, but for other reasons."

She would not disclose her reasons, in spite of all my urging. I suppose it was all silly and exciting and beautiful. We were all so very young and in love with life. I remember distinctly that Phil, that night, allowed me to pay for everything. He never objected or made an attempt to share in any of my expenditures. And I felt so grateful to him. It felt so good to dig into my pocket and pull out a bill.

My parents insisted that I buy myself a suit of clothes and a few other things that I

needed with the money that I had earned. I felt more confident in my new blue serge suit, as I made the rounds of the various agencies, but without success. Everything seemed black all of a sudden, and my enthusiasm evaporated completely. One morning I stayed at home, playing around with the idea of suicide, wondering mainly what Kay would think. I could picture her bending over my coffin, with a tragic face, acknowledging to the whole world her love for me. Of course, I had no intention of committing suicide.

The telephone rang and Mother came in to tell me it was for me. It was my former drawing teacher, who told me that there was an opening with one of the advertising agencies. He had shown some of my pastels to a member of the firm. The funny part of it was that the man was more impressed with some jingles I had written. My teacher, having failed to make an impression with the drawings, had shown him the jingles afterward. The man thought I had a flair for words and asked my teacher to send me down. Mr. Wharton had always liked my work in school and had always encouraged me. I would like to say, as a tribute to him, that he always remembered his pupils and tried to help them even after they left high school.

I had no difficulty securing the position, and I realized what Phil had meant by "physical appearance". It was a modest position, but I was interested in the work from the start. I had an easy facility for writing blurbs and slogans, and often, when called into a conference, could illustrate a thing with a few strokes of my pencil. From the very



first Mr. Ludwig, who was the head of the firm, found that he could often close a deal when he called me in that way, while he was in consultation with a customer.

I knew that the customers thought I was much older. My voice was deep, and I could talk with conviction because I really loved my work. It was amazing to me that I had never thought of this before, for all the many talents that I had, none of which was really great, seemed to be fitted just to this purpose.

In the meantime, however, Phil had made remarkable progress. His firm realized his great brilliance, and though he was taking a course to become a Certified Public Accountant, he was already given work which only experienced men merited after many years. He was earning forty dollars a week, whereas I was only earning twenty-five.

I had the opportunity to see Kay more often alone. Phil's courses kept him busy four nights a week, and Saturday nights we still kept as a sort of sacred date. It was an unspoken pledge that no one else could break in on this one gala evening. It was always a gala evening. We would often go to the theatre and then dancing. Of course, there was much give and take, much raillery and amusement. Kay told us, with some embarrassment, that her younger sister made fun of her. Her kid sister compared her to a certain famous movie star, who always goes out escorted by two men.

"I don't think you exactly hate it," I teased her.

Kay had a knack of changing her mood at the flicker

of an eyelash. A moment of hilarity would change into a moment of sombreness.

"Bob, I will not deny it. I love to have you boys with me. I consider myself very fortunate to have such two good friends."

There was a pause, a delicate pause that had its own flavor, and was hanging in mid-air somewhere between us. I could not pursue this subject. It would become dangerous, but I didn't know why. Kay had many friends, and both Phil and I realized that, with her beauty, she must have received many invitations for Saturday evening. Never did she allude to it or intimate that she was making any sacrifices.

Phil and I were such good friends. Perhaps it started out as a habit, in addition to the natural attraction. Things I couldn't tell my family, I wanted to share with Phil. If we didn't see each other during the day, we would call each other up. Though he wasn't much inclined to talk about his work, nevertheless he would tell me about any detail of his daily work, how he had unravelled a complicated account, or how he had made some suggestions for a new approach to an accounting problem which had saved the firm a great deal of time.

I, of course, was much more voluble. I talked much easier than Phil, and I must admit I enjoyed bragging to some extent. So he would hear of my exploits, and rarely did I present myself in a poor light in the telling of them. There was a foundation of truth, (*Continued on page 53*)

■ In spite of the rivalry between us there was never any discord between Phil and me



■ "You're mine. You'll never
be anybody's but mine!"



It all depends on the **WOMAN**

EVER since I was born, it seems, my sister Alice has stood for everything lovely and fine—and right. I can remember watching her dress for a date, when she was eighteen and I ten, and thinking, "How I wish I were beautiful, as she is! How I wish I could have a dress like that!" But it wasn't jealousy. It was worship. Because it was hers, it was a pretty dress. Because she said this or that, it was true and indisputable.

Then Alice married Ted Langer. I was twelve. I was so glad for her! I sewed on guest towels and, though the stitches were crooked, there was a world of love in every one. I cried all through the wedding ceremony. My big sister. My big, beautiful sister, getting married! Oh, how I wanted her to be happy! I wanted all the half-formed dreams of love and romance to come true for my sister.

It is easy to understand, then, how my sister's marriage colored all my ideas from then on. I came and went in her little apartment more frequently than I did at home. I kept my schoolbooks in her foyer closet, and my skates. I drank more glasses of milk in her tiny kitchenette than I did in the big kitchen of the old house. And I went to the store for Alice more willingly than I did for Mother.

I was present when she and Ted had their first fight. Never shall I forget Alice's eyes, swimming in tears, as Ted slammed the door and stormed out. Never shall I forget the way she said to me, "Love! Faith! Bunk! Don't ever believe in them, Margie. Every man is a cad at heart! We've only been married four months, and already Ted is seeing someone else!"

I was young and bewildered. It hurt me to see my sister hurt. I put my arms around her neck and tried to comfort her.

"I hate Ted!" I said passionately. "He's made you cry!"

After that, Alice was always very light and off-hand about Ted's absences in the evenings. She used to say, when he came in late at night and I had been keeping her company, "Who was it tonight, dear? The blonde or the little redhead?"

And always she kept saying to me, "Never trust a man, Margie!"

I was nineteen when I met Jack Stevens. He was the tallest, the darkest, the strongest young man I had ever seen. From the moment I saw him something happened to me. My breathing wasn't the same. It became jerky;

my breath hurt my chest. I wanted to feel the muscles under his coat. I wanted to touch his hand—

"Are you true?" he asked me, laughing. "All that yellow hair and those red lips? Or are you just a dream I'm dreaming?"

You can see how it was with us, right from the first. I no longer had much time to spend with Alice. I no longer listened to her bitter speeches about men and their faithlessness and about what whitewashed sepulchers most marriages were. I was too busy with Jack. His arms, his lips, his hand in mine suddenly were all the world to me. It seemed as though we couldn't wait from one day to the next to see each other! He phoned me four or five times every day. He wrote me notes, and I wrote him notes, and we continually manufactured excuses to see each other right away.

We couldn't hold out. One afternoon he tucked me into his car, and we rode to the next town and were married. I was afraid of what Mother would say. I was her baby, the youngest of all her children, and I knew she didn't want me to marry so soon. I was afraid of what Alice would say. Alice with her tortured eyes and bitter smile. But Jack meant more to me than either Mother or Alice. I had to have him! I wanted to be his, and I wanted him to be mine. I flung myself into his arms with an abandon I had never guessed I could feel. When he said, "My little wife!" everything else fell away but the miracle and the glory of our marriage.

We told them quietly, the next day. They cried over us, and Alice said, "You'll soon learn!" But we were too happy buying furniture and picking out an apartment to listen.

When I think of those first sweet, sweet days in our new home, my heart seems to stop beating. Nothing has ever been like that in my life. Waking up beside Jack. His hair tumbled and black against the pillow. His big brown hands relaxed—his arm always across my body.

I'd kiss him until he opened his eyes. He'd say, "Can't you let a fellow sleep?" and then he'd gather me into his arms and hug me tight and ask, "Margie, Margie, is it really true? Are we married? You're mine. You'll never be anybody's but mine!"

Over and over I'd pledge my love and my faith. The day would seem to dawn in a golden light of faith and confidence.

Then it was three months that (Continued on page 83)

She flung herself into his arms with abandon and when he said, "My little wife!" everything faded away but the glory of their marriage



IN LOVE *with her*

IT was with high hopes that Stan and I boarded the little inter-island steamer on the last lap of our journey to Half Moon Bay. A day of blue sky and warm south wind it was, with a hint of spring in the mildness; and, since this was the first trip of the season for the little steamer, there was a great deal of confusion, hustle and bustle, at the dock.

Not that Stan and I were aware of the excitement, and the chatter, and the loading of supplies for the little inland lake ports, except as a vague background for our own eagerness. Only that morning I had lain in Stan's arms, held close and hard against the mad beating of his heart, and he had cried out once again the impassioned words of his love—

"My darling, you must never be afraid! You must always remember that I love you above everything else; that whatever comes, I will always love you."

"It will be that way with both of us, Stan," I promised.

Words as sincere, as binding, as those we had spoken four days earlier, standing side by side in the somber chambers of Judge Crandall while he put to us the questions of the marriage ceremony, reading them from a little black book. Words graven on my heart. And, as I stood there beside Stan on the deck of the small steamer, I slipped a hand under one of his which lay against the rail, and once more whispered to him that I loved him.

Stan is tall, with a warm, boyish grin and strength in the set of his jaw. And I'm only five-feet-one so that I always have to look up at him, and I have short dark hair which curls softly about my ears, making me appear younger than I am.

"I guess love is something that's got to be tried out through the years to know how really swell it is," Stan said down

to me, his hand closing hard over mine, as we waited for the last of the boxes, and crates, and barrels of the cargo to be loaded into the hold. And, if I had known then how our love was to be tried, I wonder whether I would have had the courage to set out on that journey. For I am a coward, I know that now.

But that morning we were both possessed with the new glory of belonging to each other, of setting out together with all our possessions on a wedding journey whose destination was to be our home. And, if there was any small cloud in the sky that day—in Stan's sky, that is—it was the fact that another man had provided the tickets for this honeymoon.

You see, it was this way. Back in 1930, Stan had a position as assistant manager of a small wholesale lumber firm in the city, and I was in his office. I had been taken on after he had been there a year or two, but almost from the first day, almost from the first time he said to me, "Will you take some letters please, Miss Carter?" there was something between us, a feeling almost as if we had always known each other.

Then one night he asked me to stay downtown and have dinner with him. Several times we'd had lunch together, casual lunches at the cafeteria downstairs. He'd say, "Let's go down and get a bowl of oyster soup and talk over this letter I want to get out to Pinkney." And earlier in the season, when half of the office force had been on vacation and we were particularly busy, we'd eaten sandwiches and things from a corner of his desk.

But this dinner invitation, I felt somehow, was a special occasion. We went to a small restaurant where my green swagger coat, green felt hat, and the rust-colored (*Continued on page 24*)

■ We were both possessed with the
glory of belonging to each other

BOSS

The same situation that
she had read in a thou-
sand books and seen in a
thousand movies—and all
this that was happening
to her seemed less real
than many of the stories
she'd read and pictures
she'd seen in the past—



scarf looped under my chin were quite correct. There was a young man at a piano, playing and singing in a slow, husky voice. Stan's hands sought mine across the small table.

"We'll do this often, Nancy," he said, in his nice assured manner, as if he had always called me Nancy.

I TRIED to murmur some casual answer like "Let's. It'll be fun." But a wild, sweet trembling had possessed me, and I knew that I loved him.

In love with Stanley Trent! In love with my boss! The old, old situation of a thousand books and movies, and all this that was now happening to me seemed less real than many of the stories I'd read and pictures I had seen.

We sat a long time over our dinner, talking, talking—Stan telling me something of his plans for the future in connection with the business; I telling him a little about myself. I remember we talked that night about my Aunt Henrietta, a little old-fashioned spinster who lived down in the country and who was my only living relative. Stan hadn't anyone at all; he lived at one of the clubs downtown.

After dinner we went to see a show, and yet it was still fairly early when Stan summoned a taxi and took me to the place where I lived. It was a three-story brick house which had rooms to let, in a street of three-story brick houses, each of which had a flight of wide stone steps and a curved wrought-iron bannister leading from the sidewalk to a vestibule with double doors. My room was on the second floor, a fairly comfortable room, and on the first floor there was a high-ceilinged parlor where any of us who had rooms might entertain company.

But I didn't ask Stan to come in. Maybe I was afraid. Maybe I didn't quite trust myself because of this new emotion that possessed me, for I had never been in love. Not this way.

At the top of the short flight of stone steps I turned to him.

"Thank you for a grand evening," I said, and put out my hand. But he didn't seem to see it. Reaching out, he set his hands against my arms and drew me into the shadow beyond the doorway.

"Nancy, do you mean that? Do you mean you've been happy tonight?" And suddenly he was kissing me, bent above me with his mouth hard against mine. I could feel his heart thundering. I could feel my own determination to be casual slipping, slipping, and I clung to him helplessly.

"I love you, Nancy Carter!" he cried out. "Love you!"

"But you don't know me, Stanley Trent," I managed to protest. "How can you be in love with me?"

It was as if I were arguing with myself. How can you be in love with him when you hardly know him?

"I know that I love you," he answered. "That's all that matters. Isn't that enough, my darling?"

"Yes," I whispered.

We planned to be married within the year. I was twenty-seven then, and for years had been on my own, living according to a certain schedule—so many minutes to dress in the morning, so many minutes to catch the bus into town, so much time for lunch. No home except the second-story bedroom on Ross Street. Then to find myself suddenly surrounded with exciting plans for a new home! Looking for an apartment, shopping for living-room furniture and a bedroom suite and a shiny white kitchen range. And what a kitchen that was going to be! I liked to cook, having attended a cooking class in order to put in some of the long evenings the previous winter. I liked to plan menus, and now I was eagerly learning

all the foods Stan liked, the way he liked them cooked. What gay suppers we would have, what happy times in our own home! And above and around and through all these plans was the glory of Stan's love.

It was in September that he had asked me to marry him. We set the wedding date for the later part of December, planning to take a short trip, and having our apartment ready for occupancy after the first of the year.

Those were our plans in September. In October of that year, just twelve months after the crash on Wall Street, the two big banks in our city went under and the whole district was affected. I remember asking Stan that day when the news came out that the first bank was closed whether it would affect our firm. Stan said, "Heaven knows—" and then, seeing how I clung to him in sudden fear, in panic with the new thought that if he lost his job we couldn't go on with our plans, he held me close and told me not to worry.

"Things will right themselves maybe," he whispered, but I knew he didn't believe what he was saying.

In December the second bank closed, and at the same time our firm folded up. The first of the year found us all on the street and, with firms everywhere closing or, at best, laying off people in every department, there wasn't a job or a prospect of a job for either of us.

We had both saved a little. Not much. It wasn't the fashion back in those days to put much away. We had already signed a lease for an apartment and made a first pay-



■ We had heard Stan stamping the wet pine needles from his boots, and we drew apart

ment on our furniture.

"It's just one of the things we'll have to forget about," Stan said one night, referring to that first payment. We would have to forfeit it. That was the night that Stan put into words the fact which had been facing us but which each of us was trying to believe couldn't be true, the fact that our marriage would have to be put off indefinitely.

We were in the high-ceilinged parlor of the house on Ross Street, and outside a stinging sleet was piling against the windows. Stan, swinging about suddenly from where he had been standing before the blue and yellow flicker of the gas logs, said thickly, "We might as well face it, Nancy. Two can't live on nothing a month. We can't make it. You go down to your aunt in the country, and I'll stick here and look for something. Something's bound to turn up. Sooner or later, my darling—"

HIS voice broke on a kind of sob, and all at once he was on his knees beside my low chair, clinging to me, his face buried in my lap. It is a terrible thing to see the man you love touching despair. I cradled his head against my breast, and after a minute he was himself again, only ashamed that he had let go that way. He began striding up and down the room. He came and stood above me.

"Nancy," he said with gentle assurance, "I love you! I'll always love you. Don't ever forget that!"

But suddenly I could not endure gentleness. Flinging myself to my feet, I threw my arms about his neck. I began

kissing him fiercely, my heart pounding like savage drums, and a queer wild fright making my kisses reckless and impassioned. Suppose that this was all we should ever have! Suppose the nation was as financially on the rocks as people were saying and that things would keep going from bad to worse! What chance would there be for a man like Stanley Trent who had only his ability and the desire to work, but no one to pull for him? What chance for our future? Would I never truly belong to the man I loved? Was some monster financial system with which we had nothing to do to keep us forever apart? We loved each other, and wasn't love all that mattered? Hadn't Stan himself said that?

He understood this madness that had hold of me, and he put up his hands and with a quick strength unclasped my fingers.

"I love you, Stan," I cried out.

"And do you think I don't love you, girl?" he answered hoarsely. "Do you think I don't want you in my arms, to possess you, all of you? I'd be less than a man if I didn't. But it's got to be marriage with us—or nothing." His hands, clenched at his sides, trembled. His face was a mask. "You aren't the woman a man picks up to satisfy an impulse. You are you, Nancy—the woman I want for my wife."

After that we saw each other when we could. I moved to a smaller room in the third floor of the house, and spent the days going from agency to agency and standing in line to answer newspaper ads. I could of course have gone down to Aunt Henrietta's, to live in a prim house with gingerbread trimmings and iron deer in the front yard. I would have been welcome there and sheltered, and also I would have been some seventy miles away from Stan, with no chance of our seeing each other for maybe months at a time.

So I stayed in town, always hoping that I would find something, anything, so that I wouldn't have to give up the little room and the chance of seeing Stan once or twice a week at least. Our relation to each other in those black days was more like that of two friends than of lovers. Stan seldom kissed me, and that lightly. It was as if he didn't dare take me in his arms, as if he didn't trust himself any longer.

Then one morning something happened. At eight o'clock I heard the house telephone in the second floor hall ringing, and after a pause someone called me to answer it. Who could be 'phoning me, and at that hour of the morning? I tried not to let myself hope that it might be one of the agencies, that somewhere there was a job waiting for me. But my feet had wings as I ran down the third-floor stairs.

It was Stan's voice on the wire. "Nancy, how soon can you meet me?" It was almost the old Stan, that quick eagerness in his voice. "Got something to tell you. Want to ask you something."

"What happened, Stan?" I begged. "Is it something good? A break for us?"

"That," he said, "depends upon you."

Upon me? What could he mean? He wanted to know if I could meet him at a little restaurant downtown where we often had twenty-five cent suppers together, if I could be there in an hour. Glancing at the time I saw I could just make it.

He was striding up and down in front of the restaurant when I got there. Inside, we found a small table in a far corner where we could talk.

Stan grinned across at me, the warm, boyish grin of his.

"Gosh, you look sweet for so early in the morning."

"Stan," I said, hardly hearing him, "what did you want to tell me?"

Mischief deepened the lines running out from his eyes.

"Had your breakfast?"

I shook my head. I hadn't been eating



■ But he must have known that something had happened, as he slowly came into the room

breakfast lately. He ordered coffee and toast and eggs for both of us, and then when the food was finally set before us we didn't see it.

Stan said, "You've heard me speak of Eric Linquist, haven't you?"

I DID remember the name and that the man was someone Stan had become acquainted with at his club. Stan was living at a cheap rooming-house now, but it seemed that he had run into Eric Linquist on the street the day before. "What're you doing now, boy?" Eric had asked. "Nothing," said Stan. "Want a job?" Eric demanded.

Did Stan want a job? Did a drowning man grab at a straw? Over a bountiful dinner at the club, Eric Linquist explained his idea. You see, he was what might be called in books a gay adventurer. He had money to begin with, and a knack for making more. He'd go to Alaska for a vacation and come back with a lease for a gold-mine, and he would go to South America on some sort of adventure and come back with a half-ownership in a coffee plantation. He was attractive, he was a bachelor, and he came and went as he pleased.

Well, his latest venture was in lumber, and of course that was rather in Stan's line. Eric had just bought a valuable piece of timberland up in the northern lake country and he needed a man to supervise his interests there. A man who knew timber and who had a good physique, a fellow who could stick to the job twenty-four hours a day, so to speak. Would Stan consider it? There was a good cabin on the place, and along with the work there would be plenty of hunting and fishing.

Then Stan told Eric Linquist about me.

"Take her along," said Eric at once. "We'll give the kid a break. It's real honeymoon country up there. Magnificent scenery and all that."

But Stan wouldn't let himself get too excited by the idea.

"It'd be lonely," he said, "for a woman." There would be all the crudities of living in a cabin and the inconveniences of backwoods housekeeping. Even hardships, perhaps.

"But we'll be together, Stan," I put in quickly, eagerly. "What difference can a few inconveniences make? It won't be for always. When the country gets back on its feet there will be all sorts of jobs for men like you. In the meantime, there's this. Oh, Stan, this is a way out for us."

"How I wanted you to say that, my darling!" he exulted, crushing my fingers under his. And I understood then what he had meant when he said it depended upon me whether or not his news was good news.

I am telling you this so you will understand that what happened afterward was in no way Stan's fault. I begged him to accept Eric Linquist's offer. You see how lightly I brushed aside all Stan's protests, laughing away the possibility of any hardships ahead.

So the next day at ten in the morning we were married under the stern but kindly officiation of Judge Crandall. Eric had brought orchids for the bride, and gave them to Stan to pin on my coat. But Stan's big hands fumbling with the pin and the flowers were unmanageable in his excitement. Finally he thrust the flowers at Eric. "Here, boy,

you do it," he exclaimed, and kissed me instead.

Stan stood before Judge Crandall, proud and wide-shouldered, in his last year's dark suit. I, flushed and tremulous, was wearing my last year's coat and a three-dollar and ninety-eight-cent hat—and orchids. And Eric stood up with us, tall, attractive Eric, excellently tailored and thoroughly at ease.

"As sweet a bride as ever I've had the honor to kiss," he declared after the ceremony. "You're a lucky guy, Stan."

Eric had provided our transportation to Half Moon Bay as a wedding gift, and advanced Stan a hundred dollars on his salary.

"You're the best friend a fellow ever had," Stan said gratefully as the two shook hands at the station.

So here it was four days after our wedding and we were crossing the little inland lake on the last lap of our journey, steaming finally into Half Moon Bay. From the deck we could see the whole of the settlement town straggling up from the dock. One crooked, unpaved street, unpainted houses, dogs and children, and a cloud of yellowish dust following the tipsy progress of a car making toward the wharf, and back of it all the dark green of pine forest crowding down upon the town.

"Quite a village," Stan remarked. "But it's swell country. And this air, Nancy! You don't get any sparkle like that back home except in expensive bottles."

The cabin was two miles out from the settlement, a comfortable enough log and plaster house of three rooms, weather-tight and rather picturesque. It sat in a grove of towering pines, with a view of blue hills and rugged valleys and half a dozen tiny back lakes lying like green glass marbles in a giant's palm.

Stan loved it all. He was like a little boy with a new red wagon. He was up at four every morning, building roaring fires in the kitchen stove and in the great fireplace which filled up one end of the big room across the front of the house. The other two rooms were a good-sized kitchen and a small bedroom. This latter had been furnished with bunks, but Stan tore these out, and we got a fairly good bed from the store at the settlement. Stan built a dressing-table for me from packing boxes and

I dressed it up with a skirt of flowered calico.

Stan took to the work with the lumber gangs and his other duties as a duck takes to water. Mornings he'd eat ravenously of the wheat cakes and sausage I fried for his breakfast. At supper time he'd come stamping in from his work in the woods, eager and enthused with it all. "God's country," he called it. He'd pull me into his arms. "And you've made a home of this shack, girl."

At first I had managed not to mind the loneliness, with fixing up the cabin. From the settlement store we bought bolts of scrim and of bright plaid print and, with these and a sewing machine which I contrived to borrow from the storekeeper's wife, I made curtains for the bare windows and covers for the chairs and the ugly old sofa in the big room. And with jars of pine and scarlet berries from a low bush which kept its berries through the winter, with pictures from the magazines we had brought along (Continued on page 89)

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■ They were I.O.U.'s. The total sum amounted to over a thousand dollars



He swept me OFF MY FEET

THE STORY SO FAR:

I MET Johnny Milford at the seaside resort where my parents were giving me a vacation. Almost immediately we were attracted, and one moonlit night on the beach I almost let his passionate desire sweep me off my feet.

The next morning he pleaded with me to forgive him, to marry him, and finally I gave in. We went straight to my home after the ceremony, and I was more than happy to see how much Mother and my sister Theresa liked him. Father, however, seemed cool and detached, though he gave Johnny a position in his store and let us live at home.

There were many incidents during the next few weeks that were very disturbing, incidents that showed me I really knew very little about my husband's character. I was horrified when I learned he

had borrowed money from my father. But the final humiliation was when I saw him take my sister into his arms and kiss her.

A wave of fury rushed to my temples, and I reached for the shotgun which always hung on the wall. Theresa was white when she followed my instructions and went upstairs.

"I could kill you for this," I said, as his eyes met mine coldly.

THE STORY CONTINUES:

THE gun was heavy and my hands trembled. With a sickening realization I understood that it was an empty gesture. I knew, as my husband stood there coldly, straight and erect, with a glare of defiance, that he was not afraid. Slowly I (Continued on page 29)

He had lied to her, had deceived her, had broken every code that was holy to her. She had to be with him, but could not be a loving wife

■ "Vivian, I've never pretended to be a saint. I have enough on my conscience. But I'm telling you the truth of it now."



put the gun away, afraid that I would burst into wild tears. I bit my lip and held on to myself, for I could not have him see me cry at this stage or at any stage.

His eyes were more than defiant now. There was a brooding streak of wildness in them, though I knew he was looking at me with a new interest, fascinated by this action and surprised at the desperation which had driven me to it. His voice, though, when he spoke, was husky and belligerent.

"What's the idea of all this?" he challenged me.

WE STOOD there facing each other, husband and wife. There was a bond between us which no law of man could break, and yet my answer came swift, and we both knew that I meant every word I said.

"I want you to keep away from Theresa. Keep away! If you so much as touch her fingertips—I'll—I'll kill you!"

I saw him measure me with his eyes; then I went upstairs to my bedroom. He would follow me soon. Strange to say, I did not now feel the hurt so much as the remnants of anger. I was shocked at myself, for I began to realize how close I had come to taking a murderous step. I undressed quickly and got into bed, feeling that the walls of my room, which had harbored me for so many years, were like the walls of a prison.

I had married Johnny of my own free will. I could not leave him on the grounds of misrepresentation on his part. It was not the neighbors or the townspeople of the com-

munity that worried me. It was my own code and the code of my family. There had never been a divorce in my family, and it was evident to me that, since I myself had rushed into this marriage, it was my job to hold on to the structure, no matter how frail it was.

The room was small, though until that moment it had been sufficient. It had been sufficient when I was single. It had been sufficient when first we came into it, my husband and I. But now it was confining and stifling. I searched for some way of escape, for I didn't want to share my room with him any longer. It wasn't right or fair to me.

Though I had left a small light burning, I pretended to be asleep when Johnny came in. Listening to his footsteps, I sensed that he was ill at ease. He walked on tiptoe. Then he drew a chair up to the window. Then he stood up, lit a cigarette, and stood by the window, blowing smoke out into the air. It was Johnny's own suggestion and a law that he had laid down for himself. Though I didn't mind, he had promised me not to smoke in our bedroom. It was a silly promise, but there was something charming about it at the time. His smoking now indicated more than anything else did what his state of mind was.

He came softly over to the bed and looked at me. I held my eyes closed tightly, pretending to be asleep, though my heart was beating as though it were a sledge hammer.

"Vivian," he whispered.

I did not answer.

■ I believed him. I knew he was telling me the truth, but my heart was still heavy, and I told him how unhappy I had been



"Vivian," he whispered again.

In that one moment I realized my anger had left me completely. The strange excitement that was pervading my whole being still drew me to this man. The bond of love was not so easily broken, though I did feel that Johnny was not to be trusted and that there was something that I had to do about the whole matter. Of course, I didn't know what. I opened my eyes and saw him looking at me tenderly. He sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Vivian," he said, reaching out for my hand and then restraining himself, "why do we have to quarrel?"

Though his plea found an echo in my heart, I gave no sign of it.

WHY? I don't see how you can do that. My sister is just a child. How can you do this to her—and to me? And to my family?"

"Vivian, I've never pretended to be a saint. I have enough on my conscience. But I'm telling you the truth of it now. I kissed Theresa with no more thought than I'd have in kissing my own little sister." He paused for a moment. "Do you think I could be as despicable—do you think I could make love to your sister? To a kid? I like her, but, listen, it never entered my mind that you could—well, misinterpret this whole thing."

I believed him. I knew he was telling me the truth, but my heart was still heavy and I told him how unhappy I had been. I did not let compassion sway me too much. Instinctively I tried not to be too harsh, too severe, but nevertheless I pointed out firmly to him the unsound state of affairs. My father was generous, but I did not want him to lend us any money.

"But I'll give it back to him," he assured me. "Won't you give me a chance? Won't you stand by me?"

It was the sort of plea that no woman who loves can resist. With great eloquence he assured me that shortly his affairs would be straightened out. He was still negotiating on that deal about the country club. He said he had several large amounts of money outstanding that were due soon. I didn't quite believe all that, but I wanted to believe it. He was near me, vibrant and masterly, pleading and loving. And I loved him. His arms were escape for me, and in his love I tried to forget. Perhaps I should have been firmer, but I simply didn't have the courage to insist on my point, and I was frightened at the thought of being a nagging wife.

My sister avoided me in the morning, and I felt very sorry for her. After all, there really was nothing wrong in their behavior. She liked Johnny with a sort of innocent hero worship, and there was no question about the soundness of her character and her integrity. If I were in her place, I would have let Johnny kiss me, too. During lunch time I asked Mother to serve the meal, and I went over to the store. The poor kid was still pale. She had rings under her eyes and she was frightened.

"I'm sorry, sis," I apologized. I was glad there was no one in the store, for I kissed her and held her to me as if she were a little child.

"It was all right, Vivian, only you scared me to death."

"I know, I know. Please forgive me."

"Forget it. Only don't be too hard on Johnny. He's trying to make a go of it. He'll find something."

More and more it seemed that my mother and sister were not on my side. Even if I gave myself to him in love, even if I couldn't resist the magic of his kisses, I was sure that a firmer attitude had to be taken with my husband. They weren't helping by siding with him always. In November he was still waiting for an answer from New York. The money he expected did not come through and, though he was still helping in the store, I felt that his place was not there. Father didn't say much these days, but I could see that he was very unhappy. I pondered and thought over the whole situation, searching for some way out. There didn't seem to be any. I could not ask Johnny to give up his plans and go to work, any work. After all, I had no definite proof that his plans were pure fantasies or that he didn't have large sums of money owing to him. He might be in financial difficulties temporarily. I could not afford to misjudge him.

I thought back of our meeting. He seemed to have had money at the time. He was spending it generously. There was his expensive roadster. And a trunk full of tailormade

suits. His ties came from the finest haberdashery in New York. Perhaps I was mistaken. I didn't want to spy on him, but I knew it was unhealthy to prolong the situation. I had to find out for myself.

I decided on a rather desperate plan. Certainly it seemed desperate to me at the time. Our vegetables during the winter were purchased in New York, for the farms of the community did not yield any. Once a week, usually, my father made a trip to New York and returned within twenty-four hours. He bought his vegetables from a wholesaler. In past years he occasionally took me with him, while Mother stayed in the store in our place. Once or twice he sent me alone. I decided to ask my father to permit me to go to New York now. He looked at me gravely and nodded.

"You want to go alone, Vivian?"

"Yes, Dad. I have some other business to attend to. But please don't tell anyone. I might have to stay more than a day."

"I understand, Vivian. You know what we need. If celery is high, don't buy any. We can get along without it. I'll tell Mother that you'll probably stay away for two days. Will that give you time enough?"

"I think so."

Johnny objected to my going alone, but I persuaded him, not without some difficulty and a little guiltily, that he should remain in town and help in the store. Mother didn't



■ I knew the car. My husband's. And with him in the front seat was a young woman

like the idea either; she felt that Johnny should accompany me. Father came to my rescue, and I was all set. With a heavy heart I made the trip. First I attended to all the buying, and then I called up my dad, as we had arranged, and told him I was remaining another day in the city. I looked up the names of Mr. and Mrs. Milford, my husband's parents in the telephone directory and called them up. A sweet voice answered me. It was Johnny's mother. I could feel that she was in a flurry of excitement when I told her who I was and asked her permission to come down and see her.

"My child, come right down! Please do! Do you know how to get here?"

SHE gave me directions and about an hour later I found myself in the front of a brownstone house in a modest residential section of the city.

Mrs. Milford was a short, energetic woman with snappy blue eyes that became very affectionate when she saw me and kissed me. Behind them, I sensed, were energy and will-power.

"You're so beautiful, my dear," she exclaimed, "and sweet. How is Johnny?"

"He's fine. I just came for a very short visit. In fact he doesn't know I'm here."

She had a swift way of taking in a situation and, as her eyes met mine, I saw that she had caught the reason for my visit.

"That's fine," she approved. "I'm glad you didn't tell him. Now sit down here and I'll make you a cup of tea. Or would you like to go with me to the kitchen?"

It was early in the afternoon, and I was perfectly at ease with my husband's mother from the very first moment. As I talked to her, I realized that there was a stern quality to this woman, perhaps a little severe, but certainly not unfair.

"Where is Mr. Milford?" I inquired.

"He's working," she replied. "He doesn't get home until six o'clock. Perhaps it's just as well, my dear, isn't it?" She smiled wisely and encouragingly for me to go on.

"Yes," I admitted. "I'm afraid I won't be able to wait for him. I'm taking the seven o'clock train home."

"Vivian," she came straight to the point, "tell me truthfully, just what is my son doing? His letters are vague, but he doesn't fool me for one moment. What is this plan about his building? Has he got a job?"

"No."

She nodded, apparently unperturbed.

"He's living in the home of your parents. They support you both. Now wait a moment. This is just between you and me. We'll share a secret." Smilingly we shook hands. There was something so comforting and assuring in her manner. "My son is essentially a good boy," she continued. "No question about that. He was wise enough to choose a girl like you. That much is to his (Continued on page 67)

■ Mildred Hurst, the only one in town who would go out with another woman's husband



LITTLE

Irish

I WAS born in the Highlands of western Ireland. Our house was a small cabin thatched with bent grass from the sand dunes. I was the eldest of a family of eight and, like most families of western Ireland, we were reared in direst poverty.

Our few acres were rocky and almost useless. We had a few scattered patches of corn and potatoes here and there in hollows where the soil had gathered. A lean cow, a donkey, and a few hens represented our livestock. Our food was of the roughest and even then we often hadn't enough of it.

And with the hardest of labor we could scarcely have scraped a living out of that barren land but for outside help. The British Government had several schemes to help us, one of these being the distribution of woollen thread to be knitted by the womenfolk into stockings.

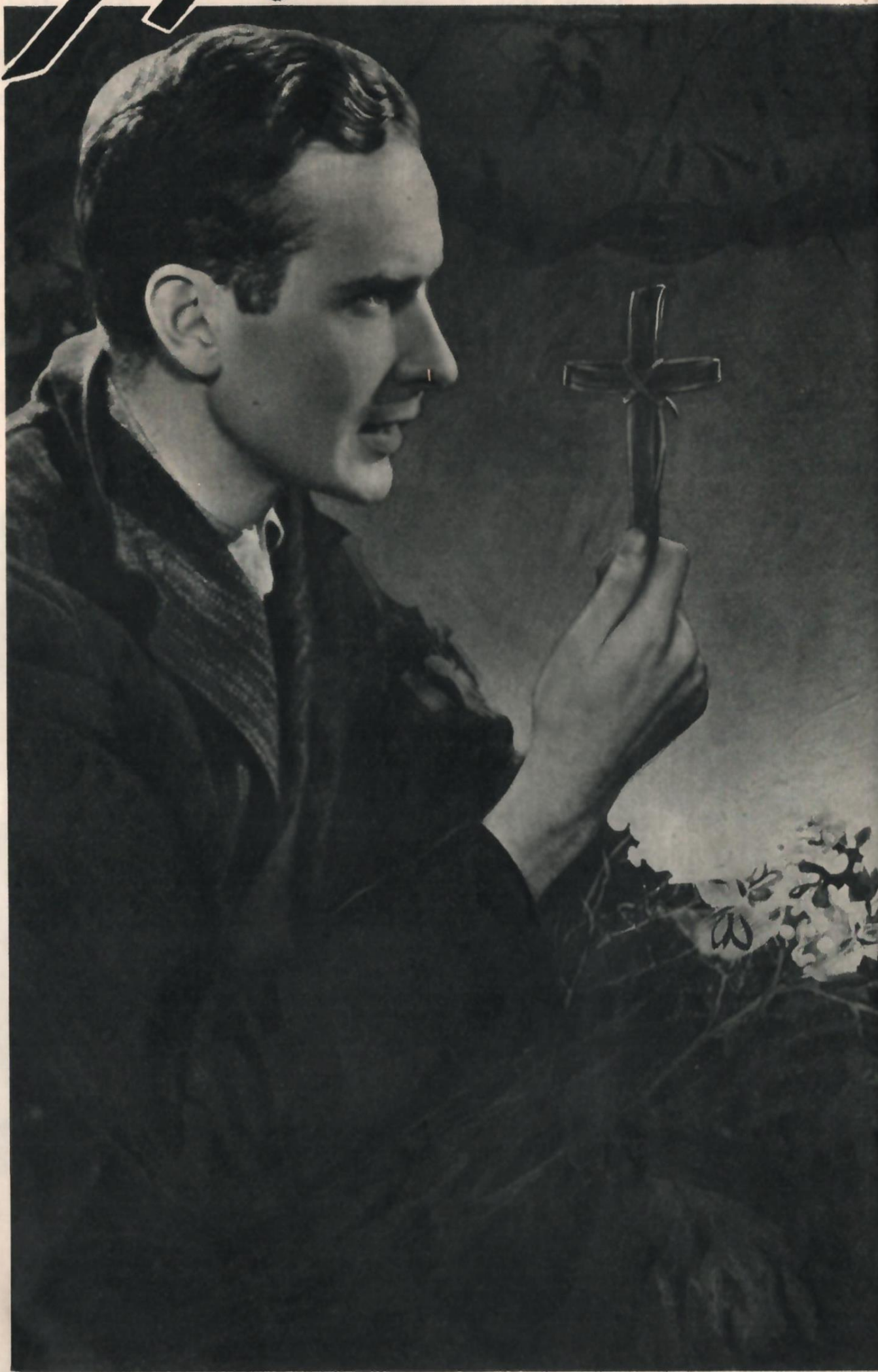
Now life really began for me the day I was sent with a bundle of finished knitting to Ardles, eight miles away. I was eighteen at the time.

Down a bit I met Shaun O'Dea, a near neighbor, bound on the same errand. Shaun and I hadn't arranged the meeting, though we were great friends. We had been reared together and now that Shaun was a man he seldom missed a night's *ceileah* or visit in our house. But as yet I had no thoughts of love for him; I looked on him as a brother.

We were happy with the joy of youth, although it was Christmas eve and the snow slush was stinging my bare feet. Suddenly, near Ardles, a single magpie flew over the road in front of us. Our merry talking and laughing ceased abruptly and we crossed ourselves at once. It was a bad omen and we both anticipated the same evil — that Sheamus Dooley, agent for the Queen's thread, would be in one of his devil's tempers and find excuses to reject our work. I shivered as I thought of returning home without the provisions so necessary for Christmas.

Sheamus Dooley, middle-aged and a widower, was what we call a "*Gambeen* man" in Ireland. He was the big man of Ardles, having a public-house and general store, besides being government agent for the stocking industry.

He paid for the work in kind and



■ "Kathleen," he said—"you see this cross I've made. I want you to swear on it that you'll be true to me."

Beauty



Stan held Kathleen as though he would never let her go and the feeling came to her that she could not ever leave him, though all she held sacred screamed to her that she must—

gave provisions on credit and at high rates of interest to the needy farmers in the neighborhood. Half the countryside, like ourselves, had drifted into his clutches. His safe must have been early full of mortgages.

And Dooley was a moody man. When his devil's temper was on him nothing could please him. But today, as we approached his door, our fears were dispelled, for we could hear his hoarse guffaw. We entered. There were several others already in the store. He dealt with them first, one by one, leaving me for the last. When the shop was cleared he came round from behind the counter, pushed over the half door and put a box behind it.

Then he came toward me. I was becoming a little nervous now, for I wasn't slow-witted, but I was altogether unprepared for what happened. Sheamus Dooley came over to me.

"How on earth," he said pinching my cheek, "did old poverty-ridden Mickey Moran raise a daughter like you?" That's as near as I can translate his remark which was in our

■ I looked at the cross and repeated in Gaelic the words he told me. They were beautiful, solemn words of love

native Gaelic.

Now I had no experience of men up to this, but some look I saw in Sheamus Dooley's eyes just then filled me with terror. I wanted to fly, but I could not. Then, to my horror, his arms were about me and he was asking me for a kiss.

The rest seems like an evil dream to me even now. I remember that I put all my frenzied strength into a scream for help. The next thing I knew was that Shaun O'Dea had appeared, as if from nowhere. He was holding Sheamus Dooley at arm's length by the throat, against the wall, with one hand and with the other he was smashing the red face into pulp. Then he drew back and the *gambeen* man collapsed in a heap. After that someone came in and ran out again. There was confusion; the whole town seemed to gather around. The police arrested Shaun, interviewed me, and then permitted me to go home.

TO say there was gloom in our house that night seems a mild way to put it. Father was pacing up and down the earthen kitchen floor, his hands clasped behind him, his head hanging, and never a word. Mother was bending over the spinning-wheel and now and again I could hear her muttered prayers to the Virgin to save us. Even the children were silent. One and all we expected no other fate than that mean, vindictive Sheamus Dooley would sell us up and evict us.

And the court day which came a month or so later was a day of horrors. I thought as I stood in the witness box that all the world must have gathered to stare at me. I was as self-conscious and ashamed as if I'd been guilty of some terrible crime. I was like putty in the hands of Sheamus Dooley's lawyer who got me to answer just what he wanted. I wasn't at home in the use of English either, which added to my difficulty. Anyhow, Dooley's plea that he had only patted my shoulder in friendly fashion when assaulted was accepted and poor Shaun was sent to prison for three months. As the police led him away it suddenly dawned on me for the first time that I loved him and that time would pass slowly until I saw him again.

Then followed days of suspense. Twice a week the postman came our way and each time we thought had surely brought some dread news. But the weeks passed and nothing happened, though that did not relieve us; for we felt assured that Sheamus Dooley had some black reason for delaying the blow. We missed the Queen's thread, too, and the small relief it brought, for we did not dare to ask for more. That winter and spring we were well-nigh in starvation.

In April Shaun came home from prison and now we were declared lovers. Every night we met for a short time, usually as I came from the well. Those were happy days in spite of the cloud hanging over our home. We were satisfied at that time to know we loved each other. We didn't discuss the future, for we never thought of it.

Summer passed into early autumn and still no news from Sheamus Dooley. Then one wet evening in August a few young people were gathered in our kitchen, Shaun O'Dea being one of them. Suddenly we heard steps outside and two men entered. Everybody recognized them as Peter Maher, the celebrated matchmaker of our county and his assistant. I'd better say now that in rural Ireland a matchmaker is one who arranges weddings between parties who sometimes have never even seen each other. All details as to dowries and the like are arranged by the matchmaker, who is paid for his services when the wedding takes place. Strangely enough, too, these arranged marriages almost invariably prove happy and faithlessness in marriage is almost unknown in our country. My own parents had been married like that, which perhaps explains their attitude in what followed.

It was soon clear that Peter Maher had not merely dropped in, but had come on business, for from under his coat he brought out the sign of his calling, a large bottle of whiskey. Then, conscious of his own importance and the sensation he was causing, he loudly proclaimed that he had come to talk business with the man of the house. The visitors, taking the hint, left in a body at this. Shaun O'Dea startled me with the queer look he gave me as he went out.

Now I might have known that the only business Peter could have with Father must be in reference to me, but I never thought of that and I was leaving the kitchen with the others when I was told to remain. Then in dead silence, with much preamble, Peter Maher told us how proud and

happy he was to be the bearer of such good tidings to us—namely that that great person Sheamus Dooley sought my hand in marriage. My parents were dumfounded at this and just sat staring at each other and I was stunned—so stunned that only in a vague way did I hear the talk that followed. Peter Maher was arranging money settlements with Father, who seemed to have grown ten years younger in a few minutes. Finally, all to be done was to consult "the young woman herself" as to the day and date, and for that purpose Peter turned to me.

Now of one thing I was certain—that I would gladly die rather than marry Sheamus Dooley, for I had a terrible instinctive dislike for him apart altogether from my love for Shaun. But I hadn't the nerve to say so then and there nor the heart to smash so quickly the bright hopes of my parents, so I played for time by asking for a week to think it over. This whim of mine, as Mother termed it, was granted, though I could see that no one even dreamed of my final refusal, for the whiskey bottle was uncorked and success to our marriage drunk.

I could hardly wait till the next day to tell Shaun. Now at this time each year numbers of young and middle-aged people leave our country to go harvesting in Scotland and England. The few pounds they can gather help to keep the wolf away during the hard months of winter. It is part of our struggle for existence.

This season Shaun himself was crossing to Scotland with the batch that was setting out in a day or two and I knew that his advice to slip away with the party must be acted upon. I feared as much as he did what would happen, if I remained. We intended to work the season, pool our earnings, and get married when it was over.

Somehow, Shaun managed to scrape up a second fare and at dawn two days later we slipped away on our forty-mile journey to the seaport. It wasn't much of a seaside town, but to me, who had never before left my native highlands, it seemed an immense place of incredible bustle and confusion. Boarding the boat was like a dream to me and I'm afraid I'd have been dreadfully frightened but for Shaun's presence.

But on the boat I soon felt quite at home. Everywhere about us we could hear the sweet Gaelic tongue and we met several we knew, forming a little group on deck. We passed the time during the short crossing singing and telling stories. At intervals I even forgot the trouble I was in.

At Glasgow we disembarked and my first thought was to send a postcard home. Then Shaun told me that it would be better for him to leave our group and, although I wanted very much to be with him, I agreed, for I knew how people would talk.

Well, when Shaun had gone I rejoined the others and we went out into the country, about a dozen of us, men and





■ Before that picture of me was half finished Stan and I had formed a passionate attachment

girls together. About midday a farmer started us to tie corn. With hardly a pause we worked till sundown and then tramped wearily to the farm yard.

FOR sleeping place we were shown a small stable. There were only two stalls and a horse occupied one. For a while I hardly realized what it all meant, but soon with horror I knew that we must all sleep together, men and girls. One of the older women, hardened to the life, must have noticed my confusion, for she recited a verse of Gaelic poetry that made me blush. Some young fellow roared at her to shut up.

The talk soon ceased. Without undressing or preparation of any kind we lay down on the straw-covered floor with only a few old sacks to cover us and fell soon into exhausted sleep.

Once in the night the champing of the horse awakened me.

For a moment I wondered where I was, but then the steady snoring all about reminded me. I felt a hand touching me and I stiffened in fear, but in a moment I heard the scurry and squeak of a rat and knew that one had run over me. I listened for a few moments and the place seemed alive with the beasts. I dropped off to sleep again quickly and in what seemed like a minute or two was awakened by loud banging on the door and louder shouts to get up.

We just arose, shook ourselves, and went out. There was no time wasted even washing hands. Outside was a bowl of porridge for each one and a basin of milk. We ate quickly and went to the fields to a day of hardest toil. The other meals were carried out to us. Such was our routine as we went from farmer to farmer.

We never were asked inside a human dwelling. The farmers did not seem to think we were human at all, though

some of them had the decency to give separate stables or haylofts to men and women. However, after the first night I was too exhausted to care much where I slept.

Sunday should have been a welcome day, but I did not like it. It gave me too much time to worry. I would wonder what had become of my own folks, whether Sheamus Dooley had wreaked his vengeance on them. And, although the life was no better than a slave's, I dreaded the time when the season would be over and I must return.

It was a lonely day, too, for our party scattered—some of them to squander the week's earnings on drink. For myself, when I had washed my inside garments, I thought it a thrilling pastime to go round and look at the houses, so solid and prosperous-looking in comparison with the miserable hovels at home. I noticed with amazement that numbers of the farmers actually had pianos in their magnificently furnished parlors.

IT all made me discontented and sick of poverty and I made a fierce resolve within me that I would, somehow, escape from the conditions of life at home and that certainly I would never marry into them.

One Sunday evening it was wet and the party gathered in early. "Old Thomas", as we called him, produced a paper and began to read. He was awfully proud of his ability to read the *Baerea* or English. He was reading items of interest here and there when suddenly he gave a jump and swore. We were all ears for the news when he read it out loud. It was only a few words stating that Sheamus Dooley, an Irish farmer, had been gored to death by a bull. I remember how the news excited everyone, though none of them guessed how much it meant to me. I felt like thanking God for the deliverance and next day saw me on the way home.

I received a royal welcome at home, no mention being made of my proposed marriage to Sheamus Dooley. Shaun came back in another week and wanted me to marry him straight off. We had less than twenty pounds between us to set up house, but few in our country had much more. It only needed courage, but I did not have it.

I told Shaun of my resolve against marrying into poverty. I reasoned it all out that we were both young. We could afford to wait for years, if necessary. I suggested that he should go to America, make his fortune, return and marry me or send for me to come out to him. I had it all planned out and it seemed good reasoning.

Next spring Shaun booked his passage for the States, the land of hope for countless thousands of Ireland's children. I shall never forget the last evening we spent together. It was a Sunday evening in April. We sat on a hillside overlooking the silver ribbon of a road. People were already going in groups to attend evening devotions in the little church beyond.

We were silent. We never did talk much, Shaun and I. Somehow, talk didn't seem necessary. Then I noticed that he was making something with the handful of rushes he was twisting in his fingers. In a few moments I saw what it was—one of the little green crosses of plaited rushes that we use in some of our religious ceremonies.

When he was finished he turned to me.

"Kathleen," he said—"you see this cross I've made. Well, I want you to swear on it that you'll be true to me forever."

I looked at the cross with him and repeated in Gaelic the words he told me. They were the beautiful, solemn words of a love pledge in an old Gaelic romance and I felt as I repeated them that it was a sacred moment.

On the morrow Shaun departed. I knew I would receive little from him in the way of correspondence, for he could scarcely write his name. I received two labored little notes and then another telling me that he was going into the wilds and that I needn't expect another letter for some time.

Well, the summer passed into autumn and spring followed winter, but no news from Shaun. Another slow year and still no word. People all round us were saying he was dead, but his aged mother did not give up hope, nor did I. I felt certain in some unaccountable way that he was safe and well somewhere.

During this period I had many boys paying me attention and I suppose it was only natural that I should like it so. Still I had little interest in any of them, for I could see no

one to compare with my tall, dark, curly-haired lover beyond the seas.

But that all changed when I met Stanley Raden, an Englishman. Stanley was one of the group of artists attracted every summer by the wonderful scenery and the skies of almost unearthly beauty in our neighborhood.

We met unconventionally. He came upon me unexpectedly tending the kelp fires on the sea rocks. He began to talk and showed such an interest in the kelp that I soon forgot my shyness and was telling him all about it. I described how we gathered the sea-weed in the winter, burned it in the summer and sold the ash to the chemists.

Then I found him asking me all about myself. It didn't seem rude on his part to ask so many questions and I answered them all freely. Then he told me of himself and finally rose to go.

"I came to paint your skies," he said, "but now I find there's something even more wonderful than the blue of Irish skies and that's the blue of Irish eyes." He laughed and was gone, leaving me tingling with a strange excitement.

Next day he came round again and asked me to pose for him, sitting by the kelp fire. It wasn't hard to persuade me, though I pretended to be unwilling. And before that picture was half finished Stan and I had formed a passionate attachment. His hot, impetuous love-making swept me clean off my feet so that I almost forgot my old love and the sacred oath I had sworn. Almost, I say, for now and then guilty thoughts would stir me and I would try to persuade myself that Shaun O'Dea was dead. But I could not believe this and thoughts of my infidelity were the only things that marred my perfect happiness.

Our affair drifted on through passionate weeks, but was brought to a sudden climax by Father, who said he got his information from the local priest. He told me very plainly one night that he had heard of my "courting" with one of the artist fellows, a divorced person, and that, if he even heard of my seeing him again, he would shoot him. I knew he meant every word of it, too.

There is no toleration in our country for a divorced person—we recognize no such thing. Once married, always married. Call it narrow, but there it is. A world's champion boxer had his forebears in our neighborhood and, when he had crossed half the world to visit a relative in Ireland, the latter closed the door in his face and refused to see him because he had married a divorced lady. This is typical of the temper of our people in these matters.

Now I was stunned by Father's news, but I resolved to see Stan himself before I would condemn him. Then, if from his own lips I heard it, that would be the end.

Well, when we met, Stan confessed all to me. He had been divorced, but, guessing how I would take it, had been afraid to tell me. I told him it was the end and I turned to go, but instead found myself in his arms. We broke into sobs and sobbed for what seemed like hours. Stan held me as though he would never let me go and the feeling came to me then that I could never leave him, though all I held sacred screamed to me that I must.

Before I left Stan that night I had agreed to elope with him, although not without great misgivings. And my heart was near to bursting as I went about the old home the next two days. Even the very articles of furniture seemed to take on life and were begging me to remain. And I could scarcely look my people in the face, for I felt an utter traitor. I was deceiving them, but, worse than that, I was being untrue to the oath I had sworn and to my religion and upbringing. If I did this, I would be an outcast forever. I tried to stifle these thoughts, as the sinner tried to stifle thoughts of God, but in vain.

The next night came at last. I slept with a younger sister who was asleep when I came to bed. I got in beside her, as I was, and now that the hour was so near I could hardly keep the sobs back. When Father left the kitchen and the house was quiet, I arose and slipped to the door. I had no preparations to make, for I intended to fly as I was—indeed, I had little else to fly in, anyway.

Silently I made to the door in the kitchen and opened it to pause a moment on the threshold. Suddenly I felt a tap on the shoulder and, terror-stricken, I stifled a scream. Then I saw that it was only something that had fallen. I bent lower and there on the threshold in the moonlight I saw plainly what it was—the little cross of woven rushes which on Saint Bride's feast day we nail (*Continued on page 92*)

Her flimsy scheme fell to the ground. She realized as well as her husband that nothing could take the place of a baby that was the result of their love and its bond, but yet—

■ "What do you say, honey?" he murmured.
"I'll ask you just this once. Shall we?"



I had **CHEATED** *us Both*

PERHAPS there are other women who look at motherhood as I did—with fear and trembling, wondering if they have the courage to face that Valley of the Shadow which all women must pass through to bring their children into the world. With me that fear was an obsession; and if it had not been for a stroke of fortune, Bruce's marriage and mine might have been a failure. Understand, physically I was qualified to have a child. Yet the mere thought of the long waiting and the final ordeal filled me with an unnatural terror.

There was a reason for this abnormal state of mind. My chum with whom I had played since babyhood, with whom I had gone through school, had died in giving birth to her little girl. The shock to me was so great that my health was seriously impaired. Her face haunted me for weeks afterward. I could think of nothing but her suffering, and I became obsessed with the idea that the same thing would happen to me if I ever had (*Continued on page 95*)

TOO YOUNG

■ "Don't you think it's about time to say good-night to Ken, Ruth?"



I WAS twenty-two when I married Louis, and I had known little happiness before he came along. My mother had died when I was fourteen, and there were two younger sisters to be taken care of. Those years when other girls were happy and free were years of work and responsibility for me. When I was fifteen I left school so I could devote all my time to the house and taking care of my sisters. Life became an endless round of washing and cleaning and cooking. My one escape from it all was in Cinderella-like day dreams.

"You're not going to slave this way always," I would tell myself as I stood over the dishes at the sink. "You must marry a man with money—"

But that was before I met Louis Sloan.

How well I remember that night at the dance at Laconia. It was Sue Parker who walked up to me with the tall young man whose embarrassed smile made him seem all the more handsome.

"Wilma," she began, "I want you to meet a cousin of mine, Louis Sloan."

The touch of his firm fingers on mine sent a warm glow through me. As we danced, I was strangely conscious of his strong arm around me, his closeness to me.

We saw each other quite frequently after that evening. It wasn't long before I forgot all about my girlish resolutions about not falling in love with anyone who couldn't lift me out of my poverty. Lou became everything to me. It didn't matter that he was only a bookkeeper at Johnson's Department Store. It didn't matter that his salary was small, his savings little, that we would have no easy time of it. We loved each other. That was enough.

Those first few years after our marriage were truly happy ones. There were times, of course, when I grew tired and grumpy, when the housework day in and day out wore on my nerves. But those moments passed quickly and I was ashamed of my thoughts.

One evening when Louis was

She knew it was wrong. She had blundered, lost her child's love, and now

for BOY FRIENDS

■ "Well, I didn't realize it was so late. I really must be going."

complaining about all the work he had piled up at the office, it occurred to me that I might be of some help.

"Why don't you bring some of your work home, Lou?" I suggested. "I'll help you with it. I think it'd be fun—"

By some stroke of luck that simple suggestion turned into a piece of good fortune for us. His superiors at the store were so pleased at his willingness to do work on his own time that he was promoted and given a substantial increase in salary.

The extra money those next few months made things much easier for me. I didn't have to count every penny now. I didn't have to lie awake nights worrying about expenses. We even talked of moving out of our cheap apartment—the one thing I wanted more than all else. I even started to look for rooms. And then the whole idea went to smash. I found I was going to be a mother.

A STRANGE conflict rose within me. I didn't want a baby, and yet I did. If only we had a little more money, I would have been glad with all my heart. But this way it could only mean stinting again, headaches about money all over again.

Louis, though, was delighted.

"Don't worry, Wilma darling," he consoled me, sensing the thoughts in my mind. "We'll manage all right!"

His optimism hardly cheered me, but there was nothing to do but accept things as they were.

And so Ruth was born. From the very start she was a sickly child. Illness followed illness in those first few years. Desperately Louis and I gave all our strength to nursing her. We would take turns through the long nights at her bedside, watching her pale face as she tossed in her fitful sleep.

We spent our every penny on doctors for her—borrowed, burdened ourselves with debts for years. There were times when I lost courage. Why, oh, why, was all this trouble heaped on my shoulders? Why did my child have to have mastoids, pneumonia, sickness after sickness? (Continued on page 84)



was trying to escape from the whole problem by sending her away and yet—

For a moment she was sure he would strike her, for his hands lifted above his head and shook with rage. She was probably the only one who had ever walked out on him—the only one who had ever refused to grant him a favor

THE STORY SO FAR:

I MET Fitzgerald Otis, the explorer, shortly before I was to make my début as a concert pianist. But Fitz was returning to the Arctic and, because we loved each other and planned to be married, I could not see him go off on expeditions. And so we parted.

Mme. Browalia, a famous opera star, had heard me play, and she engaged me as her accompanist for a concert tour of Europe. It was on the boat going over that I met Hugo Kemp, a painter. I fell in love with his children, Betty and Terry, first, and then Hugo swept me off my feet. I still loved Fitz, but I felt so free of all responsibility—especially after I learned I had inherited some money—that I let Hugo persuade me to marry him.

On our wedding night someone pounded on our closed door furiously. Hugo was blazing with anger when he opened the door, but his mood changed quickly.

"Come quickly," we were told, "the children—Betty and Terry have disappeared."

The children were found finally, after hours of paralyzing fright. They were pitifully happy to find it was me their father had married. But a new problem presented itself then. Hugo had disappeared, and when he returned, after two days, I knew he had been drinking. And he disappeared again the day we were to sail back to America. Madame Browalia helped me in my distress. She loaned me money to pay the large bills Hugo had run up. Hugo showed up just as the boat was ready to sail, and suddenly I knew this was the way my life was to be in the future.



ORCHIDS

for WIVES



■ A man and a girl passed our table, but I was barely aware of them

The next six months were a nightmare. I began to understand the stories that were told about Hazel Kemp, his first wife who had died so mysteriously. I knew there were other women, and soon I began to shiver under his touch. One day he was in a particularly vile mood, and he struck me brutally because I refused to give him money. It was that evening that a dim face looked in at the window, and the children screamed, "It's Mama. It's Mama's ghost!"

I dashed to the window and flung it open. "Come back," I called frantically into the shadows. Perhaps Hazel Kemp hadn't died, after all!

THE STORY CONTINUES:

"**C**OME back! Come back!" My shouts mingled with the children's shrill cries, but our only answer was the March wind in the trees.

And what was I calling for? Who was this woman whose face had appeared at the window? Was she really Hazel Kemp? Was she Hugo's first wife and the mother of the children?

In terror, I recalled all I had heard about her—her strange conduct, her neurotic tendencies, that had given Hugo claim to the children. Finally I had read accounts of her death when the Conrad yacht sank in Long Island Sound—but her body had not been recovered!

All these things crowded through my mind as I called for her to come back. No matter what she was, I had to know—anything was pref-

erable to uncertainty.

Betty, who had stood by me so valiantly through all the nerve-racking scene with Hugo, now lost all control and sobbed wildly. Her collapse only added to Terry's wild tears. My nerves were a thousand taut wires, aching brutally. Only the fiercest self-control kept me from adding my cries to the children's, when the doorbell jangled shrilly.

WE heard Nanny going through the hall with her heavy, plodding gait to open the door. The children stopped crying abruptly, as though waiting for some new terror.

I followed Nanny into the long hall, weirdly forbidding now, in the darkness, the shadows lengthened fantastically by Nanny's search light. In the yellow circle of Nanny's light, I saw the bolt slide back and the big door open. For a moment her bulky figure hid the caller, then she moved aside and a small woman stepped timidly into the hall.

For a moment the children hesitated. I could feel the pressure of their tense little bodies beside me, then wildly they raced down the hall.

"Mama! Mama!" they sobbed. "You're alive! You're here!"

She swept them into her thin arms, clung to them and covered them with kisses. Then pleadingly she looked at me over their heads, her eyes filled with tears.

"Yes," she murmured to them, "I'm alive—I've been away—sick—I couldn't come before."

So this was Hazel Kemp! What did it mean? I approached slowly, trying to decide on some course of action.

Her resemblance to Betty was startling. She was a pretty woman, in her early thirties, naturally small and dainty, but now pitifully shabby and transparently thin.

"You are Hazel," I said.

"Yes, and you are Suzanna. I read about your marriage. I suppose," she smiled wistfully, "you read about my 'death'."

I nodded.

"Won't you come into the dining room?" I asked. "We were having supper."

"So you think it is safe?" Her gaze darted about nervously. "He—won't come back?"

"I doubt it," I said, leading the way. "We'll draw the shades. We can hear the car, of course, if he does come."

"How charming everything is," she sighed. "The house was so run down—"

With a start I realized that this had been her home, the rooms bare and neglected as I had found them. What a strange way for her to be coming back!

The children took their places at the table, quiet now. Terry, who had never quite understood about death anyway, was satisfied that by some miracle his mother had returned to him. Betty, pale, trembling and a little doubting that this could have happened, was already torn between loyalty to me and her mother.

I drew the shades carefully and persuaded Hazel to have a salad and a cup of coffee with me. She ate eagerly. Her thin blue-veined hands reached quickly for the hot crisp rolls that Nanny served. Even her excitement at being with the children could not conceal the fact that she was hungry.

"I'm sorry I frightened the children—and probably you, too," she said mildly. "I didn't mean for you to see me. I never came so close before—"

She tried to catch up her words, but I had heard.

"You have been here before?" I asked.

"Yes, often," she admitted. "All winter. I work in a nearby town. Certain days I finish early. Then I'd take the bus out here. If I saw the big car—his car—in the drive, I stayed on the bus and went by. But for months he hasn't been here—until today."

"Not since February," I admitted. "Hugo's been South."

She nodded understandingly.

"I don't know what made me risk it today, but I hadn't been here for a week, and I felt I couldn't go back without a glimpse of them."

She looked fondly from Betty to Terry, as though trying to fill herself with the sight of them. A faint glow had crept into her cheeks. Food and warmth and nearness to the children were bringing her to life. She had been a ghost, I realized, as I listened to her talk- (Continued on page 44)



■ I tried to scream, to struggle up, but I had no voice, no power. There was no stopping them now. They had to fight their battle to the end



■ Then in a mad effort at recovery, Fitz rushed on Hugo. The suddenness of the attack upset him. Hugo staggered back against the scattered table

ing eagerly to Betty, a ghost haunting her own home, coming like a wraith to catch a glimpse of her children.

There was a squeak of brakes in the drive, and we all started up, excited, fearful. Terry clung to his mother, Betty caught Hazel's arm but reached for me with her free hand. Before I could move I heard the familiar squawk of the horn.

"It's Edward," I said thankfully.

"I'M so glad," Hazel breathed, "but I suppose I really should go, anyway. He—might come back, and it's past the children's bedtime."

"Wouldn't you like to see their rooms—and put them to bed?" I suggested.

"Could I really?" she gasped eagerly, her faded blue eyes filling with tears.

"And you'll sing us the frog song?" Terry demanded eagerly.

"Oh, he remembered," she murmured breathlessly. "You still know it, don't you, Betty?"

A frog, he would awooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no—

At that moment watching the three eager faces I knew how much she loved them.

"Take Mother upstairs, Betty," I said, "I want to talk with Edward."

Whatever might have been wrong with Hazel Kemp in the past, I was sure her children were safe with her—safe and happy—so happy that I did not want to intrude. I went into the kitchen to Edward. Quickly I told him what had happened. I knew that I could trust him with Hazel's secret.

"Mr. Kemp must never know that she has been here," I impressed on him. "Now please light a fire in the living-room. She and I will be in there this evening. While she is in the house, I want you to watch the driveway and let me know quickly if Mr. Kemp comes."

Edward promised solemnly. I went slowly through the hall. Hazel's voice rang, shrilly happy as the children's, from the second floor. How she must have missed them in these two years! I drew my chair up before the freshly built fire and waited. Waited and thought!

How was the coming of Hazel going to affect this whole problem of my marriage? I had carried on for the past six months almost entirely for the sake of the children. Long ago I knew Hugo meant nothing to me except a worry and a drain on my shrinking resources. What would it mean now, after today, when he had so plainly showed his hand?

I was still searching for answers to my questions when Hazel came to the door.

"They're asleep," she said shyly. "Oh, I can't thank you enough, Suzanna. You don't know what you've done for me."

She stopped, catching her quivering lower lip in her teeth.

"You must have missed them dreadfully," I said, pulling another chair beside mine. "Won't you stay with me a little while? You have nothing to fear. Edward is watching the drive. We'll hide you, if necessary."

"I would like to talk to you," she said softly.

She was so gentle, so timid, it seemed impossible to think

her the dreadful creature Hugo had painted her.

"Please tell me this," I asked, as we sat before the fire, "how was your death reported and never denied?"

"It was very simple," she explained quietly. "I had been staying with the Conrads; they were the only people who stuck by me after all Hugo had said. Half a dozen guests went on the yacht with them. The yacht blew up in the Sound, with no survivors. It was assumed because I was a house guest, I was with them. I wasn't. I had changed my mind on the way to the boat. I was very—nervous at the time. It was shortly after my divorce. I suddenly decided to go to New York instead. That evening I read of the disaster and my reported death. It seemed the simplest way. I let it go at that."

"And what do you call yourself now?" I asked.

"Hazel Carey, my mother's name. I suppose it was a cowardly thing to do, wasn't it? It seemed the perfect solution at the time. But the need for the children grew worse and worse. When I read that Hugo had married again, I had to see the sort of woman who was taking care of my children—I just had to see."

Her small hands worked convulsively.

"Until tonight I thought that you and—he must be getting on better than we did. But I saw him slap you."

"Oh, yes," I said absently, touching the bruised spot on my cheek bone. "That was the first time."

"I was sure he was kinder to you," she went on, "because of all he'd done to the house. It was so run down when we bought it, and I couldn't have even a coat of paint for it."

"Fortunately," I said, "I have some money—"

"And you're spending it," she interrupted with sudden excitement. "Oh, don't do that, not even for my children, don't do it! Unless you have a large income! When your money is gone, he'll find a way to get rid of you as he did of me."

"What do you mean?"

"Has he ever given you any money?" she demanded, leaning forward, her face flushed in the reflection of the firelight. "Doesn't he spend all he makes on luxuries? He was always like that. Beautiful evening clothes but never a decent house dress. I had money from my father—twenty thousand when I was of age. We didn't live extravagantly when we were first married. Hugo wasn't so well-known ten years ago, but the more he made, the higher his standards of living. All he earned went into luxuries. I had to pay for rent, food, doctors'

bills and all the rest.

"Finally we bought this place. By that time all my money was gone. I had poured it out on apartments. I had to sell furniture and books to keep the children in clothes and food. When I threatened to sue him for non-support, he turned the tables on me, producing records that he made twenty thousand dollars a year. Nobody, unless they lived with him, could believe it. But you can."

"Yes," I said soberly, "I can."

"Then you must understand," she pleaded. "You can't spend all your money. Your very life will depend upon your financial independence. You have a profession. I wasn't trained for anything. Just a home girl. Keep up your music. You'll need it to save your—reason."

"I don't know what I can do now," (Continued on page 57)

ACCENT ON YOU!

The most important factor in the beauty and becomingness of one's costume is having it express you! In the Charm Department we not only endeavor to show our readers how to be lovely and appropriately dressed, but we try to teach them how to select their clothes with the idea of high-lighting their individuality. This means accenting the qualities that are distinctive, like a slim and softly curved figure or a pair of snowy, well-shaped shoulders, or a pair of slender ankles.

Reading the pages of the Charm Department is really a course in personal development. The magazine is the text-book. Our answers to your individual letters are your special training courses. What you do with the information we send you is your "home work". The results, in most instances, speak for themselves. Won't you let us get better acquainted?

Won't you let us help you with those difficult little personal problems of dress and grooming, and good manners that crop up daily in the lives of the modern busy woman?

Send your letters, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to

JANICE PAGE
TRUE ROMANCES MAGAZINE

Chanin Bldg., 122 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

CHARM and FASHION

■ A play suit for a summer girl with sun-tanned skin and slim, brown legs is fashioned of Challispun in a printed pattern that is sun and laundry proof. The skirt can be left open or buttoned clear down

Courtesy of Jane Engel, New York City



SHORT- CUTS TO SUMMER

Chic

FRAGILE and pink should be the theme of your vacation evening gown and for such a purpose lace is the ideal fabric. Lace packs beautifully, takes up little room, and has a breath-taking loveliness when worn by a slender, attractively built woman. Furthermore, it forms the happy medium between froth and molded formality. If, however, your budget permits more than one gala frock, I'd add a fluttering black net to my party collection for those nights when it's fun to be sophisticated, and heavy-lidded, and mysterious and the pink frock seems too youthful and sugary for one who is all of twenty.

A word of caution here, however, in regard to the latter gown. No matter how bouffant and ethereal-looking your sheer black frock, be sure that your slip fits you snugly and gracefully, for upon its molded outline depends the chic of your costume. Satin is ideal for this purpose, being sleek, form-fitting, and highly effective under the sheer (*Continued on page 66*)

BY JANICE PAGE



■ Darby print fashions this two-piece printed beach ensemble consisting of a halter-neck bathing-suit and a knee-length cape, both as coquettish as the charming young person who wears them

*Courtesy of Best and Company,
New York City*

CHARM and HARM in SUNTAN

HOW frequently during the winter months do we resolve never again to permit the sun's rays to mar the lily perfection of our faces? By spring, however, when our complexions have been restored to that state of camellia pink and whiteness which we recall so wistfully when summer's tan has faded into autumn sallowness, the sun's caress begins to seem very restful and invigorating and the idea of remaining pale-faces when everyone about us is flaunting a Polynesian exterior, holds less and less attraction for the up-to-date young person who clings to the theory that "pretty" never hurts.

Unfortunately, however, in the case of gypsy tan, that lovely café au lait color which goes so bewitchingly with bright eyes, red lips, and wind-swept shining hair, "pretty" quite frequently does hurt and there are many things that should be taken into consideration before one decides to submit her girlish bloom to the rays of old Sol, who blisters as nonchalantly as he browns and who quite frequently injures that which he is quite unable to repair.

It is not commonly known unfortunately that sunburn can be much more of a menace than temporary discomfort or suffering. It is definitely harmful to the skin, coarsening its delicate texture, destroying its lovely transparency and, what is more serious, quite frequently generating poisons that affect the entire system.

Slow suntanning is another story. Carefully managed, the harmful ultra-violet rays can be avoided and the health-bringing, revitalizing ones permitted to reach the skin. This kind of a browning process is tonic and beneficial to the whole body. It not only relaxes and soothes the overstrained nervous system but it stimulates and normalizes weary muscles and the various bodily processes which for

one reason or another are under par. Correctly regulated from the standpoint of time as well as protection, your pastel fairness will gradually develop a golden mellowness that is provocatively lovely, lending a piquant touch to your personality that is irresistible with gay summer frocks and the colorful background of beaches and moonlit verandas.

"But how am I to know what to do and what not to do to brown safely and becomingly, without being grilled in the process?" the average girl asks, whose memory is still charged with recollections of the blistered noses and peeling shoulders and smarting, fiery backs she has witnessed the previous summer. Well, the chemists and manufacturers of cosmetics have solved that problem for you and today every beauty parlor, every department store counter has preventives for sunburn that have been tested for various types of skin and which today are included in the vacation "must-haves" of every up-to-date woman.

Most of these sunburn preventives have an oil base that prevents that parched look which is so frequently the aftermath of exposure to the sun, when one does not actually burn, as well as the drying effect of summer winds. Others are non-greasy cream protectors that can be used as powder bases, in some mysterious way sifting out the rays that blister while permitting the beneficial ones to pass through.

Don't even attempt to go swimming directly in the sun without using one or another of these preparations, for the combination of hot sun and salt water is even worse than lying about on the beach, and by this time you ought to know pretty well what that can do to your girlish exteriors. Most girls today won't worry about the unbecomingness of oil on their faces while loafing on the sand. It's all in the trend of fashion, anyhow, and as soon as we (*Continued on page 94*)

SWING LINES in NEW FROCKS



1138

1139



1152

1138 ■ Young and smartly cut. And it's a two-purpose ensemble. Wear the frock for active sports. Add the bolero when you are a spectator. For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38

1139 ■ A "Sew-Simple" design—which means that nothing could be easier. Draw up the shoulders, sew up two seams in the skirt. Isn't it gay? For sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38

1152 ■ Another "Sew-Simple"—this time for the all-important culotte. You simply must have one—or two—or three, and it's cheap to sew. For sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38



Courtesy of S. L. Asch Corp., New York

Lady Fair

QUEENIE M.: East Orange, New Jersey

Q. I'm invited to a cruise party and want to simulate as much as possible a *bona fide* suntan. How can I do this with becoming make-up, inasmuch as my normal skin color is pink and white? My hair is light brown. My eyes are blue.

A. The easiest way to achieve what you wish is applying a powder base or cream in a deep tan shade which will blend smoothly over your cleansed and refreshed skin, to be followed later by a dusting of flesh-colored face powder, and if you want to be particularly glamorous, with a second film of powder in the new cameo shade that gives such translucent loveliness to the complexion. Use a very orange red shade of lipstick and a nail lacquer in the same brilliant color.

DOROTHY K.: Holyoke, Mass.

Q. What could I give my college chum for her trousseau that will carry out the traditional "something blue"? She is a blonde, tall, slender and very modern in her way of dress.

A. I recently saw some pastel blue crêpe pajamas that had enough chic as well as charm to delight the most capricious bride in the world. The upper part was made like a blouse. The trousers which buttoned onto a snug waistline hung straight and moderately full down to hemstitched hems. There was a touch of brown and white polka dot trimming for extra dash. I'm sure your chum would like them immensely, but in case she is not a pajama addict, why not a pale blue chiffon night robe?

Florence C.: Wheeling, West Virginia

Q. Is there any special trend in hairdress at the present time? I am twenty years old, of medium height, and slender. My hair is naturally curly, and I have a thin face. I wear my hair behind my ears in a long bob, but people tell me that the long bob isn't smart any longer and that I shouldn't wear it that way because my face is too slender. My photograph is enclosed so that you can tell better what I mean.

A. Your photograph, taken, I notice, quite recently, shows a highly attractive face and one not nearly as thin as you describe. I wouldn't change my hair arrangement except to shorten the long bob a little, thinning out the ends to form feathery curls which will form a soft and flattering framework around your face.



■ Betty Furness wears this hat in one of the hundred and one attractive ways it can be worn. It has been adapted from a Eurasian original which Robert Ripley had added to his oddity collection—

■ Fruit and vegetables in exquisite catalin will add color and dash to your summer costumes. The Monopole bracelet is a silver chain, with characteristic fascinating charms attached—

Courtesy of Cahn and Co., New York

SUMMER SORCERY

■ New shades of air-spun powder that will give warmth to the skin by creating a blush that is extraordinarily becoming, bringing out whatever coyness you may have hidden away in you. Two lovely shades, one like the heart of a golden rose yet with an overtone of pink; the other a luscious peach for those who incline normally to the rachel shades.

■ An oblong, flat compact that is lovely and modern enough for the heroine of tomorrow's best seller. Unique in appearance, aristocratic in appeal, yet practical enough for everyday needs. This new gadget presents the very last word in a distinctive and highly useful accessory. Holds both rouge and powder.

■ Camouflage has developed from a military tactic to a cosmetic art. Now you have it in a cream that will neither crack nor rub off, but will actually conceal scars and temporary or permanent skin defects, thereby restoring your peace of mind as well as your good-looks.

■ A new cleansing cream containing enzymes which in some mysterious manner, easily understood by scientists, do rejuvenating and flattering things to one's skin. This enzyme cream is fragrant and cool, liquefies easily, and happily for a busy woman's time budget goes on and off as lightly as whipped cream.

... AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO!



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An experience: *dîner de luxe* at the Pierre. *Feuille Norvégienne*, perhaps. Then *Borsch Polonaise*, followed, if your Russian mood continues, by *Suprême* of Halibut *à la Russe*. Then Braised Lettuce, String Beans *au Gratin*. Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again...and an ice with *demi-tasse* and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager.

The delicate flavor of Camels is a natural complement to fine foods. For it is a matter of scientific proof and common experience that smoking Camels promotes good digestion. Enjoy Camels with meals and between meals—for their mildness and flavor—their comforting "lift"—their aid to digestion. Camels set you right! And no matter how steadily you smoke—Camels never jangle your nerves.



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Smart sports clothes...Palm Beach... the young crowd at the Virginia hunts ...badminton...the new dances, including the *son*...the strenuous New York season...Bailey's Beach...lunching on *Filet Mignon*, *Bouquetière*, at Pierre's ...Camels...dashing off to late parties... Lobster *Thermidor*...and always... Camels. "Camels are delightful when dining," she says. "They make food taste better...bring a cheering 'lift.' And they're so nice and mild."

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PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete co-operation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, Adela Rogers St. Johns.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INCORPORATED

DANSVILLE

Dept. WG-7

NEW YORK

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will be ready next fall to give the same health building regimes that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N. Y.

What Do We Eat?



BEVERAGE BOUQUETS

WHY not drink fragrant fruit juices with the same gracious art as the connoisseur drinks a glass of wine? His is the true enjoyment derived from the sense of sight, smell and taste of the wine.

It's a beautiful thing to watch him—first he holds his glass to the light to admire the rich color of the liquid. Then he draws deep breaths of the bouquet as he revolves the glass gently to release the fragrance. He then sips the wine—no, he doesn't swallow it immediately—but lets it linger on his tongue to savor the delicious flavor before swallowing it.

This same keen pleasure can be derived from drinking

fresh fruit juices, if you pause leisurely to enjoy the delicate or rich color of the juices of the fruit, their flower-like bouquet, and luscious flavor.

In addition to pleasure in drinking fruit juices, you reap a harvest of health treasures from the valuable vitamins A, B, and C, minerals, fruit acids, and fruit sugars which are contained in fruit.

If you've been wondering why doctors are advising fresh fruit daily, it's because fresh fruits are the richest sources of Vitamin C and because we must have a good supply of Vitamin C each day to keep us well. You can prove this fact yourself! Take daily a large glass or better, two large

B Y C A R O L F E N W I C K

glasses, of fruit juice, any one of them, tomato juice, pineapple, orange, grapefruit juice or any one of the citrus fruit juices, and you'll be delighted with the change.

That better feeling that you'll experience is due to the fact that Vitamin C contributes the following and even more benefits than we have noted to the body:

1. Protects you against scurvy
2. Fortifies you against fatigue.
3. Serves as a fine appetite-builder.
4. Helps to protect your teeth and gums.
5. Makes you less susceptible to infectious diseases.

Although there's not as much danger of scurvy nowadays as there was when fresh foods were not so easily procured, yet many people suffer today from what might be considered borderline conditions of scurvy, certain skin ailments and other conditions, because they do not eat enough Vitamin C foods all year 'round. We, therefore, cannot emphasize sufficiently the importance of including in the diet abundant Vitamin C foods. Make it a point, if you value your health, to eat plenty of fruits and their juices, and raw salads, daily so that you will be assured of a sufficient amount of this element.

Fortunately fruit juices with their orchard freshness are on the market, preserved in cans. The fact that the canning industry has been able to preserve the perishable Vitamin C and all other nutritive elements is a great contribution to the health of mankind.

The "all year 'round" problem of procuring fresh foods is solved because you can open a can of fruit juice that has the full value of the whole fruit at picking time. Even fresh fruits, that are shipped, lose some of the Vitamin C. The moment the fruit is picked the oxygen in the air begins to deteriorate the Vitamin C. Moreover, fruits that are picked before they are ripe, and ripened while in transit, are not as rich in this vital element as fruits allowed to mature fully on the tree. The finest brands of canned fruit juices are prepared from fruits that reach their full height of maturity on the tree. Immediately following this, with the greatest speed and skill the juice is extracted and preserved in cans so that when you open a can of this fruit juice, it's as rich in flavor, fragrance and nutritive elements as if you had extracted the juice from the fresh fruit where it grew.

We must warn the homemaker, however, when she is purchasing canned fruit juices, to make sure that it is the natural fruit juice and that nothing is added and nothing taken away; that she must guard herself against products which have had preservatives added with artificial color and artificial flavor. Such products are not equivalent to fresh fruits.

Not only does fruit play an important part in the diet because of rich amounts of Vitamin C, but also because of the minerals which leave an alkaline reaction in the blood, and because of the fruit acids which help to stimulate digestion and elimination, and the fruit sugars which are quick energy-givers. All these are reasons for placing fruit in the protective class.

As a summer food fruits and their juices cannot be surpassed and as thirst-quenchers they're the tops. Just bring forth, these wilting days, a tray of frosty fruit drinks and the response of "Oh's" and "Ah's" will be spontaneous.

There's nothing nicer when company comes than to offer tall, tinkling glasses of cooling fruit drinks. If you have on hand a variety of cans of fruit juices cooling in the refrigerator, you will be able, in the twinkling of an eye, to mix the most delectable drinks.

Here are some recipes for Beverage Bouquets that promise to make you forget the summer's heat:

PARTY PUNCH

2 pounds rhubarb	2 quarts plain or charged water
1 3/4 cups sugar	Thinly peeled rind and juice of 2 lemons
1 cup orange juice	
1/2 cup crushed pineapple	

Wash and cut rhubarb small, then cook with water to cover and lemon rind about 20 minutes. Strain, add sugar and stir until dissolved. When cold, add fruit juices and pineapple. Just before serving, combine with water and serve in punch bowl over generous block of ice. Serves 25 to 30.

CHERRY COOLER

1 1/2 pounds cherries	2 slices pineapple, diced
1 cup pineapple juice	1 sliced banana
1 1/2 cups sugar	1 thinly sliced orange
1 quart grape juice	Juice 2 oranges
1 quart carbonated water	Juice 2 lemons

Stone and crush cherries. Add to them the sugar, orange, lemon and pineapple juices. Set aside for 1 hour, then strain, pressing through sieve as much as possible of the cherry pulp. Turn all the ingredients into the punch bowl over a large piece of ice and garnish with the sliced and diced fruit. Serves 18 to 20.

SUPREME COCKTAIL

2 cups pineapple juice	1 cup tomato juice
	Juice of 2 lemons

Mix the juices thoroughly. Chill and shake well before serving.

PINEAPPLE SHAKE

1 cup milk	1/4 cup pineapple juice
	1 scoop vanilla ice-cream

Place all ingredients in a mixer or jar and shake well. Malted milk may be added if desired.

FIZZICAL FRAPPE

1 cup pineapple juice	1/4 cup cream
1/4 cup raspberry syrup	1/4 cup crushed ice

Place all ingredients in a shaker, shake well and serve at once in tall glasses.

HONEY ORANGEADE

1 cup water	3 teaspoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons honey	1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 cup orange juice	

(Continued on page 105)

YOURS FOR SLENDERNESS

■ Maybe you'd like to reduce, but are hesitating—waiting until you find a safe, healthful reducing diet. We have it!

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Red-Headed Danger

(Continued from page 19)

however, underneath it all, because I was now branching out into the selling end, and I knew that I was equipped for the work.

Kay, as a rule, was also informed through one of us about the day's happenings. She was the third party and completed the circle. It never entered our minds how little she was telling us of her own work and her own contacts.

One Wednesday night, after I had brought Kay home from the movies, suddenly and impulsively I took her into my arms and kissed her. We were standing in her hall, and my move was entirely unpremeditated. I had dreamed of just such a moment, but I could never have planned it. Frankly, I was scared when I released her. She stood there, still, her eyes shining in the dimly lighted hall.

"Are you angry, Kay?" I asked.

SHE didn't answer. I could still feel the warmth of her lips and the delicate fragrance of her mouth. I had never kissed her before. Not that our contacts were not of an intimate nature, we often touched each other, and on some occasions both Phil and I had put our arms about her. But this was different. This was not done just in camaraderie, for my blood sang with love and my whole being was exhilarated.

"Please, Kay, are you very angry?"

She was partly turned away from me, one foot touching the steps as if she were ready for flight. She turned back, and as she looked at me I reached out for her and held her arms.

"No, I'm not angry. Why should I be?"

"I don't know." She was so close, so near, and she was so wonderful. I had just kissed her, and I couldn't believe it, and I wanted to kiss her again. "Kay, I don't know what Phil will think. It seems like treason, but I must tell you how much I care for you. I'm just crazy about you. I haven't got enough yet, but some day I will have—do you think we could become engaged? Do you know, Kay, I'm scared to death of you."

There was a mischievous twinkle of laughter in her voice. It was like the teasing tinkle of a bell.

"You afraid? You're so big and strong, and so sure of yourself? If Phil should say it, I would believe it. But you!"

"What will Phil say to this?"

"To what?" she asked, calm and aloof, though so close to me.

"To my proposal. I wouldn't want to hurt him for the world."

"Well, I haven't accepted you yet."

"But you will, won't you?"

She paused. Though only a second elapsed, it seemed like eternity. "I don't know. I don't know."

There were sweetness and compassion in her smile, a fleeting tenderness that was like a promise, and before I realized it she darted up the stairs, leaving me standing there watch-

ing her. I was dazed and I had a moment of panic. It seemed to me that this was escape. The girl I loved was running away and I would never see her again. Quickly my mood changed. I would see her Saturday night, but Phil would be there, too. He and I were to have lunch together the next day. Should I tell him? I couldn't tell him. And yet, if I kept quiet about it, I would be withholding information from him that he was entitled to hear. Was he entitled? I didn't know.

I didn't call up Kay the rest of the week, for I was afraid that she might give me an answer over the telephone. But I did talk to Phil. He was unaware of my embarrassment during luncheon.

Saturday evening Phil came up an hour earlier. He seemed very shy and exceptionally quiet. His eyes shone and there was something in his face that made me aware of his being different. I was dressing in my room when he entered, and I stood still waiting for him to say something important. It was important.

"Bob," he said very shyly, "I want you to be the first one to congratulate me." I knew the rest before he finished talking. "Kay and I are engaged. We're to be married in three months." He came over to me and put out his hand. "I want you to know about it."

It was like an electric shock. Swiftly all my training came to the surface. Vaguely I remembered many lectures on courage. So many things came to my mind in that instant that I couldn't possibly recount them. But foremost of all one thought was dominant. I would always remain loyal to Phil. He was like a brother to me, a kindred soul, and the bond between us could not—should not be broken.

I shook his hand warmly.

"Phil, you deserve it. I'm glad. I'm very glad. When did all this happen?"

THIS morning—or rather, this afternoon. I'm all mixed up. There was a raise of salary in my envelope. I came over here, but you weren't home, so I had to tell Kay. I was very excited, and when I asked her to marry me she accepted. I am the most surprised person in the world."

He told me that he and Kay wanted to notify me right away, but they couldn't reach me. And tonight the three of us were to celebrate together. Well, it was a pretty bitter pill, but I had to go through with it. In reality, I experienced a mixture of emotions. I was glad for Phil's sake, and I knew that Kay couldn't have selected a better man. But I couldn't deny that I wanted her, loved her, and would rather have her than all the success in the world.

The evening was a complete bust. We all tried very hard, but for the first time there was a strained quality in the air, something strange and inexplicable that stood between us like a ghost. Kay danced with me, and then she danced with Phil. I assured her that she

couldn't have chosen better. She was very sweet, and very tender, as if she wanted to soothe my feelings.

"I wish it could have been you," she said to me while we were dancing to the soft strains of the music. "But, you see—"

"Please, Kay," I entreated, "I know. I understand. There is no one—I don't know anyone as fine as Phil. I'm very happy, for his sake and for your sake."

"But not for your own sake?" She seemed so wistful.

"Perhaps not. But, after all, one of us had to get hurt. I'm glad it is I."

"You're very generous."

I CAN'T deny that the period of adjustment was far from easy. Phil and Kay did not realize it, but I knew from the first that our relationship had to undergo a change. They were so naive about it, and I had to explain to them again and again that it would be best for us to separate. Kay, of course, could see my point of view much easier, but Phil was hurt by my attitude. I felt like taking him by the shoulders, shaking him, and telling him that it was foolish for us to try to continue on the same footing. It was impossible. I loved this girl—the girl he was going to marry. I wanted this girl who had promised to give herself to him. I knew that the glory of his love, the ecstasy that was coming into his life was dimmed by my attitude. It was as if he had said to me, "I have found my love, but I have lost a friend." He didn't say it, but he thought it.

It is so difficult to get used to something that has come upon us so unexpectedly. My whole life was bound up in these two, and now suddenly they were taken away from me. I could talk to my parents about my work, and they were very, very sympathetic, but this was different. There was a great void in my life and in my heart, but I knew it was for the highest and best good of all concerned.

For three months I did not see either Kay or Phil. It was my own wish and my own desire. I talked to Phil over the phone several times, and always conveyed my kindest regards to Kay. I tried to work harder, remembering something about an old adage—how much work can do for us in times like these. But the glamour was lost, the desire seemed to be lessened. In spite of the fact that my interest was lagging, I became quite successful and I secured two large contracts for the firm. I had planned them months before and, though I had given them up as hopeless, suddenly they came to fruition.

I was bitterly amused over it, for my commission amounted to a few hundred dollars and my salary was raised. My mother, who suspected what had happened and knew that I had been hurt, suggested to me that I should buy a small automobile. I was indifferent to her suggestion at first, but gradually I came around to it and found a great

deal of pleasure in owning a small car.

I was very happy that, on the day the marriage was to take place, I was in Detroit. My firm had sent me there to make some sketches for a concern that planned a large campaign through us. I sent a telegram of regrets for my absence, with best wishes to my two best friends. I also sent them a wedding gift, which the wife of an executive in our office had helped me select.

My tragedy seemed very great to me at first. At that age we are given to the exaggeration of our suffering. In the light of some reflection, however, I must admit that it wasn't as devastating as I made it out to be. It was a shock and I was hurt. But I nursed my wounds along, not wanting them to heal.

Later, when I returned to New York and found much pleasure in the little car that I owned and in the fact that people thought I was older than I really was, I caught myself up. I didn't want to be happy. I would buy gifts for my parents with a certain solemnity, though inwardly I felt very proud of my ability to contribute at home. It wasn't that I was really posing. I suppose it was a hangover from adolescence.

DURING the winter I went out with several young girls, and the fact that I owned a car made it possible for me to have much fun. But I refused to have fun and I really did think of Kay on these occasions. But, little by little, I had to admit that I found interest in feminine company, and when Saturday night came around I was glad for the opportunity to go dancing. I was careful not to select the same places that the three of us had used to frequent, because I really thought it best to avoid my old friends.

In the early spring Phil came to see me at my office, just about lunch time. I wish I could explain the joy that I felt at his visit. He seemed radiantly happy, as we talked during lunch. As a matter of fact, after the lunch hour was up, we stayed on at the little Swiss restaurant.

He still looked small and very young, and I was sure that people looking at us thought me a good deal older. He was doing very well in business, but what I gathered mainly from his talk was that he and Kay were exceptionally happy. They had a little house in a suburb, and he commuted to work each day. I knew Phil so well that, as he talked to me about various details of his home life, I could visualize the rest. I gathered that Kay was tender to him and protected him against many things. Though he was the more brilliant, she was the more worldly of the two. I could see the whole picture so clearly—these two were making a go of their marriage.

Finally he blurted out and I knew that he had come prepared with this speech—"Why can't you come to see us, Bob? Why, can't we stop all this nonsense? Kay and I just can't get along without you. I'm telling you, Bob, the circle is not complete."

At that moment it seemed to me that the most natural thing in the world for

me was to accept his invitation. All the imaginary tragedy in my life dispersed into nothingness. Why had I kept away? They were happy, and I was delighted with their happiness.

"Phil," I said suddenly, "I'll come out any time you want me to. How's that?"

"Why don't you come out Saturday night? You can stay over Sunday."

"All right. I'll come out in my car."

"Your car!"

I told him about the small automobile and he seemed very excited.

"Wait until Kay hears this. Gee, I'm glad."

He left me with shining eyes, and the echo of his own excitement took hold of me. I was playing around with the idea of his telling Kay of our meeting. It would be so nice to see Kay, to break bread with them at their home. I sat at my desk making sketches, my mind visualizing the scene. Of course, I was in love with Kay, but I was sure by now in this one moment of joyous transformation that I loved her like a sister. True, I had kissed her once, but now she was Phil's wife. That, of course, changed everything, including my feelings for her. I couldn't possibly desire something that by every holy rite belonged to my best friend.

It was a wonderful visit. We stayed up until three o'clock in the morning and talked. Kay was serenely beautiful and perfectly at ease. We inspected their house, the tiniest house that I had ever seen. It had four rooms and a kitchen. The rooms were so simply furnished, so modest and yet so delicate that they bore the imprint of good taste.

WHEN you get married, Bob, we want you to come out here and join our colony. You and Phil could commute to work together."

This was too funny.

"Kay, I always thought you were an exceptional girl, but you aren't, in one respect."

"No?" she laughed. Her eyes were sparkling, and she seemed so self-confident and beautiful.

"My mother once told me that, when a girl gets married, her first desire is to marry off all her friends. It's the first sign of matronliness."

"I don't want to marry off all my friends, but with you it's different. It would be nice to see you married to a sweet girl."

Perhaps it was a dangerous conversation, but it didn't seem so at the moment. Both Phil and Kay escorted me to my room. The white linen sheets seemed so inviting, and everything in the room was spic and span. I felt a little flustered at Kay's presence in the bedroom, and seeing her smooth out the pillows. She brought something with her into the room that lingered after she had left.

The next day we went out driving. The three of us seated in front. Kay sat between us, totally indifferent to our proximity. I couldn't be indifferent, but in my mind it was firmly established that she was my friend's wife. And after a while I got used to her body pressing against mine in the car.

The one quality I enjoyed about them was their ability to share in my prosperity. Laughingly we recalled our student days. Kay teased me about my moroseness.

"You know," she said, "every time Phil took out thirty cents to pay for our sodas, you hung your head low, as if you didn't want me to see it. And now you're the capitalist."

With the same suddenness the old habit was established again. Phil and I would hold a telephone conversation every day. Of course, the week-ends were set. I was to come out to them and that seemed so natural. I belonged there. Phil and Kay needed me. Kay was a scrupulous housekeeper and wanted everything in first rate order. There were so many things around the house that Phil could not do. He wasn't mechanically minded. A screw driver would fall out of his hand. He was awkward with a hammer.

DURING my second visit I cleaned out the cellar, while Phil, standing near me, talked to me and looked on helplessly. When he took up a broom to help me, I took it out of his hand, for it was pathetic to see the way he handled it. Then Kay came down and exclaimed with delight. The coal was all piled up. The boxes were in order, and I had made a shelf for her preserves. There was great excitement.

She turned to Phil. "I wish you could do that."

"I seem to be pretty useless," Phil complained.

"Don't be silly," I exclaimed. "Every man to his own work. You've the best mathematical brain on the continent."

"That doesn't help me any when the lights go out of commission. I have to call an electrician."

"Let me look over your lights," I suggested.

I had no notion, at the time, that my very desire to help, the little mechanical ability I had, made Phil look helpless by comparison. It seemed like such a little thing, but nevertheless it was the first step toward something that caused trouble. It wasn't as definite as that, and far more subtle than I can explain.

I was now expected to come every week-end, and I had no other plans. Once or twice I detected some unhappiness. Phil seemed very much perturbed and Kay a little sullen. I didn't want to question them, but I had a terrific desire to straighten things out. I felt sorry for Phil, for he was so easily hurt. But I was attracted to Kay, and I felt sure that whatever the fault, it was not one-sided.

One Monday morning, Phil very shamefacedly told me that Kay seemed to be very moody, that he didn't know how to please her and that she found fault with him at the slightest provocation. He looked to me for guidance and help, and I counselled him to be patient. Carefully I chose my words and told him that a girl often undergoes a change after marriage, both a physical and mental change. I think I read this somewhere. I told him it was a period of adjustment, and that it would all straighten itself out.

After a little while, when Kay and I went out for a drive Sunday afternoon while Phil remained at home working over his figures, she, who had been so proud, also began to complain.

"He's so helpless around the house."

I was a little surprised, but I listened sympathetically and with all my heart praised Phil and all his splendid characteristics. It seemed he looked to her for guidance at all times. He had formed a habit of talking to her about business details.

"I think you should be proud, Kay. Phil loves you, and naturally he wants to talk things over with you. That's perfectly normal. His interest centers in you—completely."

"I wish he weren't so tied to my apron strings."

Very carefully I thought over this matter before I made a reply. My words of praise for Phil left her cold. It was far more difficult to give her advice, though I knew that she liked me and that she looked forward to my visits. I was beginning to worry about this whole matter and in the arrogance of youth decided that it was my business to straighten them out. But it wasn't easy.

I BEGAN to dread these visits, and at the same time look forward to them. Phil was down-hearted, and Kay continuously sulky. Often we went out riding together, with Phil remaining behind at his own request.

"I think you can cheer her up," he told me confidentially. "Maybe she sees too much of me."

"Too much of you!" I cried out. "Why, man, you're her husband."

"That doesn't alter the fact that two people can see too much of each other."

"Do you feel that you see too much of her?" I asked.

"No. I'm never happy unless I'm with her, but after all she is different."

I wanted to say something in anger, wanted to counsel him to reassert himself, but it all seemed so confused in my own mind. When I was with him, I wanted to protect him. When I was with Kay, she made me feel subtly that Phil was somewhere at fault. All the time, at the back of my head, was a thought that I could have made her happy. But I would not permit it to come to the surface.

My mind was occupied with this problem constantly and, though I didn't seem to be able to cope with it, I couldn't get rid of the obsession that somehow I could help them by my very presence. I could see that things were going from bad to worse, for one Saturday evening after dinner, which had been eaten in silence, Kay withdrew to her room. Phil and I did the dishes I wanted them to go out for a drive that night, and when I suggested that Phil call Kay he seemed ill at ease.

"I don't want to ask her. You ask her."

"No, I'm not going to ask her."

Kay did not come out, and to my dismay I saw Phil fixing up the sofa in the living-room for himself. That was a sign-post as to how things stood between them, and I had some misgiv-

ings right there and then about my visits. The tension was too great, and the estrangement had assumed proportions that I hadn't anticipated. The next day Kay and I went out for a drive, and she seemed very gay. She flirted with me, and I thought that she was fishing for compliments. There was an exuberance in her manner that wasn't quite natural, and it left me perturbed.

During the week Phil told me with trepidation that perhaps it would be best if I didn't come out for the next few months.

"You see, Kay expects a child, and she is very sensitive. Now, mind you, Bob, it's not that you're not perfectly welcome—"

"Oh, please don't apologize," I said brusquely. "I think it's a very sensible idea. But I wish you wouldn't be so unhappy. If I were in your place, I'd rejoice—"

"Kay feels very unhappy about it. I don't know what to do. She blames me for it."

I was very angry and my first impulse was to get hold of Kay and tell her bluntly that she was a bum sport. Luckily, I had enough common sense not to follow this desire. Instead, I shook Phil's hand and asked him to give Kay my best wishes.

"I have a few hundred dollars, Phil, and you can have it any time you need it."

"Thank you, Bob, I might have to ask you for it. I'll tell Kay about it. I'm sure she will appreciate it."

IF the separation from my two friends after the announcement of their engagement was difficult, this was almost torture. Many a time I had a temptation to call Kay at her home and offer to come out. It is so silly to make such plans. We often have illusions that by talking things over with those we love, we can clear things up. We don't take into consideration the fundamental causes and effects that are created by a thousand and one things. Even Phil seemed to keep away from me. I was under the impression that he was stunned and that he didn't want to see anyone. Now that I had cut myself off from most of my friends, I felt lonesome again and I had the week-ends on my hands.

Again there was an interlude of several months, and finally Phil called me up and asked me to send him some money. Kay had been taken to the hospital but, though his voice sounded desperate, he didn't want to see me. I mailed him a check, and asked him to notify me as soon as he had any news.

I didn't even have the nerve to call up the hospital, but finally I heard from Phil. He seemed composed, but he spoke in a strange voice. The baby had been born dead, but Kay was all right. It was terrible. I felt completely helpless, and I muttered the usual phrase over the telephone—"Please let me know, Phil, if I can do anything for you." Just a phrase—what could I do for him? And yet I would have given anything in the world if I could soothe their grief.

I made up my mind to keep away from them until I heard from them. It was at the end of June, a month since I had heard from him, when Phil and Kay invited me to come out for a week-end. I had a date with a very charming girl, but instantly I cancelled the appointment. They wanted me. It was my duty to go there. I didn't know what my attitude should be, as it is very difficult to approach people in grief.

When I saw Kay, I was astounded at her beauty. She had grown a trifle thinner, but her eyes held a mystery I had never seen in them before. There was a sadness which was overwhelming, and a lustre that was startling.

She smiled at me. "Bob, it's so nice to see you again. Let me look you over. Gosh, you're so tall, and strong. I think your hair is even aliver than before. You're like a breath of fresh air."

Phil stood there, a faint, sad smile on his lips.

"Yes, Bob is all that. I've often wondered what I would have done without you."

FORGET it. Do you remember, Phil—" I tried to bring the conversation to a safer level—"what you told me once about my personal appearance, what an asset it was? Well, I've refrained from using it in my business contacts. I'm trying to get by on my brains, as you do."

There was some laughter, but we couldn't make a go of it. Phil and Kay had a definite plan. They had decided that Kay needed a vacation, and she wanted to go to a place in the Adirondacks. It was Phil's idea that I should drive her out there in my car.

"How about you? Aren't you coming along?" I asked him.

"No," he said shamefacedly. "I've fallen behind in my work, and I really can't spare the week-end. I think Kay will enjoy the trip with you. She expects to stay about two weeks, and maybe then you can bring her back."

Privately I suspected that Phil wanted to relieve Kay of his company. Kay retired to her room for the night, and Phil began to prepare the sofa in the living-room for himself. So that was it. They were still estranged, perhaps more so than ever.

I took Kay out the following week-end. We started out early Saturday morning. I didn't have to go to the office, but Phil did. I fastened Kay's baggage to the rear of the car, and it was a most beautiful trip. Kay and I didn't talk much. She seemed silent and serene, but I was aware of her sitting close to me, aware of her presence and the fragrance that emanated from her. It was a long trip, and we stopped off for lunch at a quaint little cabin. Gradually the atmosphere became freer, and we laughed a lot on the way. It was like the old days. Once during the trip she startled me.

"Do you remember, Bob, when you proposed to me?"

Instantly I became suspicious. "Yes. Why?" And then as an afterthought,

"What do you mean, do I remember? I haven't proposed so often in my life, not to remember a thing like that!" I was unnecessarily gruff, and I didn't know why.

"Well, if you had been a little more aggressive—if you had asserted yourself, I might have been your wife now."

I was almost discourteous. "This is a fine time to tell it to me."

"Oh, I just thought of it. Phil seemed so helpless. He needed me so. You seemed so self-sufficient."

I refrained from making any remark. I really thought that there was no necessity for such talk, and considered it in bad taste on Kay's part. She knew that she had offended me, and in her characteristic way changed her mood to that of complete silence and wistfulness. We reached the place early in the evening, and though I intended to return late that night I felt that I was in dangerous waters.

THE people who ran the small hotel were most hospitable. They were Germans who had come to this country many years ago, and at first they thought that we were man and wife. I had to explain to them that I was just a friend, and I was not staying. After dinner, we sat on the porch. The mountains were very close to us, serene and majestic and yet very intimate. There was a gentle breeze, and then another and another. Somewhere, in the distance, came the fragrance of freshly cut grass. I began to feel sad. I had been very discourteous and rough with Kay, and after all there was nothing really offensive in what she had said. She was sitting in a rocker, very quiet and mouse-like, wearing a white printed dress that brought out the glory of her bronze hair.

All the other guests seemed to have disappeared. Some were walking and others had retired to their rooms.

"I'm leaving soon, Kay."

"Why can't you stay over night? It's such a long trip—at night."

"No, I want to get back. I want to talk to Phil. He'll be worried."

"We can call him up," she suggested.

"No, I have to get back. And I'm sorry, Kay, about this afternoon. I didn't mean to be discourteous."

"It's all right," she said very quietly. "You see, Bob, I don't discuss these things with my family."

"What things?"

"Matters pertaining—well, Phil and me. You're our best friend, after all. I've always felt I could talk to you."

"Of course you can, Kay. It was so stupid of me." I moved my chair over to hers.

She then told me, at first very hesitantly, and then as I listened sympathetically, with more courage, about her relations with Phil. She wasn't happy with him, and she was convinced that she had made a mistake. There was no specific accusation, but subtly she intimated that her feeling for him was more maternal than anything else. She seemed so winsome and small, and

in need of help, and she began to cry. I took out my handkerchief and wiped her tears, and then kissed her gently. As she cried on, I lifted her out of her chair and held her in my arms, soothing her. She was so small and fragrant, and I kissed her lips passionately. Yes, I could give her happiness. As she clung to me, I forgot all about my resolutions.

Someone came up on the porch, and we broke away. I was still dazed, but instinctively I knew that I had to get into my car. Quickly I found the owner of the place and paid for my meal. Kay was standing on the porch, leaning gently against a pillar. I waved to her.

"Good-by, Kay. See you in two weeks."

I didn't hear her reply, for I was running away, fleeing from the greatest danger in my life. I started the car and rushed away from this place, realizing for the first time what temptation meant. Not that I blamed her, for I was to blame more than anyone else. There are moments in life, when, in a flash, everything is revealed to us. Never could I bring injury to Phil! Never! I saw now that I had come between them from the very first.

They had been happy during the first months of their marriage, and then I had thrust myself on the scene. Naturally Kay thought of me as a rejected suitor. She felt sorry for me. And here I was, always before her eyes. She could not help herself. She could not help making comparisons.

I drove on, unaware of my surroundings, rushing on desperately. Of course, Phil was different. He didn't have the physical strength that I had, or the mechanical ability, or many other traits. But he was the salt of the earth, loyal and faithful and gentle—yes, strong in his gentleness. That was real strength. And mentally he was certainly above both of us. A better mind.

AND here I was, coming to their home, driving a car, flaunting it and my newly found prosperity. For two weeks I had a chance to reflect on this subject. How blind I had been! It was I who had been the cause of her unhappiness. Phil had never suspected it. I had never suspected it.

It was a beautiful friendship in the early days, normal in high school days. But we had tried to bring it into marriage. I decided not to say anything to Phil. He told me that he had had only one letter from Kay during the two weeks, but tried to excuse her in my eyes for not writing to him more often.

"She expects you to come out and bring her back."

"Aren't you coming along?"

"No. I think it would be best, if you go for her alone."

She hadn't written to me, but she wrote one measly little letter to her husband and informed him that she wanted me to bring her back. All right, she wouldn't be disappointed. I was going to bring her back—but Phil was coming

along with me. I had some difficulty persuading him, but finally I won him over, assuring him that Kay would be delighted with the surprise. Yes, she would be delighted, I said to myself.

We took the same route, and again I arrived Saturday evening. Kay was very much surprised to see her husband with me, and at first made a pretense of being pleased. But eventually she found fault with something that Phil had said. I couldn't hear what it was, but I knew that she went up to her room and he followed her. I left them there alone for about an hour, and then boldly knocked at her door. She was crying when I came in, and Phil was apparently pleading with her.

Without preliminaries, I broke loose.

"I have something to say to you two. I'm going to take you back home, both of you. The two of you will sit in back, and I'll sit in front—alone."

Kay stopped crying and looked at me in amazement. So did Phil.

"The trouble with us has been we have tried to continue a relationship that is against all normal laws. Marriage is meant for two, not for three. Ever since I came into your life, you've been unhappy."

Phil tried to say something.

PLEASE don't interrupt me. This is absolutely final. After this, I'm not going to see either one of you. If you two have any difficulties, it's up to you to straighten them out. Don't ever invite me to call on you again. We can remain friends, but we are not going to see each other again."

They were both startled, and Kay looked as if she had been struck a physical blow. She was as white as a sheet, and she was crying so pitifully that it almost broke my heart.

"I'll be waiting in the car for you. We can start back whenever you're ready."

I felt relieved and free again. I helped Phil fasten the baggage to the car. Then I opened the door for him and Kay. As I steered, keeping my eyes to the road, I knew that they were sitting apart, and I could hear her cry. Then I thought she was closer to him. Yes, she was in his arms and he was whispering something to her. She giggled. It was miraculous, for a few moments later I heard them whispering to each other and laughing.

Yes, they too were relieved, for the danger had been lifted. That was the answer. We had rushed into a relationship that was against all the laws of nature.

When we stopped off for a bite of food, all three of us were in good humor. Phil seemed to be confident, and Kay perfectly contented.

I have only seen Phil once in two years. He was radiant, and told me that he and Kay were very happy. They have a little boy, and they have named him Robert, after me. Some day I am going to visit them, but not for many years. I want to be married first, and have some children of my own.

Orchids for Wives

(Continued from page 44)

I said slowly, "but I'll find something."

"Please do," she patted my hand and rose. "I've got to go now. I work in a cafeteria. The day I'm off early, like today, I have to be in the next morning at six-thirty."

"Let me drive you to the subway," I said, going with her to the door.

"No, no," she shook her head. "You've done too much already. We mustn't be seen together. I can get the bus right here at the road."

"You're right," I agreed. "This mustn't reach Hugo. The children won't tell, you can be sure. Neither will Edward nor I. I'll see that you have some time with the children regularly."

"I can't thank you enough," she murmured unsteadily.

I STOOD on the porch and watched her go down the drive, the March wind whipping her shabby sports coat about her thin figure. She looked back once and waved, and then a second time with a glance up at the children's room.

My promise to Hazel didn't prove so easy to keep. Two days later Hugo returned, deeply penitent. He had only a vague memory of what had happened that night. I told him, coolly and plainly. He seemed ashamed and truly sorry. As though to convince me of his sorrow, he settled down in the house to live and reopened the studio in the barn.

All through the spring he worked furiously, a mood that was editors' delight. They rushed him with orders for covers and illustrations so they could get as much of his work as possible before he went off again. I knew as well as the editors that this could not be expected to last.

In the meantime I planned and schemed to take the children to Hazel. My rehearsals with the high school glee club were one excuse. I took the children with me, and Hazel met us, spending an hour with them in an empty classroom while I played the piano in the auditorium.

As summer came on, I planned picnics to the nearby beaches and the country where Hazel could meet us and be with the children, safe from Hugo. She was so sweet, so retiring, it seemed incredible that she could have lived with Hugo Kemp for ten years—incredible that any woman could. Did she love him? Had she loved him? Watching her with the children, I wondered about that, but she never spoke of the past or of any hopes for the future. She seemed satisfied to go on working and snatch at the few hours with Betty and Terry.

She was pitifully shabby, but talked bravely of her job. No matter how tactful I tried to be, she firmly declined any help I offered. She was getting on all right, she assured me, and hurried off at odd hours to go to work.

Hugo went to Canada in July. All I received from his burst of work that made him many thousands of dollars

was an exquisite lace evening shawl and a hundred dollars in cash.

By the end of the summer I was seriously worried about money. I had spent almost five thousand dollars on the house and children, and a little of it on myself. With the sharp decline in stocks, my original inheritance had shrunk to eleven thousand, so that now I had little over five thousand left. At the present rate, I'd be penniless in a year—and then what?

Hazel's warning strengthened my determination to face Hugo with this problem when he returned from the North. On a chance that he would be in town I went to New York late in August, and stopped at a small hotel.

When I arrived at the studio building, the door man smiled blandly.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Kemp. Mr. Kemp just arrived."

I thanked him, as though I had expected the news, and went up to the studio. I was greeted by a boom of male voices with a few soprano notes intermingled. A dozen of Hugo's followers were scattered about on divans, thrones and stools. Hugo, looking larger, more impressive and commanding than ever with a smock over his business suit, was exercising a cocktail shaker. His eyebrows raised as I walked in the door.

"This makes the welcome complete," he said, with a tight-lipped smile. "Girls and boys, the current Mrs. Kemp!"

I FELT my cheeks flame under the insolence of his tone, though I managed a smile. I had met most of the guests before. They weren't intimate friends but admiring acquaintances. Hugo didn't want friends. He wanted an audience.

A pert little red-headed girl in the corner fixed me with a look of sullen disappointment. I had never seen her before, but assumed she was his latest. Hugo introduced her as Terza Vaughn.

Hugo kissed me with a nice air of restrained affection, swept a pile of canvases from a high-backed chair to make a place for me and brought me a drink.

"Say, Hugo," asked another artist, "why don't you paint Mrs. Kemp in that pose? I never saw a chair so becoming to a woman."

The crowd laughed. From where I was sitting I saw my reflection in the mirror across the room. The height of the chair-back cut my long lines, the dark background accented my fair hair which seemed even more blond in contrast to my summer tan. The strain of the past year had left its mark on me, changing me from the awkward, bewildered girl who had studied piano with the Stradley Grants, to a mature, rather bitter woman. I looked much older than twenty-four.

Seven hours later the party broke up. Hugo lingered at the door for a whispered word with the red-headed Terza. Hugo did not flaunt his women before his wife. But it wasn't because he respected his wife—he never would make

such a blunder in public.

That whispered word would probably have cut Hazel to the very heart, but to me it made no difference. Again the old question—did the quiet, gentle Hazel really love him? Had she ever been untrue to him as she had been accused to be. I didn't believe it.

I rose and walked to the long window that faced the north and commanded a view of the Hudson. I remembered the river as it looked from the Drive the first night I met Fitz—when the whole world seemed to be quivering with the awareness of spring. A rush of loneliness came over me, a need to see him, to hear from him. Would that ache stay with me to the very end of my days?

"Why the pensive pose?" I started at the sound of Hugo's voice that came a little thick with cocktails.

"MERELY thinking," I said quickly, turning to face him.

"I suppose," he went on, dropping into a big chair and lighting a cigarette, "you thought it was a wifely gesture to come and meet me?"

"I had no thought other than to talk about the children."

"How are the children? Bless their hearts."

"Fine," I said, struggling to keep the bitterness out of my voice. "Betty is looking forward to seeing you, and Terry wants to know if you shot any bears in Canada."

"And what do you want to know?" he asked. "Who my little red-haired friend was?"

"It doesn't matter," I said indifferently. "I only want to know what you're going to do about the children's school this year. The tuition must be paid next week."

"Money! Money! Money!" He sprang up and paced the floor angrily. "Do you ever think of anything else? Would you come here with a loving, open-armed gesture? No! You come begging, as usual."

"Hugo, do you realize that in the sixteen months we've been married you haven't paid a single penny of the expenses for those children?"

"What about your coat?"

"The coat is beautiful, but children can't share a mink coat."

"I give her things," he shouted, as though I weren't there. "I shower her with gifts, a fine home, flowers, jewels. I elevate her to a position in the world as my wife that she never dreamed of having—and all she talks about is money, and more money."

I pressed my hand to my throbbing forehead.

"Do you love me?" he demanded, stopping in front of me, his black eyes blazing.

"No," I said, with devastating frankness. "You knew I didn't love you when I married you, but you told me then you would make me love you. You didn't try very hard."

"You're impudent! I suppose you

think I love you? Why should I, Hugo Kemp, who can have the pick of the beautiful women of two continents, marry a lanky, underfed girl? You're handsome now, but you weren't when I married you. Do you know why I married you?" He leaned down, thrusting his broad, handsome face close to mine. "I married you because I thought you'd make a good child's nurse and you had the money to finance the job."

"I might have known that," I said, recoiling from him. "You knew I loved the children."

"Yes, but remember this. You're only their stepmother. Don't think if you ever try to divorce me, you'll get the custody of them. That is my trust from their dead mother."

I sprang to my feet. I had to go. If I listened to any more of his dramatics, I would tell everything.

"I knew that would get you," he taunted. "After all, money should be no problem to you. You're an accompanist—a concert pianist. You should be able to make money."

I ran from the studio before I could hear more. A concert pianist, when I hadn't had time to study or practise for a year! Madame Browalia was wise when she warned me to keep up my music. Their dead mother, indeed! Poor little Hazel! She was only a ghost of a woman, but she was living and suffering for this man and wanting her children.

THIS was the end for me. I'd get a divorce. I'd find some way out, and some way of taking care of the children. Surely, the court couldn't give them to him again.

Like a sleepwalker, I went back to the hotel, but remembered to gather up all the daily papers, as I always did. Mechanically I turned the pages, searching for a cabled date line from the Arctic, which had been my comfort for months. Suddenly the letters seemed to leap from the page at me:

EXPLORER RETURNS

Fitzgerald Otis, prominent American explorer, who has been in the Arctic for the past year with the Martin Chubb Expedition, plans to sail for New York from Copenhagen next week.

Mr. Otis announced his unexpected return today, explaining that he wished to check certain finds that he had made and arrange for additional equipment. He plans to return to the expedition base in Spitzbergen next spring.

Fitz was coming back! The paper slipped out of my hands. He would be here, in New York, only a few miles away from me. Every time I came to town there was a chance of meeting him on the street, seeing him in a theatre—

I paced the floor. My whole life seemed to crowd around me like the bars of a cage. I had to get away—that was the answer to everything. To Hazel and Hugo and Fitz— But how? And what of Terry and Betty?

I drove back to Long Island that night, almost physically ill from exhaustion. Undoubtedly, Hugo would come out in a day or two to see the children. Perhaps there would be more scenes.

Hazel must be warned.

Betty and Terry greeted me with their usual wild enthusiasm, were thrilled over the toys I brought them from the ten-cent store, and proudly presented me with a letter postmarked: "Florence, Italy."

Madame Browalia! The sight of her sprawly, generous hand gave my heart a lift. If only I could talk to her, see her great soft brown eyes gazing at me sympathetically. Would she be surprised that our marriage had gone so badly? Probably when she got Hugo's check for the five hundred dollars I borrowed from her in Paris, she thought everything was all right. She couldn't know that Hugo had borrowed that money from me and never repaid it!

I tore the fine foreign envelope eagerly and read the letter while I absently answered the children's questions about Hugo. In her letter Madame said she was returning to the States late in October. Would I be interested in touring with her? Would I? Here was the solution to my problems.

"And what did he say about the bears, Suzanna?" Terry was demanding, leaning over my shoulder.

"He'll tell you all about those when he gets his next picture finished and can come out here."

"Why doesn't he paint more pictures in the barn?" Terry asked.

"Because," Betty explained, "everything is much more convenient in New York, isn't it, Suzanna?" Before I could answer, she asked, "When is Madame Browalia coming to see us?"

"Very soon," I said, grateful for the question. I put an arm about each child and drew them to me. "She wants me to play the piano for her and travel with her this winter while she sings at concerts."

BUT you can't leave us," Terry protested instantly.

"Wait! Here's a plan. Suppose, instead of sending you both to day school this year, you go to a good boarding-school?"

"Switzerland?" Terry interrupted, his dark eyes frightened.

"Not Switzerland," I promised, holding him closer. "Right in New York, where, as Betty said, it is very convenient. When I'm not travelling with Madame Browalia, you can come out here every week-end to me. Daddy can come see you at school. Somehow we'll arrange for Mama to come, too. Of course, that must be a big secret."

"I think it would be fine," said Betty staunchly, though the familiar white lines of pain appeared around her lovely mouth.

"I know one school," I continued, as Terry remained silent, "where boys just your size wear long trousers. Now if you want to go to that school—"

The length of the pants clinched the argument. That night I sent for catalogs. But what would Hugo say?

Early Thursday afternoon Hugo arrived. The children were playing at a neighbor's place down the road. I sent Edward off to call them, apparently, but actually he was to watch at the bus stop and head Hazel off.

Hugo had placed an important set of illustrations that morning and was in one of his best moods. I was quivering with nerves, between fear that Edward would miss Hazel and that Hugo would fight my future plans.

We walked around the grounds together, Hugo admiring the garden that was glorious in fall colors, and certainly a different place from the wilderness I had faced the year before. My hands in the pockets of my sports suit were clenched until the nails were tearing my palms.

"Hugo," I burst out abruptly, "I have decided to follow your advice."

"What advice?" he asked sharply.

"I'm going to take up my career again."

"Indeed!" He lit a cigar carefully and looked at me. "And how do you plan to accomplish that?"

"Esta Browalia is returning in October. She wants me to go on tour with her. I think you were wise in saying I should follow my music—"

"You're being excessively diplomatic," he said coolly. "What do you plan to do with the children?"

"Place them in a good boarding-school in New York. I'll keep the house open and have them with me over week-ends whenever I'm in New York. The tour will only be for about ten or twelve weeks, and I should make quite a little money."

WE were walking toward the big studio barn. Over my shoulder I glimpsed Edward trudging up the road from the main highway. His silent nod told me he had warned Hazel. I breathed on one score at least. Then Hugo spoke, in his smoothest, kindest tones—

"You're quite right, Suzanna. Betty is ten, Terry is eight—a school is the proper place for them. If it hadn't been for you, they would have been in school long ago."

I almost dropped in relief at his words. Hugo was talking deliberately. Carefully he took out his keys and opened the padlock on the studio. No one was allowed in the studio during his absence. The lock was heavy and complicated, and he carried the only key to it. I often thought that in case of fire, the place would be a total loss. But that was his way.

"We'll all be much happier under such an arrangement," he continued, holding the big door open so that I could enter.

The floor was built up six steps from the ground. There was a balcony overhead where the hay loft had been. The long slanting roof now was a solid expanse of glass that let in the cold north light.

"I'm glad you see it that way, Hugo," I said, with fervent thankfulness, as I mounted the steps. "I'll go to town next week and make final arrangements."

"And in the meantime," he murmured, coming up behind me and slipping his arms about me, "I think I'll spend a few days down here, getting acquainted with my wife again."

(Continued on page 60)

SECRET BEGINNINGS OF *Age Signs Laid Bare*



Miss Barbara Hebbard, New York: "I have seen my pores become finer—even blackheads disappear!—after regular treatments with Pond's Cold Cream."

Rouse hidden glands, nerves, fibres to win back Smooth Line-free skin ... End Blackheads, Blemishes, too!

"I HATE TO GROW OLD!" The same cry from every woman's heart . . . If you're 20, you fear the 30's. 30? You dread the 40's. Yet the years themselves are not bewailed. It's the unlovely lines, the gradual coarsening of the skin that make some women feel . . . "They hardly had any youth at all!"

But these tragic age signs can be warded off—Their hidden starting place is known! Skin authorities say it lies five layers below the skin you see. Down in what's called your *underskin*.

The diagram above shows you what the underskin looks like. There you see the oil glands that should keep skin supple . . . the blood vessels that should invigorate the skin, clear it . . . the under tissues that should keep skin firm.

Deep-skin treatment needed

"Then why does skin age?" . . . Because these tiny glands, tissues, blood vessels lose their vigor! They slow up . . . give



Lady Daphne Straight

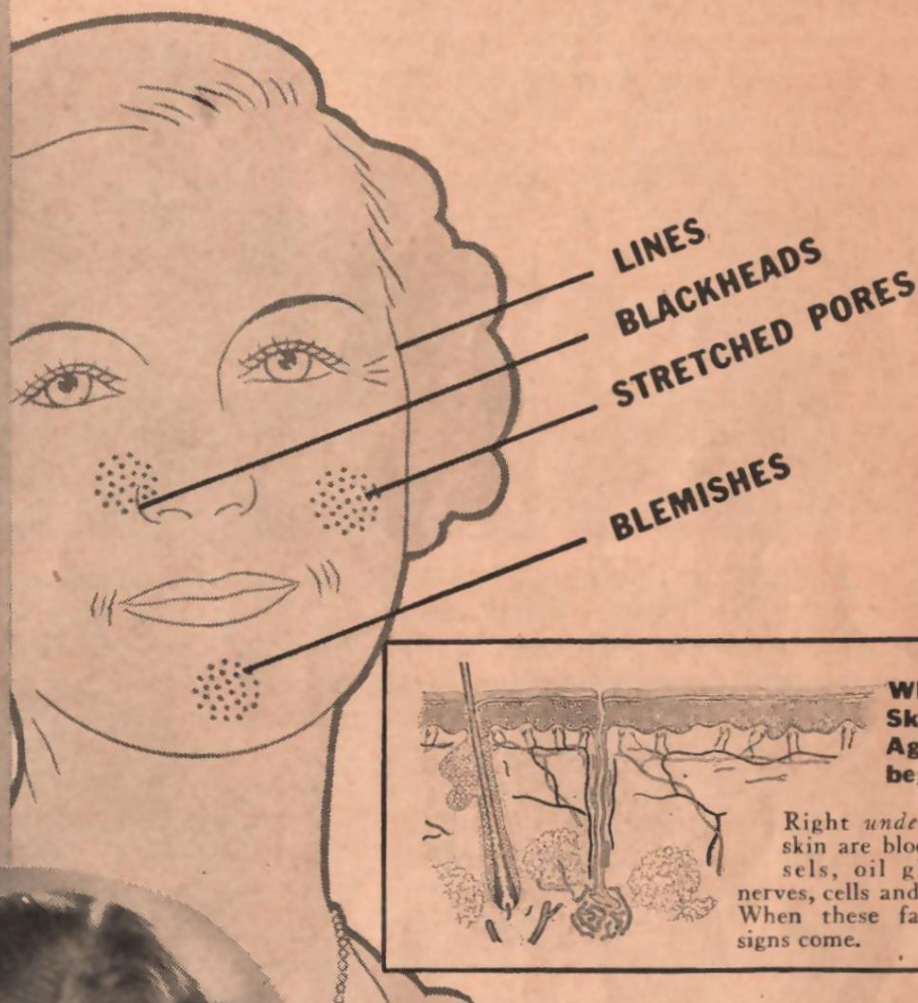
granddaughter of the late ANTHONY J. DREXEL and of the late WILLIAM WHITNEY, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear, positively glowing. It even wipes away little fatigue lines."

skin faults their chance to start. But you can rouse your underskin, keep it active—by faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment!

Smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. Made with fine, specially processed oils, it goes into each tiny pore quickly, deeply. Next minute, it's out again—laden with long-lodged dirt and make-up.

Wipe it all off and pat in more Pond's Cold Cream *briskly* . . . That's all there is to the treatment! Yet followed faith-

SKIN AUTHORITIES LAY BLAME FOR LINES, WRINKLES, DRY SKIN. ON A "LAZY UNDERSKIN"



Where Skin Age begins—

Right under your skin are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, cells and fibres. When these fail—age signs come.

fully, see what happens. As the glands act normally—their oils no longer clog. Blackheads, blemishes can't come! . . . As tissues fill out, little lines gradually fade. As your whole underskin wakes up—your *outer skin* takes on that soft feel, that smooth look which make you feel young at any age! Begin now to give your skin Pond's care. Remember, this is the treatment that brings true skin beauty . . .

Fight Skin Age this way

Every night, for thorough cleansing, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream to loosen, float out dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off . . . Now rouse your underskin! Pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly. Watch how each treatment makes your skin really fresher and younger looking.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this Pond's deep-skin treatment. You'll notice that even powder looks better—it goes on more evenly because your skin is so fine, so soft!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. G131, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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"We'll be glad to have you," I said, trying to escape his caress.

"I want you to be glad," he said huskily, holding me closer, and turning my face toward him.

"You told me a few days ago that you didn't love me," I reminded him. "Why begin—this again?"

"Don't hold that against me," he coaxed, in the lowest, most beautiful tone he could employ. "I didn't mean it."

Fitz, in the farthest reaches of the Arctic, could never have been any colder than I was at that moment. My heart suddenly glowed at the thought that Fitz wasn't in the Arctic. He was coming back! The thought gave me strength.

"I'm sorry, Hugo, that you've changed your mind again. You see I meant it. I'm through."

"So," he pushed me away rudely, "this tour is a blind. You're getting out, is that it?"

"I can't get out. You made that plain. I love the children too much. But we don't love each other, and I can't keep up the pretense."

FOR a moment I thought he would strike me. His hands lifted above his head and he shook with rage. I was probably the first woman who had ever walked out on Hugo Kemp—the first woman who had refused to grant him her favor.

"You—" he began, when the studio door swung open and Terry and Betty dashed in. He greeted them with forced hilarity. It was Betty who hung back and whispered tensely in my ear: "Did you warn Mama?"

I nodded and kissed her. With a real effort, I went back to the house. A few minutes later Hugo raced off in the big car, taking the children with him.

For three hours I waited for them to return, painting dreadful pictures in my mind of what he might do to the children. He was capable of taking the first boat that was sailing for anywhere and taking the children with him. It was long after dark when the car stopped at the door, deposited the children and rushed off again.

They'd had a thrilling three hours at the beach, I believed it could be thrilling, if Hugo led the parade. They were dirty and laden with prizes from the boardwalk booths. Terry had a stomach ache; otherwise they were safe.

I worked feverishly during the next week. Schools were selected, the children's clothes looked over and arranged. I decided to rent my old cheap room from Mrs. Casey in New York, put in a piano, and sleep there when I was in town. I heard nothing from Hugo and received no money. I paid the tuitions and had Betty write him of the school arrangements. Hazel came to see them and listened eagerly to our plans.

Anything was all right with her, as long as she could be near the youngsters.

"What shall we tell the schools?" she asked. "Who shall we say I am?"

"I've thought about that," I admitted, as the four of us walked through the woods.

(Continued from page 58)

"Why can't you be our aunt?" Betty suggested.

"No," Hazel shook her head. "Something might be said before Hugo. I have no sisters, neither has Hugo."

"I'm an only child, too," I admitted.

"I know," Hazel's face was alight. "I'll say I'm your secretary."

"I don't like that," I objected. "It—it doesn't seem right."

"Why not? Hugo will never know if you have a secretary, and the teachers would understand better about my looking after the children while you were away."

"It seems cruel," I protested, "that you—"

"Don't say that, when you've been so kind."

Finally I had to agree. We could take no more risks. The next week I dismissed Nanny, left Edward in charge of the house and took the children to town. When I was leaving him at school, Terry's lip quivered, but he got himself in hand and held back the tears. Betty was quietly brave as ever.

At the old place in Sixty-eighth Street, Mrs. Casey, in a grubby apron that apparently hadn't been changed in two years, welcomed me.

"You got mail comin' for you already," she announced. "I says to my husband: 'If it ain't grand havin' a lady like Miss Whitney comin' back with us, after the likes of what we put up with through these hard times, an' all. Your piano come this mornin'. I hope you'll find everythin' to your likin'.'"

From her pocket she took an envelope and handed it to me. The sharp, concise writing, the Danish postmark, forwarded from Paris—I ran upstairs to my old room on the second floor.

Trembling I opened the letter and struggled to focus my eyes on the clear writing.

DEAR SUZANNA:

This is like dropping a letter into a void. Perhaps you still are gathering European laurels. I have no idea where you are. But I am returning to New York, and expect to arrive October Second. If you will be in New York at that time, or anywhere near, won't you get in touch with me at my club?

Hopefully,

FITZ.

FOR a long time I sat still, pressing the letter against my heart as though it had warmth and life. But it had. Hadn't he written it? Five days and he'd be in New York! I would hear his voice again! I could touch his hand. He wanted to see me!

I dropped on the old couch where I had first wept my heart out for him and sobbed. I loved him—I'd always love him—and love meant more to me, after a year with Hugo, than it had when I first admitted my love for Fitz on a path in the park.

During those next days I worked with fury, the pent-up fury of all the past months swept higher with the hungry anxiety of waiting for Fitz. His boat was due on Friday morning. That afternoon I was to take the children to Long Island for the week-end.

The boat was scheduled to dock at a pier in Brooklyn at nine o'clock. At eight I was waiting, while a crowd of stevedores milled around, waiting for the boat to dock. By nine other visitors arrived, but it was eleven before the white steamer came up the bay. The hired stevedores rushed off to the end of the pier. Reporters and photographers, only a couple to meet a small boat, were allowed through the barrier. At last passes were approved and visitors were admitted.

My heart was pounding furiously. Had he changed? Would he be pleased that I had come? Were any of these other people meeting him? The gang-plank was down. I strained my eyes scanning each face. Then I saw him, the tall, square-shouldered figure, the grimly gentle mouth, the contradictory hazel eyes with the dreamy look of a poet and the far-seeing one of a sailor.

Then he saw me, and the next moment I was in his arms. I hadn't counted on that. I forgot that he didn't know I was married. But in that first second I thought of nothing except that he had returned and that I loved him. As he kissed me, fiercely, gloriously, possessively, I knew that he loved me too.

SUZANNA, how lovely you are!" he murmured, holding me off, only to draw me close again. "What marvels Europe has done for you!"

"And you?" I stammered. "You're well? Your heart?"

"Of course. That was all right—physically."

Then in a sudden panic I remembered my position. Those reporters! Some of them might know Hugo. My head low against the collar of my coat, I clung to Fitz as he made his declarations and cleared the customs. Two men met him. There were quick greetings and engagements for the next day. My fear rose with each introduction, each delay. Fitz glanced at me quizzically as I turned my head away abruptly, when another reporter approached. At last we were alone in a cab.

"To think that you really met me like this," he kept repeating as he caressed my hand. "I dreamed of it—hoped for it—but told myself not to be a fool. It was impossible!"

"Fitz, let's go somewhere. I must talk to you—alone."

Every moment that I waited, every precious thing I let him say, was making my story more difficult to tell. During the ride to Manhattan and uptown to his club, I kept him talking about the expedition and his work. He deposited his luggage at the club and then gave the driver the address of the Russian restaurant where we had gone the night of my first concert.

The place was almost deserted at noontime. He ordered luncheon and told the waiter not to hurry. Then, clasping my hands across the table, he waited.

"Fitz, will you do me a great favor?" I asked. "Listen to what I have to say—just listen until I'm finished."

As I spoke, I drew my hands from

his and pulled off my gloves. For the first time he saw the diamond wedding band.

"I am married," I said, capturing his hands again, "but, please, dear, listen to me!"

He did, without moving or speaking, his mouth grim, his eyes icy. I poured out the whole story from the time I waited for him to call after that awful choice between Fitz and his demanding work. I told him of Esta Browalia's offer and how I finally did telephone him only to find that he was gone. The trip to Europe, Hugo, my inheritance, and all the rest, down to the last bitter scene with Hugo the week before.

"And that's all?" he asked, when I stopped, mentally and physically exhausted.

I nodded. He sat very still staring down at the band on my finger. My heart was an icicle in my breast. Had I found him, only to lose him forever?

"What fools we were!" he said presently. "I've known it since I left. I tried to tell myself that your work meant as much to you as mine did to me. Then I would think of you needing love and protection. Your cable reassured me. It was after that I realized I needed love, too."

THAT cable! I was so high then. My first successful concert with Madame, the thrill of Paris, the joy of having money—I had to say something to you. And then your answer—I don't know what I expected, but it was so cool and far-away. You said work was all that mattered. Everything else was an illusion. It was that day I consented to marry Hugo."

"An illusion," Fitz repeated. "That's the way it seemed to me then. I believed work was the only reality. From your cable I thought you saw it that way, too. I didn't understand until afterward that love had to have its place. I thought that even today—"

"But we still have love, Fitz," I broke in. "I know I've hurt you. I've hurt myself, too. This isn't what you expected to find. Your departure wasn't what I expected either—"

"I'm sorry. I took it rather badly. It was a blow. But you're right, Suzanna, we can't lose it again."

My heart missed a beat at the rising warmth in his tone.

"We'll start over. What's done is done. Of course, you're not going back there—"

"Oh, but I must," I interrupted. "I have to take the children home tonight. I must see Hazel—"

"And risk that man's brutality?"

"I can't disappoint the children."

"They're not your children," he reminded me.

"No, but in a way they are. They're so dear and so dependent on me. Everything—everybody—has always failed them. Don't you see that I can't?"

"Yes, I do see that," he agreed reluctantly. "Very well, I'll go with you."

"Oh, no," I begged, terror-stricken. "If Hugo came—no, he mustn't hear anything about you. Don't you see that if he thought there was someone else,

After the honeymoon...



Over the threshold, he carried her. The honeymoon was over—the bride was home—and then the trouble started.



She wanted to be the world's best housekeeper—to make him proud of her. *But!!!* He soon grumbled about his shirts. Said his mother used to wash 'em nicer.



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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
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EVERYBODY SAYS HE NEGLECTS HER, BUT...



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FRIDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS LATER

I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR! THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST GIRL STEPPING TONIGHT!

SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE, DARLING!

HOW GLAD I AM I TOOK THE DENTIST'S ADVICE ABOUT COLGATE'S

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EVER MADE MY
TEETH SO BRIGHT
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he'd make it all the more difficult for me to get my freedom?"

"How could he?"

"You don't know him. He's a superb actor. He could convince anyone of anything. Please, Fitz, you must listen to me—"

For half an hour I pleaded with him before he consented to let me go alone this time. However, he insisted that he be allowed to telephone me.

"And now, one last question," he leaned across the small table, "do you still love me?"

"With all my heart," I whispered earnestly.

Swiftly he lifted my hand to his lips, and pressed a kiss on the palm, closing my fingers over it, as he had done after our first day together. A man and girl passed our table, but I was barely aware of them. We loved each other and we were back together again. What else could matter?

It was late in the afternoon when we left. Fitz had many things to attend, many people to see. We agreed we must not appear in public. We'd choose such hide-aways as this until our plans were definite.

THE children had never seen me so happy as I was when I called for them. We chatted, played guessing games and sang songs as the old car rattled out into the country. There was a glorious spice of October in the air that fitted with my mood.

At the house I was going to do the cooking for the three of us. The next afternoon we were going picnicking in the woods with Hazel. And the next morning Fitz would call me. I would hear his voice, know he was near.

Jubilantly I swung the car into the drive, then abruptly slammed on the brakes. At the end of the drive stood Hugo's long, gleaming car. Sheer terror possessed me at the sight of it, but I forced myself to smile.

"Daddy's here," I said brightly, though the children had already seen the car, and Betty's hand on my arm went cold.

"He's in the studio," Terry shouted. "The door's open."

"So he is." I got out of the car, as Edward came and took the bags. "You two run in the house and get cleaned up before Daddy sees you. Terry your hands are absolutely filthy."

"Yes, Terry," Betty urged, "come on. See who beats!"

They dashed off. I stood for one irresolute moment in the driveway, then I walked toward the studio. I was prepared for almost anything as I entered the door and mounted the steps to the studio floor.

Hugo was turning over some dusty canvases at the far end of the room. He straightened up at sight of me and came striding across the floor.

"Good afternoon, madam." He bowed with a flourish.

"Hello," I answered, trying to appear calm. "We were surprised to find you here."

"We? And who is we?"

"The children and I, of course."

"Of course. That wouldn't by any chance include your lover?"

Now Pursued... instead of Shunned!

"What are you talking about?" I hedged, while icy fears ran through me.

"You wouldn't know, would you?" he shouted, and catching me by the shoulders shook me fiercely until my hat fell off and my hair tumbled about my shoulders. In the tight grip of his fingers, I was helpless.

"You stood here," he went on, "and told me you didn't love me. You were being self-sacrificing for the sake of the children, wearing a cloak of nobility to cover rendezvous with your lover in Russian restaurants—and his rooms, I suppose. No wonder you wanted a place of your own in town."

"You lie!" I gasped furiously.

"I suppose you weren't at luncheon today with Fitzgerald Otis, the explorer? Deny that! You weren't holding hands with him, and letting him kiss you? Deny that! You forget New York is not such a big town, after all, and because of me you're well-known. You didn't see Terza—but she saw you."

The red-head! She must have been the girl who passed the table as Fitz kissed my hand.

YES, I had luncheon with an old friend," I stormed, trying to free my shoulders from the biting grip of his fingers. "But there is nothing improper in dining in public, even if the man's impetuous enough to kiss the lady's hand. You should understand that."

"Not when the woman is my wife, I don't," he thundered. "You'd make me the laughing-stock of the town, would you? Well, you won't—you cold, posing little—"

With a thrust of his strong arms he flung me from him. I slid on the smooth floor and crashed into a pile of canvases in the corner. I was stunned for a minute. The slamming of the door brought me to myself.

Despite a sharp pain in my knee, I ran across the long room and down the steps to the door. The lock clicked. Hugo was gone and I was a prisoner in the studio.

Panting, I sat on the steps and rested my throbbing head on my arms. Hugo knew about Fitz. What would he do? He didn't care about me, I was sure of that, but he wouldn't have his friends know that his wife had made a decision in a separation.

I don't know how long I sat there. My shoulders ached and the pain in my knee increased. It was growing dark. The hum of a motor startled me, a purr that grew into a roar. The barn vibrated as the car rolled down the drive.

Hugo was leaving. Was he taking the children? The only window in the barn was the big skylight in the roof, a solid sheet of glass without an opening, and too high for me to see through. Again I tried the door, but all my shaking of the large handle was of no avail. At last, I crawled up the steps and over to a dilapidated divan by the wall. A dirty drop cloth, smelling of turpentine and mildew, covered it, but I sank down gratefully.

The October night was cold, my aching shoulders were stiff. Finally I pulled the cloth over me for a cover. Shivering, I tried to reassure myself of the



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**When Nature forgets—
remember**

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children's safety. I tried conjuring up memories of Fitz for comfort, but every thought of him brought only fear now. What would Hugo do?

At last I fell asleep. I was awakened with the splatter of rain on the skylight. My shoulders were black and blue. The cut on my knee had puffed and discolored. My throat was burning with thirst, but my first thought was one of relief. At least Hazel would not come out to meet us in the rain. She would be spared the extra worry.

Limping slowly, I made a careful inspection of the studio, but there was only one door and that, I knew, was fastened by a cross bar on the outside, secured by a complicated lock to which Hugo only had the key. The skylight did not open and was at such a perilous slant in the roof that to attempt to break the great sheet of glass was threatening suicide to anyone in the barn.

I tried beating on the door again. Suddenly I was answered by a knock and Edward's drawling voice.

"Is that you, Mis' Kemp?" he asked.

"Yes, Edward," I called eagerly, pressing closer to the door. "Where are the children?"

"In de house, ma'am. They're all right. I thought you went off with Mr. Kemp last night. Have you been in this barn all the time?"

"Yes, but don't bother about me," I said quickly. "I'm so thankful the children are safe. Just look after them."

I'LL look after them, all right, but they wondered why you didn't come back. I don't like leavin' you in there. No water, no heat, nor nothin'," I could hear him fumbling with the heavy lock. "You'll get your death of somethin'."

"I'll be fine," I insisted. "You stay with them."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered slowly, doubtfully, "but don't you think I better call the police and get this undid?"

"Oh, no, whatever you do, don't call the police."

"Then, how about Mis' Pierce? I could go down there—"

"No, please, Edward," I begged. I didn't want the neighbors to know about this, though Mrs. Pierce was our nearest neighbor and a quarter of a mile away.

"Then just suppose I git an axe and bust the door?"

"Edward, listen to me. I'm sure Mr. Kemp will come soon. He has the key. Don't do anything—you understand—unless I tell you. Just stay with the children!"

Publicity, notoriety, that was what Hugo would want. Probably he would say that I, too, was neurotic and irresponsible. Finally Edward went reluctantly back to the house with a promise to look after the children.

A little later, when the rain slackened a little, the children came. All morning I crouched on the floor, talking to them through the cracks around the door. Betty as usual was trying to control the situation and comfort Terry.

I kept wondering if Hazel would telephone, when we couldn't have the picnic. And what would Fitz think when I didn't call him? Would he remember

the last time he waited for my call? Would he suppose I had changed my mind?

After Edward took the children in to lunch, he returned to resume his pleading with me.

"Mis' Kemp, don't you think I ought to tell the police a little bit of somethin'? You'll smother in there."

"No, I won't," I muttered thickly. "but I do want a drink of water terribly."

"I don' wanna take it on myself to call policemen," he whined, "but 'tain't right."

I made him promise to wait. Surely Hugo would come soon. I dragged myself back to the couch and lay down. Fitfully I slept. I heard the children calling later in the afternoon, but I was too exhausted to answer.

By night, Hugo had not come. I wanted Edward to call Fitz, but I was too weak to stand, and the pain in my knee was too great for me to crawl the length of the floor to the door. I merely lay still, teetering on waves of broken sleep.

LIGHT, once more, though dim and wavery now, and sound brought me back again. A different sound than rain on the skylight or mice in the rafters. It was a pounding and a splintering of wood. I pulled myself upon the couch and looked toward the door. There was no movement there. A muffled scurrying sound and suddenly Hazel seemed to appear from nowhere.

"Suzanna!" she called, then rushing toward me. "Oh, my dear, are you all right?"

"How did you get in?" I gasped.

"Under the floor," she explained quickly. "There used to be a slide on the outside of the barn that let the dogs under the floor and they could come out through the opening under the little steps. The slide was nailed up when we sold the dogs, but I remembered about it and had Edward rip it out. I telephoned this morning and—"

I tried to say something, but I couldn't speak. I heard her say, "Quick, Edward, water—" That was all.

It was a long time afterward when I opened my eyes again. My throat was cooler. The pain in my knee was less. I was wearing my summer negligée. I looked up, then not believing my eyes, closed them again. Hazel was standing near, but sitting on the side of the couch, his coat off, his sleeves rolled up, was Fitz.

"Suzanna, dearest," he said quickly "Look at me! Speak to me!"

"You shouldn't have come," I managed to whisper.

For answer he lifted me in his arms and kissed me, sweetly and tenderly. I lay very still so as not to break the spell. He put me back against the fresh pillows that replaced the oily canvas cover. I looked questioningly at Hazel. Her eyes were shining.

"You had me so frightened, Suzanna," she murmured. "You fainted. I went back to the house to get water and things and Mr. Otis was telephoning. He said he'd come right out. And then I was a whole hour bringing you to"

"You're wonderful," I whispered gratefully.

"Rest easy now! I'll get another ice-pack."

She ran down the little steps and disappeared like a rabbit under the raised flooring. Alone, Fitz rested his cheek against mine.

"I shouldn't have let you come back," he said caressingly. "I knew Kemp couldn't be trusted when he found you wanted to leave. I'll never let you go again, darling. Now I've got to get you out of here. We can't get that plagued door open—"

"Did you crawl—" I began, when the heavy door was flung open, and in a stride, Hugo was at the top of the steps.

"So," he shouted, "it's—"

Fitz was on his feet instantly. He was taller and more lithe than Hugo, but Hugo was powerful and the slight difference in height was really to his advantage. Swiftly he lunged at Fitz.

I tried to scream, to struggle up, but I had no voice, no power. There was no stopping them now. They had to fight their battle to the end. They clinched and reeled around the barren room. An easel crashed. Hugo's heel caught in it and, with a swift twist, Fitz threw him to the floor. The building quivered with the jar.

Fitz stood back, half crouched, as Hugo stumbled to his feet. Fitz caught him immediately with a smart blow above the eye. And then that difference in height—or was it intentional? Hugo lunged, his powerful right fist seemed to sweep up from the floor and caught Fitz under the heart. He swayed, his knees sagged. Then in a mad effort at recovery Fitz rushed on Hugo. The suddenness of the attack upset him. Hugo staggered back against the scattered work table.

Plagiarism

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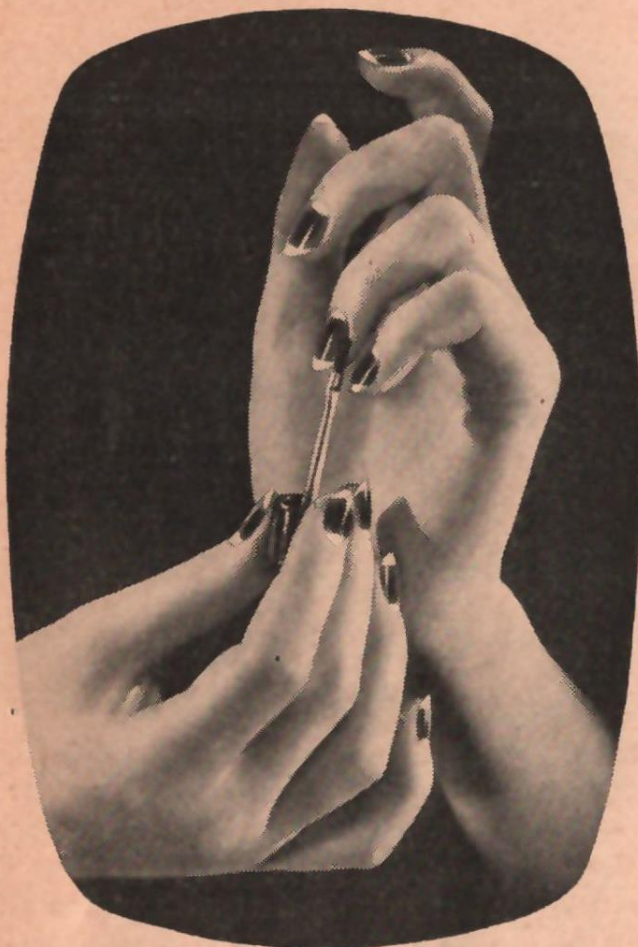
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Slowly Fitz was forcing Hugo back over the table. I could hear their panting breaths across the room. Then suddenly Hugo’s arm darted up. The morning sunlight gleamed on the cold steel, the sharp, curved blade of an artist’s scalpel.

I found my voice in one piercing scream that echoed and re-echoed through the studio. There was a groan as Fitz staggered back, reeled, his hands over his face. Then suddenly he turned toward me and flung his hands

up. His face was covered with blood. With a moan, he dropped to the floor.

In that flashing awful moment, as the knife swooped, I had seen Edward, almost white with fright, run up the little steps to the studio floor. He was gone again instantly. Where had he gone? Why didn’t someone come? On one knee I crawled across the floor to Fitz, as Hugo stood, the red-stained knife in his hand.

“You’ve killed him!” I shrieked. “Oh, you’ve killed him!”

In the concluding installment of Suzanna’s dramatic story she tells how Hugo’s devilish cleverness surpasses even truth, but does not defeat it—Read it in

AUGUST TRUE ROMANCES MAGAZINE—ON SALE EVERYWHERE JULY 22ND

Short-Cuts to Summer Chic

(Continued from page 45)

fabric that covers it.

Now just a word about the other type of evening costume that, if you travel, you will want to wear to dinner in swanky restaurants or for dancing in the salon of an ocean liner.

For such purposes frilly elaborate party frocks are not worn at all. What many girls fail to understand is that the formal ball gown, or evening gown, is not suitable for occasions other than rather grand private parties. It has no place in either a restaurant or a night club. For the latter the jacketed, fairly tailored costume is ideal. Now that hot weather is here, printed linen dresses with little jackets or gay silk prints worn with sweeping black hats will be seen on all the smart roofs. If it’s too warm, the jacket can be discarded, but most certainly should not be left at home.

REMEMBER, too, that for all occasions for public daylight dining a hat should be worn, preferably large, flat and plain, the perfect setting for a smiling, piquant face.

If I were authorized to choose one frock from a rich and colorful collection to serve as a good old standby for the majority of summer fiestas, do you know what kind of a dress I would select? A shirtwaist frock in one of the new and vibrant Van Gogh colors or pure white, made in a washable fabric, such as most of them are, and a one-piece preferably to a two-piece model. With this frock I would wear a Panama hat, or a tailored model with a brim in felt, bako, or balibuntl, and know that I was dressed stylishly and charmingly for almost any occasion.

Another nice addition to your summer wardrobe is a crisp taffeta dressing gown made on rather tailored lines and, as someone recently put it, bringing out whatever remains of the “Little Women” in you. For one reason or another we have turned away from the limp and fluttering negligée, so admirably fitted for those who swoon easily, to the clean crisp lines of the tailored robe with its atmosphere of bright and brisk femininity. Every business woman should indulge in one of these gowns for those hours when she becomes metamorphosed from a grub to

a butterfly, or when she plays the role of hostess to a small and favored group.

The inexpensive two-piece knit frock in vivid colors or neutral, if you prefer, is still worn like a uniform by girls who go in for sports or for general wear, if your tastes run otherwise. In reality, a sweater and a slim, straight skirt, a smart and thrifty outfit, are a grand value. Wear your pearls with this costume, your square-toed white sandals and, if possible, a white, washable beret.

THE fabric glove has created a very special niche in feminine hearts for all round summer wear, being cool, washable, easy to slip into, and very pretty to look at. I have noticed that most of these have their focal point of interest on the back of the glove, buttons, crystal or crystal ornaments being favored for a trimming. One had a saucy bow. All are exquisite in color and softness and will point up the dullest costume. One pair I particularly loved was a coral pink. Worn with a big bunch of pink violets, the effect was ravishing.

If you have a good-looking print frock that needs a summery touch, invest in a short white jacket of linen or crêpe, a washable white handbag and loose white gloves. You have no idea what a crisp cool change you can ring in your frock’s dullish appearance by a touch or two of white.

Have you seen the new and saucy decorative notes in composition material to enliven your summer costumes inexpensively and yet distinctively? Try a brilliant bunch of vegetables perched on your shoulder like a tiny nosegay, or the snowy white ones like gleaming ivory, ideal for accenting dark costumes and lovely in themselves.

Last but not least, Mademoiselle, don’t overlook your foundation garment on which the sleekness, the grace of your costume, depends. Begin planning your summer trousseau with two of these woven or knitted garments to give your silhouette that firmness and slimness without which no summer girl can hope to charm. I consider the brassière and girdle preferable to a one-piece garment. Having two of these foundations will insure that permanent state of daintiness which is so inescapable a part of exquisite femininity.

He Swept Me Off My Feet

(Continued from page 31)

credit. You can help him."

"Thank you, Mother."

"He's wild and absolutely irresponsible. He's a first-class carpenter."

"He is? I didn't know that."

Mrs. Milford was not surprised that my husband had not disclosed this information to me.

"Yes, he learned it in his father's workshop. Took to it like a duck to water. But he wouldn't stay in it. Foolishly we tried to send him to college—at a great sacrifice, for we really couldn't afford it. He was brilliant in college, but he never finished his course."

"Why didn't he finish it?" I inquired lamely.

"Why? I wish I could tell you. If I knew the answer, I could give you the key to the riddle. Johnny is not lazy. That's the funny part of it. And he has plenty of courage. But, somehow, he doesn't finish anything. He has great notions, and he doesn't always tell the truth."

"I know that," I sighed.

SHE moved her chair closer to mine and pressed my hands with affection, and in her eyes there was a blue fire of energy and vitality. Step by step she traced back her son's career, as he flitted from one venture to another, trying for the big things without building solidly from the bottom. In the last few years he had lived away from home, for he could not endure his mother's firm hand.

"You met him during your vacation?"

I told her, in turn, frankly of our meeting and his impetuous wooing.

"Yes, that's the way he is," she smiled, "impetuous. I'm sure he loves you, or he never would have married you. He's not scheming or calculating. He had some money at that time, too. I think he won it at the races. I'm not sure about it, because he wouldn't admit it. He claimed he had made it promoting some venture, but I don't believe it. A friend of his told me that Johnny had won some money at the races."

Everything seemed to fit into a pattern. As Mrs. Milford gave me a picture of my husband's character, I felt as if I had known it all along. It was just a confirmation of my own thoughts, and I was happy that I had decided to make this call. Strangely enough, this information, given frankly, did not discourage me, for this little woman still retained faith in her son and faith in me to bring out the good in him.

Why couldn't I keep this same faith? She didn't give me much advice, but counselled me to keep up my courage, get Johnny interested in a job, make him stick to it.

"You're young and beautiful. He loves you." She nodded wisely. "I think he'll listen to you."

I left for my home town with a much

"CAN'T CHAFE"

*means more than ever
on active Summer days!*



KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX—ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

This story

will interest
many Men and Women



NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—



**Makes you
feel like
yourself
again**

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freer heart, confident that I could cope with the situation now that I clearly understood my problem. Often I have tried to reflect on my feelings at this time. Invariably I come back to the same conclusion that though I was disappointed in a sense, as any girl would be, I didn't consider the task hopeless. I suppose every young wife has a problem to face, and my love for Johnny did not diminish in any way. I knew that he needed me, and on my ride back home I made up my mind that I would give him indications of my love in every way, and gently but firmly win him over to my plan.

My family welcomed me with great enthusiasm, though I had been away for only two days. I didn't tell Johnny about my visit to his mother, but that night in our room, when he passionately assured me of his love, and of how he had missed me, I said to him—

"Johnny, you could make me very happy—if you would only do one thing."

HIS arms were around me, and I rested my head on his shoulder. I knew he loved my hair, for he had often said that I was the only genuine red-head he ever met.

"I'll do anything for you, Vivian."

"Anything?"

"Yes."

"All right. It's a promise. I wish you'd give up this promotion scheme and get a job."

Instantly he released me. "What kind of a job?" He was impatient, and I tried to soothe him by speaking softly and pleadingly.

"I don't know. You're so able. Father said you could handle the axe better than any man he ever saw. He showed me the stairway you fixed and said it was a first-class carpenter job."

He regarded me suspiciously. "You want me to be a carpenter, do you?"

"Why not?" I inquired innocently. "The only carpenter we have in town is old Jim Hogan, and his eyesight is failing. You could get plenty of work."

My husband just shook his head, and our reunion, which had started in ecstasy, cooled off. I stopped quickly, for I sensed that it was dangerous to pursue the subject, but I didn't give up the idea by any means. It got very cold toward the end of November, and Dad began to make preparations for a large supply of coal. The coal was a very grave problem in our community, from a storekeeper's point of view. A great many people in the community could not afford to pay for coal. Wood was even more expensive as fuel. The railroad station was about a mile from the store, and we had a depot at the station where we kept our coal supply. It had to be loaded on a truck and delivered to the various homes, which were not accessible easily in winter. Often a man would have to struggle for a day, in a temperature of twenty below zero, trying to make one delivery.

Father always lost a considerable amount of money at the end of the year on his coal, but nevertheless he considered it his duty to keep the town supplied. He never could get a man

to stand the strain of a whole winter, for the job needed a good mechanic who could fix the truck, which often went out of commission, and one who would have great strength. This year nobody in town wanted the job. Wildly, a thought struck me that, if Johnny would take over this job, it would be a great help. I mentioned it to Dad, who only shook his head doubtfully.

"Your mother would never permit it," he said.

I gave up the idea after a while, for I really didn't have the courage to mention it to my husband. During the last two weeks our relations were strained. We lived in the same room, and though we talked to each other, there was an undercurrent of unhappiness. To a certain extent it was my fault. It was much easier for me to make plans than to carry them out. I suppose I was not by nature very patient, and when I saw my hints and insinuations fail, I often lost my temper. I didn't want to flare up after pointing out to my husband again and again how unworthy it was of him not to make any greater effort. But I could not help myself. Though I knew this was not the way to handle him, my anger would rise in spite of me. We quarreled several times, and I knew he was brooding and staying away from me during the day. We were both unhappy, yet unwilling to agree to some tangible solution.

I was working in the store one afternoon when by sheer accident I opened the safe in order to change a large bill, and in a box I found a packet of small papers which I examined. Somehow, they aroused my suspicion and, as I looked at them, I found that they all bore Johnny's signature. They were I. O. U.'s. The total sum amounted to over a thousand dollars.

IT was incredible. Just why I should have been so shocked I don't know. Anger mounted swiftly in my veins and contempt rose in my mind. Sponging on my father in this shameful way! Ridiculous as it seemed, I thought of my husband's roadster. He had just had the motor tuned up, the brakes relined, and the entire car tightened and lubricated. He felt so proud of his car. I remembered that two new pairs of shoes came for him from New York by parcel post. We carried shoes in our store, but they were not good enough for him. And new leather riding boots. And a dozen other expensive knick-knacks. Why did my father permit him to do this? Why did he lend Johnny all this money? Was he, too, allied against me, trying to destroy my self-respect?

I waited on customers with a heavy heart, and they must have sensed my attitude, for few of them remained in the store for more than a few minutes after completing their purchases. Impatiently I waited for Dad to return and, when he finally arrived, I pointed to the slips of paper in my hand and spoke harshly.

"Why do you give him all this money, Dad? That isn't the way to help us. And you're keeping it a secret from me."

Dad walked to the back of the store, and I followed him. He sat down at his desk and took the slips of paper from my hand.

"Vivian, I can't help it. He's my son-in-law. He helps out in the store, and he goes to the cash register. He didn't ask me whether I wanted to give him the money. He just left the I. O. U. and then told me about it, promising to return the money soon. This thing has been worrying me for a long time. I can't chase him out of the store."

"Why not?"

"I can't do it. I can't have any friction in my own home. Mother would never permit it, and she has as much right to her say as I have to mine."

I brooded, anger mounting within me, finally engulfing me in a black stream of fury.

"I'll chase him out of the store," I said through set teeth. "I will."

I LOOKED for my husband at home, but he wasn't anywhere around. I had to see him at once, for I was afraid of getting sick if I did not confront him at once with this new violation of an unspoken pledge, with this new dishonesty. I walked through the streets and passed the barber shop where the men of the town were in the habit of congregating. Often women would look there for their men. I had never done it, nor had anyone in my family ever had occasion to do it. But I disregarded this unwritten code. He wasn't there. Neither was he at the garage where he often tinkered with his car. He didn't show up all during the afternoon, and he did not come home for supper. It was a bitter, silent meal and, though I did not tell Mother the cause of my resentment, she sensed what was the trouble and tried to question me about it.

"Oh, leave me alone," I cried out. "Why don't you leave me alone!"

I rushed out into the cold air, trying to find solace in the atmosphere of the trees and the mountains among which I had grown up. The mountains in the darkness of the night seemed aloof and unfriendly. They were so remote, I often looked up to them as to big brothers, protecting and shielding, but now the kinship seemed to have been lost. It was too cold in the open, and I went up to my room, thinking, groping fiercely for some way out. He would not respond to my pleas. He insisted on taking advantage of my father's good nature.

It wasn't quite that. He knew that Dad was helpless because Mother, swayed by her emotions, was far more indulgent to him. Though her standards for her husband were quite high, for her son-in-law they were different. Johnny knew that and deliberately took advantage of it. He also took advantage of me and my love for him. Well, this couldn't go on. I put on a warm coat and went out again, walking on the state road disregarding the passing cars and their occupants who shouted out greetings. Vaguely I knew that they wondered at my walking alone at night. But I was indifferent to their speculations.

**"Dentyne's a Double-Header
—Good for Your Mouth—
A Treat to Your Taste!"**

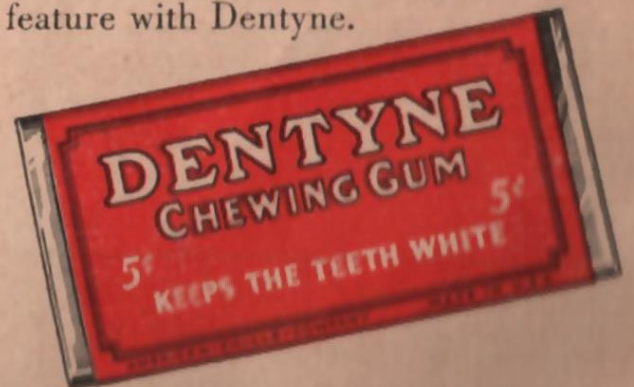


DENTISTS SAY, "CHEW DENTYNE"! We moderns kill our teeth with kindness — we eat soft foods — give teeth and gums too little healthful exercise. Dentyne is a big aid to mouth health because its special, *firmer* consistency encourages more vigorous chewing — stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. It keeps teeth white and those telltale little chin muscles young and firm.

YOU ENJOY THE FLAVOR FROM THE FIRST TASTE.

The moment you open the Dentyne package, you get that delicious, spicy aroma. It's a superior chewing gum in *every* way! You'll appreciate too, its smart flat shape that fits so neatly into pocket or handbag — an exclusive feature with Dentyne.

*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*



DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

In the darkness I heard an approaching car. Soon I saw lights coming in my direction. As though my gaze were drawn to it as by a magnet, I watched this car. It gathered speed as it approached me and passed me. I knew the car. My husband's. He was driving it, and with him in the front seat was a young woman. I knew who she was. Mildred Hurst, the only one in town who would go out with another woman's husband. A fierce pain stabbed at my heart. I knew that lady. She was the wife of Nathaniel Hurst and the mother of two children. Her husband, a man of tremendous size and strength, was always getting involved in brawls. He was uncontrollable when he got into a fit of rage. On one occasion he killed a man whom he found in the woods with his wife.

He served five years for manslaughter and, though he came back to the town and lived with his wife, he still had an ungovernable temper and a habit of drinking too much. Dad was the only man who could do anything with him, for he knew that Dad had worked to have the sentence lightened. Mildred Hurst had, somehow, retained her good looks. Unafraid of her husband and his violent temper, she managed to carry on with any man who showed interest in her.

LIKE lightning a plan flashed across my mind. I wasn't going to be weak, but would carry out what was my only chance. This was the last straw, and in stark deliberation I went back home, washed my face in cold water and waited for my husband's return. Probably he had seen me on the road, but it didn't matter whether he had or not. I watched the clock, ticking away. I counted the seconds and the minutes and, when I heard Johnny's steps on the stairs, I stood up, ready to face him.

"I'm glad you came home," I said with apparent calmness. "There is much I have to say to you."

He looked at me quickly, in a way I had seen his mother look. He removed his coat and hung it in the closet. He knew that I had seen him on the road, for his eyebrows were contracted. In spite of my own recklessness and the wild desire I had to tear everything down, even the whole structure of our marriage, I sensed that there was danger in his attitude. Somehow, he had changed under the influence of my white face, from which all the blood had drained, and my smoldering eyes. I could feel my eyes burn.

He wasn't going to talk, but sullenly sat by the window until I went to bed. Then perhaps he would go to sleep a little later. That only enraged me still further, for this time I was not going to permit him to evade the issue.

"I saw you with Mildred Hurst," I announced.

My husband looked up with a certain stolidity which was rare in him.

"Yes. I went to the movies in Winchester. I wanted to talk to Sam Glass and give him an estimate. He's considering a plan to enlarge his place.

Mrs. Hurst was there, so I took her home."

"I know you are lying," I said very calmly.

He stood up quickly with such a blazing light in his eyes that I took a step backward. For a moment I thought that he was going to strike me, but my fear vanished just as quickly as it had come. My words were still deliberate and calculated to provoke and hurt him.

"You know Nathaniel Hurst. I'm going to tell him about you and Mildred. Nothing in the world will stop him from killing you."

Johnny seemed indifferent to my threat, and yet he regarded me as though he was seeing a side of me that he never suspected.

"You think I'm bluffing. Well, I'm not. I am going to tell Nathaniel Hurst."

I don't know myself what I expected from this threat. I was shocked that it didn't have the results I had hoped for. Stormily I accused my husband of infidelity. I raged at him, telling him that he had broken every pledge, every promise, that he had deceived me shamefully in every possible way. He didn't defend himself, and when I told him about the debt of a thousand dollars that he owed to my father, he regarded me stonily and then said, "Yes, you're quite right. What you say is quite true. Now what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to pay back that money."

"I haven't got it," he admitted. "And, what's more, all my prospects are worthless. I suppose I have been fooling myself."

"Well, you've got to pay it back," I announced.

There was sarcasm in his answer. "You tell me how."

I told him. I wanted him to take charge of the coal deliveries. I wanted him to move out of my parents' home. There was a shack we owned about two miles away. He knew the place, for we had both inspected it on a tour we made of Dad's property. It had four small rooms, scantily furnished.

"But that's a summer bungalow," he insisted, taken aback at my suggestion.

"Well, fix it up. You're a carpenter. You can put in double walls."

FOR some strange reason this whole plan seemed to amuse him, though it was no laughing matter to me. He winced, however, when I referred to a big man taking charity from his father-in-law. Oh, I wasn't careful of his feelings. With animosity he looked at me.

"Unless I take this job and pay off the money I owe your father, you—you will go and tell Nathaniel Hurst—"

"Yes, I will."

"And you want me to live in that dump away from you and your parents."

"Away from my parents. I am going with you."

He had thought I was going to desert him, and the moment my words left my lips, he quickly announced his decision—

"All right, I'll go with you."

That was all that was said. There was a barrier of silence and ill-will between us. In silence we undressed and went to bed—two people carrying a grudge, distrustful of each other's motives.

In the morning, when I told my father of our plan, he was hesitant and somewhat taken aback, but he thought the idea worth trying. Johnny had already left to look over the place and plan to put it into condition as winter quarters. He had told me that much in the morning.

Subsequent developments were so hectic that it is hard for me to write about them. My mother obstinately refused to agree to the plan. Dad tried to calm her and convince her that she had no right to interfere in this problem, but she didn't like the idea, and finally harsh words were said. To a great extent the blame was mine, and I accused my mother of trying to wreck my marriage. Of course, she cried, and I packed my clothes and personal possessions and left the house without saying good-by. I had my things put on the store truck, and in this manner I set out for my new home. It was all so terrible. I seemed to be in a circle of fire that tightened around me. Wild tongues of flame licked at me. I loved my mother, but I wanted the right to adjust my own affairs. It wasn't easy, and I didn't want her to handicap me. Of course, her motives were the best, and I know that I should have controlled my temper, at least with her. It was too much for her to bear that I should go to this shack, practically on the outskirts of the town. It seemed to her that we were making outcasts of ourselves.

JOHNNY didn't seem surprised when the truck drove up. He helped the driver take off the belongings, for I had also brought along his wardrobe trunks, with the many suits and all the finery of which he was so proud. There was lumber on the ground, and carpenter's tools, and I had to admit to myself that he hadn't lost any time getting to work.

I decided that I wasn't going to lag behind him, and after the trunks and packages were brought into the house, I started to prepare the place for occupancy. The water was already connected, and I scrubbed the floors and washed the windows and the walls. I heard Johnny hammering outside. Several hours must have elapsed. Then I heard my husband drive off in the car. He returned in about twenty minutes with some sandwiches and hot coffee in a milk bottle.

"Here's some food," he said. "You must be hungry."

I showed no surprise, but sat down to a silent meal. After a few minutes we both went back to work. In the afternoon the truck drove up again, with two beds and the furniture from my room. The shack had only two cots, and the driver had instructions from my father to take them back. Still suffering fiercely from the quarrel with my mother, I couldn't help feeling deep

gratitude for Dad. He was helping us in the only way he knew how. Without premeditation I told my husband and the driver to place the two beds in different rooms, thus plainly indicating my desire to sleep apart from him. If he was surprised at this act, he showed no sign of it.

There was a tremendous amount of work, for I took it as my duty to make the place livable. I sent my father a list of groceries and supplies that I would need. I added a short note in which I said that whatever groceries we took should be charged against my husband's earnings and deducted monthly. Dad had told me he would pay Johnny thirty dollars a week. That night again we had sandwiches and coffee, and we both retired to bed early. I was exhausted, and fell asleep at once, but I awoke several times during the night, as if afraid that I would miss out on something. In the morning I felt very tired and wanted to sleep a little longer, but I knew that Johnny was already at work, for I heard him sawing wood.

THE groceries arrived shortly afterward, and from that time on I prepared all the meals. During the week that followed, I don't think we exchanged more than a dozen words. My family kept away, respecting my wishes. I could not help admiring my husband's skill. The place seemed to take on a different character; it grew under his able fingers. He installed a stove for heat

and fixed the range in the kitchen. He fixed the plumbing himself, and I was amazed at the extent of his ability and sorry that he hadn't used it in all these months.

I watched myself carefully, not to let my admiration sway me. I'm sorry to say that there was still a bitter grudge in my heart and a fierce resentment and, whenever I felt that I was softening, I counted out to myself all the broken promises and, what was even more reprehensible, the fact that he concealed many things from me.

When the house was finished and in order, it was a very cozy place. I had hung curtains in the windows and made the place homelike and cheerful. It had been a matter of pride with me to work with him, to keep pace with him. In addition to fixing up the house, I cooked the meals and washed the dishes, but at night we separated, each in his own room. I knew that he was elated over the work that had been accomplished, and for the first time he came into the kitchen, trying to help me with the dishes. He looked for a towel and saw one on the rack, but I took it out of his hands.

"You don't have to do that." There was no encouragement in my words.

"But I want to help you." There was an effort, a half-hearted effort at lightness, but my frigidity stopped him.

"That isn't necessary. You need all your strength. You've got plenty of work ahead of you this winter."

He walked out of the kitchen, shrug-

ging his shoulders. Later on, I brought out the bills for the groceries, lumber and other supplies. I counted up the total of our indebtedness and said to my husband—

"We ought to be able to live on twenty dollars a week. I'd like to pay back ten dollars a week to Father against the debt."

"That suits me."

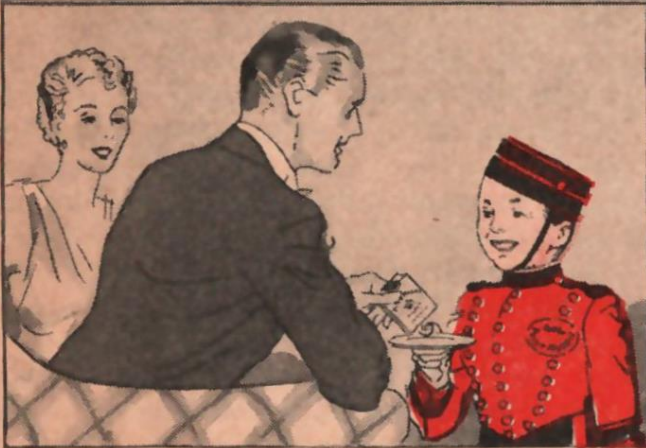
AS I was leaving for my room, he rose.

"Vivian," he detained me.

I stood in the doorway of my bedroom and watched him approach me. He was browned from working in the wind and sun and, though he had lost some of his slickness, he looked very handsome. He came closer and hesitatingly tried to embrace me.

"Please don't," I objected, pushing him away. Though I desired his nearness, at the same time I resented the fact that he took so much for granted. "I'm always staying here with you," I said, "and I'm going to help you. I want you to repay every cent that you owe. But don't think I have forgotten. And please—" my words sounded cold — "don't ever come into my bedroom. You have forfeited that right and I don't want you." I closed the door. Again I had to fight my emotions and justify my attitude. And I realized quickly that I could never endure his caresses and his love. They were insincere, just as everything he had ever done was insincere. I could not have

Johnnie learns what THROAT TESTED means



Johnnie: Call for Philip Morris, Sir?

Laura: I thought you were wedded to your old brand, Dick. What made you change to Philip Morris?



Dick: That throat irritation I had. My doctor told me tests made on smokers show that on changing to Philip Morris the majority of cases of irritation due to smoking clear completely.



Johnnie: Tell the lady what happens when they change back to cigarettes made the ordinary way, Sir.

Dick: My doctor says, these tests showed irritation returned in 4 out of every 5 cases!



Laura: Amazing! That must be what's meant by Throat Tested! But I smoke Philip Morris for taste. Smoked them for a year now — and I guess I always will!

Call for
PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest
15¢ Cigarette

AMAZINGLY MILD
WITH A NEW KIND
OF MILDNESS





IF YOU ARE planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.



... AS A MOONLIT POOL

When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is *instant*—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is allayed by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring *tonight*? Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



this man love me, could not give in to his passion, for he had lied to me and deceived me and broken every code that was holy to me. I had to be at his side, for that was part of my heritage—to keep my promise and be a dutiful wife. But I could not be a loving wife.

Winter came early that year, with a snowstorm that painted everything white. Cold weather set in to stay, and it seemed as if life had ceased or had gone into hibernation. The mountains were grim and distant, and I, who had always looked to them for comfort, knew that things were not right, for they did not respond.

Johnny had stored his roadster for the winter and now he had only the big coal truck at his disposal. He would get up very early in the morning, but I was up with him. At first he objected and he said to me with a bitter smile—"You don't have to do that."

"Yes, I have to."

"I must say," was his only comment, "that you have a peculiar conception of wifely duties." I knew what he was alluding to, but I made no answer. I served him his breakfast and let him leave the house with a cold good-by.

THE first night he came back from a day's work he was black from handling the coal and terribly tired. I could see it in his eyes and the way his shoulders sagged. I prepared a hot bath for him in the rather primitive bathroom. He couldn't eat much, and went to sleep early. Emotionally I was drawn to him again, for I felt sorry for him, knowing that he was not used to that sort of grind. But instantly I fiercely went back to the rules I had laid down for myself. As the days went on, I found it harder to reach out for the complaints against my husband that I needed to justify myself completely in my own eyes. Each day, six days a week, he went to work and came home more tired than ever. It was the worst winter we had had in years, and some of the roads were impassable. I was lonesome and fearfully depressed when left alone, and I looked forward to my husband's return in the evening. And then strangely enough, when I saw him coming back, weary and almost sick with tiredness, I assumed the mask of aloofness and served him his meal as if I were there only for that purpose.

He accepted this state of affairs and never made another effort to come near me. At times I was a little annoyed by his indifference, for it seemed as if he was satisfied with things as they were. Even on Sundays he worked, for the truck always needed repairing, and he either drove off to the garage or worked on it outside the house in the cold air.

My family, respecting my wishes at last, did not communicate with me. Each month my father paid Johnny his wages, deducting the groceries and a certain amount against the debt. Foolishly enough, caught in a maelstrom of conflicting emotions, I resented the attitude of my family, though I should have known how hard it was for Mother to keep away from me and for my sister not to give me some sign of

friendship. I knew they were suffering just as much as I was; yet I managed to find fault.

"They could do something, give me some sign of life," I repeated to myself.

Once I asked Johnny how the family was.

"I guess they're all right."

"Don't you see them?"

"I see your father and Theresa, but I don't go into the house."

By the middle of December the strain of being cut off from the rest of the world was beginning to be unbearable. I began to lose sight of the signposts that led me to this small house now partly buried in the snow. The mountains enclosed me in a circle of desolation. At first I had had a definite plan which pointed clearly to readjustment, but now that my anger had lost its potency, I didn't quite see the reasons for my own steps. Why had I come here? Why had I broken from my family in a wild burst of anger? The maddening fury against my husband also vanished from day to day, yet I was not brought closer to him. On the contrary, we were drifting apart.

I WAS panic-stricken at the thought that he might find diversion in another woman's arms. Had I driven him away from me? But, when I saw him return at night, so dreadfully worn out, his eyes drooping, his face black from the coal dust, and his cheekbones standing out, I realized how far-fetched such accusations would be.

Christmas in my father's home was always a day of great festivity. So I looked forward to the holiday season with tremendous anticipation, hoping, expecting some readjustment in our affairs. I looked out of the window at the bleak background. There were no messengers of good-will. Johnny came home at night as usual. He carried a few packages and cards from the family. I was deeply disappointed. I opened the packages, but I found no joy in the gifts. There was a present from everyone in the family, also a present from my husband, which he gave me with some embarrassment. There were tears in my eyes, which I suppressed with vehemence.

"Merry Christmas, Vivian."

"Merry Christmas, Johnny."

I gave him his present. He unwrapped it and exclaimed over it. It was a hand-knit sweater. Something was wrong, for I realized how hard he tried to show some pleasure over the gift. I should have been in his arms, but I couldn't go to him. Pride prevented me. Perhaps he didn't want me. Compassion racked my soul. The evening meal was consumed as usual. Something was born again within me, for I felt such terrific pain when I watched my husband. He looked haggard, and he had lost a great deal of weight. I had some notion of what an ordeal this winter had been for him, but he was sticking it out, and I knew without having been told that he was making good. As usual, the same routine, the same monotony. The gifts were on the table. The whole thing was a mockery. Gifts without love

were meaningless, life was meaningless.

"Good night, Vivian."

"Good night."

It was a parting, an accusation. I wanted to go to him and assure him of my love, to tell him how much I appreciated his effort, his great effort. He spent part of the next day in bed, and though I wanted, more than anything else, to go into his bedroom and bring him his breakfast, there was an invisible sign which I had written myself, "Forbidden".

He got up for lunch and apologized. "I'm sorry I overslept."

"Oh, that's perfectly all right, Johnny. I've lunch all ready for you."

His feet were lagging, and I was panic-stricken, for I was afraid that he was ill. After lunch I requested—"Johnny, I wish you'd stay home tomorrow. You could rest over Saturday and Sunday. You look so tired."

He flinched under this request, as if he were struck by a whip. His eyes glared at me in animosity.

"I'm not staying home tomorrow," he shouted. "Or any other day. I'm going to finish this job, or they'll drag me out of it. I'm going to pay back your father every cent I owe him."

"But, Johnny," I tried to plead, "isn't it foolish—"

"It isn't foolish!" he shouted, his fist clenched, the veins on his forehead protruding. "You wanted this. And you were right. I was a hypocrite and a cheat. But I'm going to wash the slate clean." He eyed me coldly. "And don't give me any of your sympathy." He measured his words deliberately. "I don't want any of it."

That was the end of the Christmas Day celebration. I wept in my bed, isolated and alone from the world, from my family, and from the man next door to me. A thin wooden partition separated our bedrooms, and I could hear him moving about. I knew he was just as restless as I. For a moment my heart stopped beating. I thought I heard him call me, and I sat up in bed, ready to go to him. Again indistinguishable words. He was talking in his sleep.

A GAIN I was lost in indecision. Instead of finding the fault in my own shortcomings, I searched for a way out. Resentment grew in my heart against my family. It seemed to me that my father could be more helpful, more considerate. Why had my mother taken me at my word so completely? I forgot the words that I had hurled at her, recklessly, fitfully, without consideration for the deep love and tenderness she had given me all these years.

New Year's day was another holiday celebrated in my father's house by many callers. There were always a bottle of wine on the table and cake. I often had helped to bake the cake. Not now. That morning Johnny was up early and I heard a car driving up.

It was Dad. Such a terrific sense of relief swept over me that I felt weak. He came in, shook hands with Johnny very formally, and then kissed me. I wasn't going to cry, no matter how much the effort would cost me to restrain myself. It was cold, and we

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stood in front of the stove in the living-room.

"Will you have some hot coffee, Dad?" I asked.

He smiled. "I want some hot coffee and some bread and butter. You see, I want to break bread in your home. I never have."

Johnny and I looked at each other guiltily and I hurried to the kitchen. My husband followed me. I had some cold ham and I served this and some hot rye bread toast covered with butter, which I knew was my father's favorite dish. We sat down, and my father said grace. My heart was pounding with great excitement, for somehow I knew that in this moment of prayer, thanking the Lord for blessing our meal, we were united.

I ALWAYS said that you knew how to make better toast than anybody in the family," Dad complimented me. "Why don't you come around more often?" I asked, trying to enter a lighter mood.

"Daughter, you have never invited me."

That was true. I thought Johnny smiled, but I wasn't sure, for my eyes were blurred with unshed tears. Dad took out a package from his pocket and put in on the table.

"What are these?" I inquired.

"Your husband's I. O. U's. The debt is cancelled. Clear."

We both looked at him in astonishment.

"Oh, I'm not giving you anything for nothing," my father continued. "John, I've been looking over the coal accounts. It's the first time in seventeen years that we have a profit. I never said much to you—but I want you to know that you have done good work."

Neither of us could say a word. And Dad, sensing our embarrassment, continued, "I know the job wasn't easy. But I always had a hunch you could do it. In the spring I can use you in the store." He rose and smiled again. "You see, I'm not as young as I used to be."

Johnny didn't answer anything to this proposal.

"Too bad about Nathaniel Hurst."

My father deliberately switched the subject.

"What's happened to him?" I asked.

"Don't you know?" My father looked at both of us. "Didn't you tell her, John? He was killed yesterday in a brawl. Some man he suspected—well, anyway, it was a nasty end. Oh, I forgot, Mother asked me to invite you both for New Year's dinner. We'll expect you at four o'clock. You can drive up in the truck."

After he left I felt a great emptiness in my heart. So poor Nathaniel was killed and my husband didn't tell me anything about it. I turned swiftly to him.

"Why didn't you tell me about Nathaniel?"

John wore a sheepish look.

"Well," he said defensively. "I knew that you thought I was afraid of him."

"I didn't think you were afraid of him," I denied angrily.

"I didn't want you to think that I'm staying with you on account of him. Now that he has been killed—I still want to stay with you," he admitted lamely.

I saw his point. I had forgotten all about my threat. It seemed so distant, so many ages ago.

"Why do you want to stay then?"

HE came over very close. His eyes flashed in the old way. "Why? Do you want to know why?"

I hung my head. "I know why, Johnny," I admitted. My arms went fiercely around him and I clung to him with a desperation of love almost lost and now newly found. He swept me off my feet and I felt relieved and exhausted in the passion of his embrace.

"Johnny," I whispered, "I want you to promise me one thing. I don't ever want to leave this house."

We didn't leave our little home, and I wish you could see it! We have a beautiful garden, and I am very happy here. We visit our family at least once a week, and often they come to see us. And the mountains—the mountains are glorious and friendly, green and teeming with life in the summer, severe in the winter, but with glory and friendship.

THE END

THE UNFORGETTABLE MOMENT

■ Into every life, no matter how dismal and drab, there comes an occasional moment of happiness. Each of us, at some time, has known joy so intense that its radiance spreads light through the years.

Isn't there one incident in your life which stands out as the happiest you knew?

Each month TRUE ROMANCES will give cash prizes for the best letters on the subject: "The Happiest Moment of My Life." All letters must be under three hundred words.

Unavailable letters will be returned if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Address all letters to Department H. M., TRUE ROMANCES, Chanin Bldg., 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

\$25.00—FIRST PRIZE

\$15.00—SECOND PRIZE

\$10.00—THIRD PRIZE

\$5.00 FOR EVERY ADDITIONAL LETTER PUBLISHED

Love against the Law

(Continued from page 15)

and at your mercy, too!"

"Are you possibly—Tobias Binney's—son?"

I held my breath, until he answered, "The one and only. Do you know my father? Where am I?"

Mama told him. He smiled delightedly.

"Look—Dad always talks about a Jane Dexter—a rare woman, he always calls her. You wouldn't be—"

We all laughed. Jane Dexter had been Dad's mother and, suddenly, as Carl and Mama talked, it grew quiet in the room and once more the rain intruded. A rumble of thunder, like a mighty palpitation of the mountain's heart, shook the rock beneath the house. My own heart turned over and felt a little sick, for Carl Binney needed no further introduction.

BORN in Laurel Platte, his father, Tobias Binney, had left town at the age of sixteen, land-poor like the Dexters, to make a fortune in lumber. He had never returned even on a visit, but it was impossible not to know about the Binneys.

They filled the Crown Crest newspaper every week, and year after year. Mrs. Tobias Binney and son returning from Europe or going to Europe—Young Mr. Carl Binney entertaining at the country club—Mrs. Binney heads the hospital fund—Mr. Tobias Binney off to his hunting lodge in Canada—Carl Binney taking the hurdles on his favorite mount at the riding club—

The Binneys still owned whatever of Moonhill Mountain the Dexters didn't, and most of Grassland, the next mountain, but they had never seemed to be interested. It was only timberland and not improved by buildings of any kind.

And here was Carl Binney, educated in the finest schools abroad and in this country, charming, handsome, jolly, at ease, sitting in our living-room, wearing our chef's uniform as if it were a tuxedo, poking the fire, later sharing our dinner, offering to help, making himself thoroughly at home. He hadn't exactly fallen into a household of poverty and shoddiness, but it wasn't what he was accustomed to—the maids, the butlers, the solicitous service.

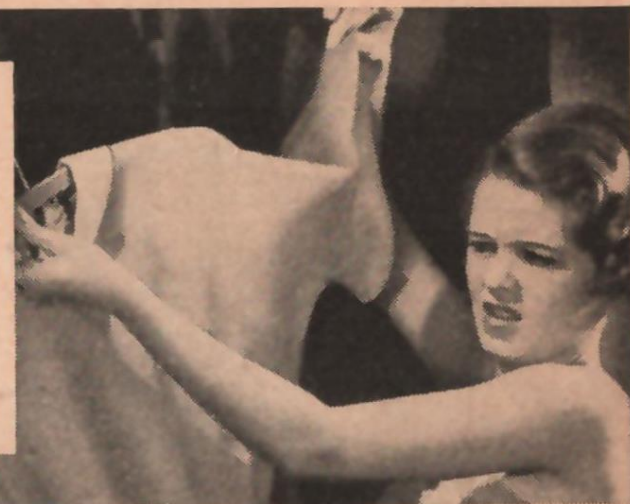
What did he think of us and our way of living? Did it really matter? Suddenly I realized it did matter—it mattered to every grain of my body and ever corner of my soul.

His habit of looking deeply but without boldness into the face of whichever one of us was speaking was important. It mattered that his hair waved just the way it did; that his hands were thin and strong; that he followed my movements when I served the dessert; that he approved of the way I walked, lightly and softly as when I'd stalked birds in childhood; that his eyes lingered on the lines of my throat, on my hair.

And it hurt, only in a different way.

You may blush with shame when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only, you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—Test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole



THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono. It keeps the underarm not

only sweet, but absolutely *dry*. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

Odorono is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odorono yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odorono but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7B6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

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As one Woman to another

A frank personal chat

BY

MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

authority on feminine hygiene



I am sure that every woman wants to know just which personal hygiene accessories warrant complete confidence. Because our intimate comfort and protection is at stake! So let me tell you what I've discovered.

For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, woven to a curve that fits. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c.



For Personal Daintiness



If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard me tell how Quest, the positive deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body

freshness. And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. See how long the large 35c can lasts, and you'll agree this is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. Invisible sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You! In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1460, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

when he followed Pearl's movements with the same approval. And yet why shouldn't he? Pearl with her golden skin and rebellious mouth was a luscious sight to a man who had expected to find a houseful of stringy mountaineers.

"And what'll we do now, girls?" he asked after the coffee and cigarettes, which Mama had produced for him from heaven knows what secret hiding place. "Shall it be the theatre and a night club or a quiet evening at home?"

I searched his words for any hint at sarcasm or condescension, but there was none. He was merely carrying off a difficult situation with humor and tact.

"Let's dance," Pearl suggested. "Janice plays grand dance music."

"And who plays the grand dance music while sister Janice dances?" he asked of me. This time he dropped his eyes first.

"Oh, Janice doesn't care about dancing," Pearl fibbed. "She likes to do the playing."

"How about the phonograph?" Holley put in artlessly.

Mama clamped her lips to restrain a smile. "We have all the latest records. Our summer guests demand them."

If Carl sensed the overtones in our by-play, he made no sign. But Pearl had her way, as she so often did, and danced with him most of the evening, although we used the phonograph. We sang a bit, he played some of the newest radio hits, we played a few silly games but every activity ended with Pearl swaying lazily in his arms—and he with his head flung high and tilted back, like a man drinking in the clear autumn air.

Only once he danced with me. We started a second, when Pearl pretending to be very flippant and clever—I think, myself, that it was clever—tapped him on the shoulder and cut in on us.

"THIS ought to be permissible," she laughed, "where there are more girls than men."

To be perfectly honest, I wasn't sorry. With his hard, tight body so close to mine, with his arms about me, I dreaded betrayal. Except for the pounding of my heart, I don't know what I was afraid he might discover, but the deep, inner soul often knows that which the brain hasn't yet comprehended. Once, when he rested his cheek against my hair, the warmth of his skin set me tingling, but I couldn't draw away, much as I wanted to, because that magnetism held me like an electric current.

I watched through the rest of the evening, but I never saw him lay his cheek against Pearl's hair. Hugging such little comforts to my heart, I fell asleep that night in a glow of anticipation, and a vague dread in my heart of the unknown future. That dread was not connected with the flood, for not until I lay beneath the covers, going over the events of the day, did I realize that we hadn't mentioned the weather all night.

I could hear the waters of Wapanak Lake still pouring over the ledge above us. Out of the discord of rain and wind, I picked one harmonious strain, which seemed to rise and fall regularly, and on

the rhythm of this sound I drifted off.

I was the first to awaken the next morning, to the same glow of anticipation—to the same storm, only the wind had abated. Pearl was fast asleep. We shared a room. Quietly I stole to the window. It made me a little ill, at first, to see that what had been our road was now a churning torrent of mud. New creeks and rivulets had been created through the night, and still the rain beat—beat—beat—

And yet, though my door was closed, and Carl's too, no doubt, I felt the changed atmosphere of our manless household. I admitted to myself that it was different having a man in the house. The very air was expectant, charged with vibrancy, and I wondered whether we had all been a little shameless the night before in showing so plainly to Carl that he was a welcome refuge from the routine of our existence.

I FOUND myself putting on my best silk stockings, and I left them on, justifying my strange behavior by the excuse that I wasn't going outdoors, and nothing could happen to them in the house. Nobody was astir when I came out on the gallery which led down to the living-room. As I was getting my slicker and Dad's binoculars from the closet under the stairs a soft voice behind me said, "Take me with you?" and I wheeled in fright to find Carl close behind me. He didn't have his cap on this morning, and one lock of wavy hair fell over his forehead.

"I'm going up to the observation balcony," I said. "You'd better take a coat, if you want to come." It was a temptation to brush that lock back from his forehead. I preceded him up the ladder and was glad I had on my best stockings, even if I caught them on a nail.

High up over the valley, remote from the destruction, the rain beating in our faces, we stood close together.

"This is grand," he said turning a complete circle on his heels. "What a view!"

But he was only looking at the mountain tops in a magic ring about us, wreathed in mist, smoking like volcanoes. High and mighty they were behind their screen, but no merciful mist obscured the valley or our own mountainside. Our house was an island about which the waters tossed and rumbled. Completely cut off on all sides, we seemed to be standing in a lighthouse with no means of access to the mainland.

Already our battered old hats were streaming, unable to absorb any more of the rain. I turned slowly and regarded the wall of water from Wapanak Lake, a Niagara at the foot of which our house nestled precariously.

"Why are you frightened, Sister Janice?" Carl said.

I pointed to that cascade.

"I don't see how the house can stand against it. We will be swept away."

"I won't let anything happen to you," he retorted, waving his hand grandly at the wilderness of water everywhere.

"You think you can hold it back? You and who else?"

"I could if you said, 'Pretty—pretty—please!'"

He put his hands on my shoulders and forced me to look at him. I was tall, but he was taller, and so I had to tilt my head back.

"Say it!"

With his fingers pressing into my shoulders, sending forth into my body long tendrils of warmth and insistence, I said, "Pretty—pretty—please."

"Here, you mountains!" he cried, flinging his head up, but not releasing me. "We like you, but we've had enough of your flood. Sister Janice no likee!" And, when the rain came down harder, madder, we both laughed deliciously. "I guess I'll have to stay here another night."

I corrected him, rather breathlessly.

"You'll have to stay longer than that—until the county gets around to putting up a foot bridge where the other was." I pointed to the mess of steel girders and cement not far away. The river was biting chunks of debris from the wreck and spinning them down stream.

"Do you mind?" he asked.

"Do you?"

"Do you know," he said, tilting my head farther back. "You're the prettiest Dexter—you beautiful one!"

FOR a timeless, spaceless moment, for a moment of rapture and agony, I thought he was going to kiss me, to hold me tightly, to stay on and on even when the flood receded.

"Did anybody ask you to choose the prettiest?"

"It isn't bad manners to tell good of people even when you're not asked, is it?"

I felt weak. I wanted to lean against his hard shoulder and cry, but I summoned all my courage and asked in turn, "What if I am the prettiest?"

"Sweet kid," he murmured under his breath and turned away.

He went down the ladder first, and when I came almost to the bottom he swung me off. His eyes held a question, I thought, an unspoken promise. We were standing thus, with his long fingers almost encircling my waist, as he had remained after swinging me down, when Pearl called up from the living-room:

"Say, where have you two been?" in a plaintive voice, like one left out of things.

In Heaven, I wanted to shout, but Carl answered casually, "Up in the watch tower. It's a fine spot to see the storm," as if nothing had happened to him.

Had anything happened to him, I wondered, through the day. It had happened to me—it had happened—the thing every woman hungered for, the love every woman dreamed of. He scarcely spoke to me, yet I knew he watched. Even, when he wasn't looking at me, something in his mind kept step with me, followed me everywhere, assured me, aroused me to a fevered pitch where I felt I couldn't bear it, if he didn't give me some private signal.

And yet why should he? What had he really said on the watch tower, as he called it, to make me feel he owed me



See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

By *Lady Esther*

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

The reason so many women use the wrong shade of face powder is that they select their shades on the wrong basis altogether. It's a mistake to select your shade of face powder according to your so-called "type." You are not a "type." You are an individual.

One Way and Only One!

There is only one way to tell your most becoming shade of face powder and that is to try on all five basic shades. Any other method is only theory and guess-work.

To make it simple and conclusive for you to ascertain your right shade of face powder, I have invented a game called: "Find Your Right Shade of Face Powder." It's as enlightening as it is fascinating. Here's all you need do: Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge. Take the five shades and sit down before your mirror. Start with the shade you think least suited to you and try that on. But don't stop at any one shade.

Go through all five and observe the effects in your mirror in each case.

You don't have to be any seer to recognize instantly that one of these five shades is more suited to you than any other. You will see immediately that one shade, more than any other, makes you look your youngest and most attractive. What that shade is, neither I nor anybody else, can tell you. You must see for yourself.

A Surprise May Be in Store for You!

Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you, the very one you would never think of using is actually your most becoming shade. Thousands of women have been amazed with the results of this test.

Decide today that you are not going to be in the dark any longer as to the shade of face powder you should use. Decide today that you are going to know once and for all which is your most becoming shade. Mail the coupon today and play the game that tells—my game of "face powder shades."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (24) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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SHE WAS SO
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NOW LOOKS FINE AND FEELS GREAT

**Read this actual Letter From Our Files—
Another proof that Natural Iodine in
this New Mineral Concentrate from the
Sea is Quickest Way Yet to Add Pounds
and Build New Strength.**

Kelpamalt Company.

"Dear Sirs:

"I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

"I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

"Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

"Now, thanks to Kelpamalt I'm looking forward to spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well, too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is, that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt! The best beauty product on the market."

—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me.

100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

**SEEDOL
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Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt—are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 861, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

a stealthy glance or a wordless message?

It was Sunday. Fortunately Mama had ordered meat for the week-end on Friday and so we had the usual juicy roast. Once Carl did come into the kitchen while I was basting the roast. He had the chef's cap on again and he went from stove to table sniffing at food, pretending to supervise, making funny criticisms, shaking his head wisely. Pearl was in the kitchen too, though, so I didn't know. I was torn, baffled, hurt a thousand ways wanting to know why he danced with Pearl again after dinner, why he went up to the tower with her, though they only stayed a few minutes, why he sat before the fire with a magazine and acted unaware of my soul pouring out through the music I played.

Yet, even when his hands were out of sight, I felt them on my shoulders. When his fingers handled the fire tongs, I felt them on my waist. When his face was in repose, I knew the touch of it against my hair.

I found excuses for him. Maybe the imprisonment indoors was irksome. Perhaps he felt strange, after all, or we might be too insistent with our attentions. I noticed that Mama didn't intrude upon him. She was friendly and put him at his ease, but she didn't talk to him every time she passed him. Too much attention—that was the trouble—and too much rain.

For another night and another day, Monday, the storm raged. It grew almost impossible to be quiet for five minutes, to stop talking, to stop the phonograph, for into the silence there immediately penetrated the sounds of deluge and disaster. Sometimes I awoke in the middle of the night thinking that Wapanak Lake had at last swept through the house. Always that insistent, ominous disaster loitered at the door, haunted the house, insinuated into our thoughts. On Monday night, depressed and oppressed, we sat about aimlessly, praying for the rain to cease, hoping for a break in the awful tensi-

WHEREVER Carl sat, Pearl brought up her chair. Whenever he spoke to me, more briefly as the hours passed, she answered. When, on Monday, he sat down to help Holley with her French, Pearl wanted a lesson, too. My heart was so empty, my mind so sick with pain. I went up to bed early that night and until I fell asleep, I kept turning over in my mind a plan which I would never have dreamed of before. Could I play sick the next day and not come down at all?

I awoke with a start in the middle of the night. A crushing sense of danger swept over me, and of course I thought of the flood. The familiar discord of rumbling water and vicious rain filled the air. Had the cellar finally yielded? What was wrong? What urgency was forcing me to go downstairs and see?

The room was black as a pine grove at night. I didn't even look in the direction of Pearl's bed. There was no need to frighten her. I crept out, leaving the door open so I wouldn't make

any unnecessary noise when I returned, should my fears be groundless.

Instantly, when I got out on the gallery, I saw that a light was on somewhere in the living-room. My sandaled feet made no sound on the stairs and I was half-way across the room before I saw that the lamp stood on a table just outside the alcove. On the window seat which followed the shape of the bow-window, their figures thrown into relief by the yellow rays of the lamp, sat Pearl and Carl, locked in each other's arms. Pearl had a light bathrobe on—thrown over her nightgown.

Something more than hope died in me. Confidence died, and fear was born. I shouldn't have stood there watching them caress and kiss. But I was rooted to the spot. I shouldn't have tortured myself watching him crush her in his embrace, watching the tempestuous way she flung her arms about his, the wild, triumphant expression of his face when his lips pressed hers.

BROKEN in spirit and in body, I turned and started upstairs just as silently as I had come down. In my mind I had already relinquished Carl to Pearl, if indeed I had ever had him, yet that still small voice within me whispered that there was something shameful about the scene I had just witnessed—that it wasn't love. It was a wildness, like the storm outside which must spend itself and leave disaster and emptiness behind.

I don't know why I made my next move. In moments of panic we don't stop to analyze our feelings. Probably it was jealousy. Maybe I wanted to protect Pearl from her own rebellious nature, always seeking escape. It might have been both. At the head of the stairs I decided suddenly to break up that ungovernable passion to which I had been an eavesdropper. Instead of going to my room, I went to the bathroom, and shut the door audibly so they would know downstairs that somebody was awake. And if the noise awakened Mama, I would merely say that I wasn't feeling well and the door had slipped out of my hands.

I stayed there ten minutes, crying. I didn't mean to, but the tears came. As I emerged I saw that the living-room was dark. Sure enough, standing in the doorway, I made out Pearl's dim figure slipping under the covers.

Fierce anger welled up within me.

"It's time you were in bed!"

"I couldn't sleep," she retorted, excitement in her voice.

"Funny Carl Binney couldn't sleep either!" For the first time in my life, I think, I couldn't take Pearl's part.

"And you couldn't either!" she shot back, understanding at once that I had seen them. "How very odd! You weren't by any chance going downstairs to meet him?"

In the darkness my hand shot out unerringly and I slapped Pearl hard across the mouth. I hit to hurt, because no such meeting had entered my plans. She gasped. Not since the days of childish squabbles had I struck Pearl, and even then I was never very keen on that kind of quarrelling.

"You fool!" I cried before she could recover her breath. "To fall into a man's arms when he's been in the house three days. What do you suppose he thinks of you?"

"Maybe I love him."

"That didn't look like love to me. Do you think Carl Binney will ever marry you?"

She was defiant now.

"Why not? Oh, if I love him and he loves me—" and she started humming a square dance tune with those words.

"Shut up!" I whispered. Our words flew out through the darkness. "Do you want Mama to hear and find out? I'll tell you why not—because you're the daughter of a hotelkeeper. Because you were brought up to do chambermaid's work, to wait on table, to paint walls and paper rooms. And he's Carl Binney of Crown Crest and the rest of the world."

"You must have thought of marrying him yourself—you've got the arguments so handy. And you shut up now," Pearl suggested, "because you left this door open, and he was going to wait fifteen minutes and then go to his room—after you so innocently slammed that bathroom door."

I FELT cheap and ashamed, oh, so ashamed because through it all I knew that I still loved Carl Binney. I would not have wanted myself in Pearl's place—and yet I loved him and wanted his love. As I angrily turned my back on Pearl, I was already searching for excuses for him without putting the blame on Pearl. She was provokingly attractive to men. She led them on, she goaded them—even. But did a man have to be led on, if he didn't want to be?

I couldn't answer that question. I didn't know. I merely knew I was deeply, hurtfully, joyously, disastrously in love with Carl Binney. But what was the use? He couldn't feel any more respectful of me than he did of Pearl. I scrubbed floors and washed glassware, and wore homemade clothes, too!

Pearl and I didn't talk the next morning. I was sorry for my outburst, but I couldn't talk to her when she hummed while she dressed and pretended nothing was wrong. At breakfast, however, she began to look listless and soon complained of a splitting headache. I knew I was pale as the mist which now enshrouded the house and the valley, and even Carl seemed dispirited. Holley, always sensitive to the moods of those about her, occasionally lifted her large frightened eyes, questioning us.

At the end of our silent meal Mama gazed shrewdly about the table. I tried to veil my eyes. Pearl returned her look with a sullen one.

"Pearl," Mama said, "you'd better go upstairs to your room and rest. It's the only thing for a headache."

"I don't want to rest."

Mama grew imperious, and she could. She flushed.

"I suggest, Pearl, that you stay in your room all day and let us bring you your meals. I can't have you sick under the present conditions."

When Mama suggested in that tone,

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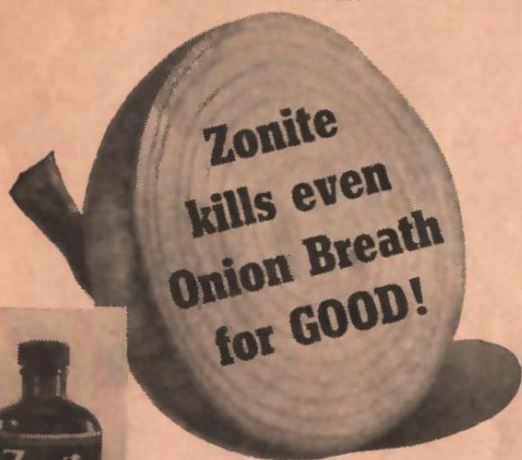


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we obeyed. Half-way up the stairs, Pearl turned and shot me a contemptuous look. I shook my head violently, for she was thinking I had told on her, and I hadn't said a word to Mama.

I was miserable. I couldn't find peace anywhere in the house. I went up to the watch tower, though there was nothing to see, for the mist had closed in tightly, like the haze in my brain. It was impossible to see a step ahead.

Presently Carl stood beside me. His form was vague. He was only a voice through the void.

"I'm sorry about last night, Janice."

"Last night?"

"Let's not pretend. You saw us, and I know you did because I passed your door in the dark and heard. I shouldn't have listened, but I did. Forgive me."

"Don't you think Pearl's the one to get the apology?"

"No," he said. "Somehow, I want to apologize to you. You're right—I wouldn't marry Pearl, but not for the reasons you worked out. I don't love Pearl."

His utter honesty found a weak link in me. It's hard to be furious with a man who admits his faults so readily.

"Then that's finished," I said. "Let's skip the rest." A fine soft rain was falling now, out of the mist. There was something gentle, sweet about it and suddenly I burst out: "Oh, Carl, why did you do it?"

"I—I don't know, Janice. Yes I do, but I—that is—don't make me say it. I know, and I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I tell you. I'd do anything to have it undone!"

The sudden pleading ardor in his voice convinced me. I understood. Pearl had asked for it—I'd seen her do that before and he couldn't be guilty of saying so. I could even admit it myself, without being disloyal to my sister, and I swore he would never hear a word of disloyalty from my lips. I didn't blame Pearl, either. Some force drove her on. She had no control over it.

"JANICE," softly his voice came through the quiet white blanket, "please believe me! I don't want you to think badly of me. When I go—I want to be able to come back."

"As if you care what I think of you."

He was very close to me now, so close I could see him run his fingers through his hair. He almost tore at it in desperation.

"It does, Janice! You can't hold one slip against a man for the rest of his life." He reached out suddenly and seized my hand. "I'm only human. Why have you been going about these three days—after our first time up here—as if you didn't see me or didn't care if I was alive? What made you so high and far away—suddenly—until—"

"I? I—far away—?" I gasped, when my soul had been torn with his aloofness.

"Yes—you were just as remote as the mountains behind the mist. You left Pearl and me to ourselves. I'm not putting the blame on you, but don't you see, Janice—I waited and waited for some sign—some encouragement—"

The pain in his voice echoed mine so

completely, the longing he expressed was so perfect a duplicate of mine that every defense broke within me. The cruel separation of these days, unnecessary as it now appeared, touched my eighteen-year-old sense of romance.

"I didn't know, Carl," I whispered.

"Give me a break, Janice! Wait! I won't ask you now if you love me. Just give me a chance—because—I love you!"

His last words seemed to echo down the valley. "I love you—" The mists murmured it. "He loves you—" The waters roared it, the streams picked up the melody—"He loves you!"

I suppose every woman is a fool when those three words are spoken to her by the man from whom she wants to hear them. Give him a break? I'd have given him my soul at that moment, my integrity, my life.

I GAVE him every chance in the world as the days of our imprisonment continued. I met him in the watch tower. We had stolen moments in the kitchen. He came down cellar with me to help me bring up food, and we loitered. Our hands met under the table, our eyes flashed messages when nobody was looking. Only one thing I would not do, and that was steal downstairs while the family slept and meet him in the dining-room. He urged me to, yet finally he said he respected me the more because I didn't.

There was much I shouldn't have done. I shouldn't have let him put his arm about my waist and give me a taste of bliss. Oh, I had no right to be up there at all with him when the rain finally stopped and, by a miracle, the mist began to lift at once. For in my relief, in the wondrous realization that the storm was over, I flung my arms about his neck, crying and laughing, admitting my love, submitting to his kisses hungrily.

And if I had done none of these things, we would not have been together as, on the seventh night, a full moon suddenly tore through the clouds and revealed the awful splendor of our mountain world. The waters had already begun to recede. In the golden, restless sea of light from the moon, the waste beneath us was magically transmuted into a scintillating, mysterious sea. As if the disc in the sky possessed some special power, the mist began to melt before its rays. Quickly, in the space of minutes, the haze from the mountains was sucked up, dissolved, until only the peaks remained enfolded.

Standing staunch and firm, the mountains ringed us safely round. Unmoved by the sights of the past week, they seemed even to have forgotten their beating and pounding at the hands of the brutal elements, like women who forget the cruelty of men the instant a kind word is spoken to them.

In the dignity and splendor of nature, in the tenderness of Carl's protecting arms, in the ardent pressure of his face against mine, I forgot every doubt and fear. Gently he outlined my features with small, light kisses and, when finally his lips reached mine, in a passionate, heart-filling escape from the days

of strain and uncertainty, I was the mist, he the moon. I was dissolved and melted, and I promised I would marry him. I promised to do so as soon as possible, to go away with him when he left, to marry him in Bluestone, to return to his home with him.

IT was thoughtless, even mad. I moved in another world, where all I did was right and justified. I didn't think of Mama and her disappointment. I didn't think of the carelessness of a runaway marriage, of his people, of the future.

I never even took a last look about my home. I followed where Carl beckoned. I walked down to the creek with him to see how the footbridge was getting on and finding it was finished and the troopers were walking over it, we crossed, too.

How important was the crossing of that teetery, temporary bridge I was to find out later. On the other side Carl suddenly seized my hand and began to race down the road.

"Let's go!" he cried. "Don't look back! Janice, my darling, we're off!"

We ran as quickly as mud and ruts permitted. When we stopped to catch our breath and control our laughter, the decision was made. Still I had no regrets. Making our way through the eight miles to Laurel Platte was an adventure, on foot and in strange cars which gave us lifts. There were a lot of strange cars about because the relief agencies were already at work, so

I escaped recognition. The trip to Bluestone on the first train to come through was madcap conspiracy, for I hopped aboard at the last moment so the station agent wouldn't see me.

Our shopping trip in Bluestone for one set of clothing apiece was as exciting as getting a trousseau and, rather than arousing suspicion, we attracted attention and interest, for in every shop we were considered refugees of the flood.

I think I began to have my first misgivings, though, during this shopping expedition. Carl had a tremendous roll of bills with him and spent extravagantly. I began to realize I was marrying a rich man. He hired a car in Bluestone and, upon mention of his name, the proprietor gladly let Carl take the car away, to drive it himself.

"I'll send it back with our chauffeur," he said. Carl commanded such service, I saw, wherever we went.

I lost my misgivings when the justice of the peace married us. All was glorified by those magic words, "I do hereby pronounce you man and wife," and the instant we were out of town, Carl stopped the car and opened his arms to me.

"So we're married!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Carl Binney on their honeymoon from Bluestone to Crown Crest!"

"Forty miles of rapture! You're a knockout, sweetheart, in those clothes. Wait and see what clothes you'll have. We'll go to Europe on a real honey-

moon. Janice angel, do you still love me?"

A passing car tooted at us, and we went on. It had taken us the whole day to get to Bluestone and clean up. We were married at eight-thirty. We stopped for dinner at nine, and we danced and lingered, madly putting off reality. Perhaps I didn't quite realize that I wouldn't be home that night. Certainly I gave no thought of announcing my flight to Mama. Carl never mentioned telegraphing his family that he was safe.

As we drew closer to Crown Crest, near midnight, I began then to consider what I had done. Was Mama frantic? Were they out looking for me? Would Mama, in her understanding way, know and forgive? Who was this man I had married? What was he like? Did he drink? Did he work steadily or live on his father's income? Did he truly love me? Did he?

"ASK me another, Janice. Would I kidnap you, if I didn't?"

"You're not sorry?"

"I couldn't bear to leave you, beloved!"

So, still concerned only with the wonder of our love, we swept into Crown Crest. It's a city of about forty thousand, so named because there is one peninsula of land curving out into the river in the shape of a tiara. On this peninsula live all the wealthy families. I didn't expect, however, that the house I was to call my home would stand at



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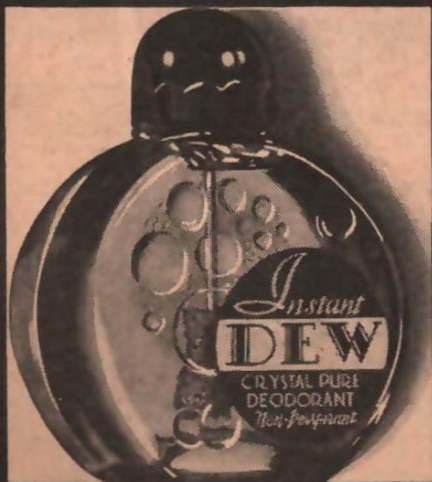
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the very tip of the Crown, close to the water, like a keystone in an arch upholding the whole structure of Crown Crest.

Carl swept up the curving cement driveway and came to a noiseless stop. I peered out at the big white house, with a crescent-shaped portico which conformed to the shape of the land and pillars two or three stories high supporting it. The rest was a blur of tall windows, dim lights, shrubbery and an imposing front door.

I felt empty inside—away from my people and the mountains, somehow deprived of my identity. I wasn't even Janice Dexter any more!

Carl opened the door of the car and held out his hands.

"We're home, dearest."

I sat still. "I'm frightened. You go in first."

"No. Together, funny-face. Don't look so forlorn, Janice. It'll be all right."

"What is your mother going to say?"

"Dad will be tickled that I married Jane Dexter's granddaughter."

"That's not what I asked you."

In the half-light his face was very precious and dear. I mustn't lose sight of it. He said: "Mother's going to fume, but it won't last long. I'm free, white and twenty-four, and I can marry, if I want to."

He swept me along on the crest of his confidence, up the broad steps, across the portico. As he rang the bell, because he'd lost his key somewhere in the flood, I would have turned and run, except that Carl kissed me, and told me that his family would love me at once.

A man opened the door—the butler. He straightened sharply. "Mr. Carl! There's been an alarm spread for you. Indeed, your mother will be relieved!"

"**T**HANK you, John," Carl said a trifle curtly, "I'm safe. The flood cut me off. You had no rain here?"

"Just a bit, sir. Nothing to speak of, but the reports from the Moonhill district—"

Carl cut him off. "Are my parents home?"

"Madame is in her room, sir. The master was called to New York." Although John hadn't looked at me, I knew he had taken in every detail of my appearance.

Carl seemed taken aback at the news.

"Hm—Dad's gone. Well—we'll go right up. Oh, John—the lady with me is Mrs. Carl Binney." And to me, "Dearest, John's been the bouncer here for many years. He's a good scout."

John's expression never changed.

"Mrs. Carl Binney," with a bow. "Very good, sir," as if Carl came home with a wife every time he left for a few days.

I was numb. My impression is that Carl almost carried me upstairs, whispering endearments, kissing me. The stairs seemed endless and broad as the mountains. There were dizzying halls bewildering doors. Finally he knocked

on one. A firm, deep, womanly voice called, "Come in."

I don't remember stepping in. We must have. I stood in a tremendous room, mostly in shadow, where one tall lamp dripped a pool of light over a tall, vigorous woman, with carefully arranged white hair and rather heavy features, a high-bridged eagle nose, firm mouth, wilful blue eyes.

"So it's you, Carl!" she called out. "Come in. What are you standing there for?" The irritation in her voice was evident. "We've had the troopers searching for you. Why didn't you communicate with us? Was that flood so bad—" she broke off, but didn't give him a chance to answer. "Why don't you come and kiss me? Do you know we've been frantic for nine days? Who's that you have with you? Lola?" She peered at me. The wilful eyes were near-sighted.

CARL took my hand. We marched toward her. I wanted to laugh hysterically. We were marching to the firing squad.

"Who is this young lady?"

I had to admire Carl. "This is Janice, my wife, Mother."

Myra Binney wasn't the sort of woman who fainted. She rose suddenly, a towering woman, charged with indignation and surprise.

"Your what?" She never glanced at me again.

"My wife. Janice Dexter. We were married in Bluestone this afternoon."

"Where is she from?"

"Laurel Platte. Where Dad comes from. Don't you remember his talking of Jane Dexter? Janice is Jane's granddaughter."

"And who are the Dexters?" Mrs. Binney demanded. "Did you have to crawl off into Laurel Platte to find a wife?"

"To find Janice, Mother."

"But who are her people?"

I was so wounded, I could scarcely stand. Not a word had been addressed to me. Only Carl's hand on mine sustained me. He told her briefly about Mama, about our hotel, then suddenly he stopped. I hadn't seen him angry before.

"What is this—a court-martial?" he cried. "Oh, be reasonable, Mother! Janice is tired. We had a time getting out of that mess in the flood area. Kiss Janice—you'll love her, and let's leave the talk for tomorrow."

Mrs. Binney set her teeth.

"You'll not sleep under this roof," she said.

"Mother!"

"How dare you come home and dump some back-woods girl on us? Have you no feelings for me or your father? Go any place you please with her or stay here alone!" And because we were rooted to the spot, unable to move if we'd wanted to, she added, "Take that little nobody from the mountains and go! I don't want to see either of you again!"

Can love be pitted against parental disapproval, against discomfort and exile? Janice tells what tragedy and joy her impulsive marriage brought her in the

AUGUST TRUE ROMANCES MAGAZINE—ON SALE EVERYWHERE JULY 22ND

It All Depends on the Woman

(Continued from page 21)

we'd been married. Four months. Six. A whole year! And still, we were incredibly happy.

Alice came now and then to see me. One night she came while Jack was out. I was worried about his lateness. Several times he'd been very late coming home from the store. He said he had worked late.

When Alice asked me where he was I told her, "Working at the store."

SHE said, "I passed it on my way over. The windows were dark."

"He's probably in the back."

My sister looked at me for a long time. Then she said, "Margie, when are you going to stop being a fool? Why, the whole town knows it but you! Every night he goes over to Sally Wales' house!"

I closed my eyes tightly and gripped my hands on the sofa edge. I said, "Are you sure, Alice?"

She laughed disagreeably.

"Of course, I'm sure!" Then she said, "And you're a good wife, too. But that's no guarantee of a man's faithfulness. Somehow, no matter what you do, you can't keep them home! They're all the same!"

Sally Wales, you see, was the town's "light woman." Thinking of my Jack going to see Sally was like—like walking on hot coals.

It's queer, but I had the definite feeling that Alice was enjoying my bitter surprise.

Suddenly I sat up straight and looked Alice in the eye. "I don't believe it!" I said. "I'm sure Jack loves me and is true to me."

Alice laughed again, her sharp laugh. "Go ahead and fool yourself, Margie. Just the story-book wife, believing a man's every word!"

"You never believed Ted!" I replied. "You were always the first to accuse. You were suspicious if he so much as walked to the corner for a pack of cigarettes! Well, I won't be like that! I'll trust my man, and I'll leave it up to him as to whether he deserves to be trusted!"

Under the open window where we were sitting there came a little exclamation. Or was I only imagining it?

In a few minutes, Alice went home, shaking her head and calling me a fool. And no sooner was she out the door than Jack came in. His face was red, and his eyes couldn't meet mine.

"Margie—" he said, not facing me. "Margie, I was downstairs in the yard and I—I heard what Alice said—"

I didn't say anything. I let him stumble on.

"I heard what you said to her about t-trusting me, Margie."

Still I said nothing.

Suddenly his arms were around me and his mouth was seeking mine.

"Darling, you must listen to me! Sally came to the store. She kept coming, kept dropping little hints that she'd like me to come to see her in the evening. And—I'm rotten, I guess. Like most men. I was tempted. I went. But, Margie, I never took her in my arms or kissed her. Oh, I knew that I was going to. She was leading me on and I tried to keep my head, but I—I saw it coming. Tonight I left early. I kept thinking of you, sitting here waiting for me."

His eyes looked deeply into mine.

MARGIE, if you had listened to her, if you had said anything about checking up on me, finding out—Margie, if you had said that, I would have been as rotten as any man ever was. I would have said, 'I've got the name, I might as well have the game.' But when you said you trusted me—" His voice broke. "It was like a veil being torn from my eyes, darling."

I put my arms around his neck and I held up my mouth for his kiss.

"Let's forget this ever happened, Jack. Only remember that I love you and I shall always trust you."

"I'll remember," he said slowly. "That trust—is something I'll never forget—"

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Too Young for Boy Friends

(Continued from page 39)

Other mothers I knew raised large families and still managed to find time to live, while I, with one child, was chained and helpless.

Except for a rare evening when we managed to find someone whom we thought we could trust with Ruth, Louis and I never went out together. On those few occasions when I did manage to tear away, my whole evening was filled with worry and misgivings. Would the girl remember to give Ruth her hot milk and butter? Would she remember the cod-liver oil? Would the child's blankets be tucked in when I got home?

And so the years passed. In spite of the best of care, Ruth remained a weak and ailing child, forever causing me worry and trouble. But I loved her—loved her with all my heart. There was no greater pleasure for me than doing things for her. Her frailty was no fault of hers—if anything, I loved her all the more because of it.

The ease and comfort I had wanted so dearly might have been mine, for Louis was getting along well at the store, but between paying our debts and the added expenses a growing child meant, we just managed to get along.

Gradually, though, as Ruth grew older and stronger my burdens began to lighten. By the time she was fourteen we had managed to clear our debts and even to save a little. Louis bought a small car on payments. I no longer had to watch every penny going out. I should have been happy, happy as never before, but somehow I was strangely peevish and irritable.

IT was the celebration of our eighteenth anniversary that set me off. All day long I had been brooding, making myself miserable with unhappy thoughts. In a month I'd be forty—Forty years old! My once slim figure was filling out, growing almost matronly. The deep black of my hair was losing its lustre—wisps of grey were appearing. Cold cream and massage could do little to remove the growing lines in my face. Forty years old! To me, that day, it seemed like sixty. How much longer did I have to live? What had I enjoyed of life? What was there left for me? Other women had been enjoying life, doing things, having good times, all I had done was bring up a daughter—a daughter who, year in, year out, had been a care and a burden.

When Louis came home that evening he unwittingly added fuel to the fires that smoldered within me.

"Hello, Wilma," he greeted me cheerily, a happy grin on his face. But I was in no mood for his lightness.

"What's the matter, little one?" he went on banteringly. "Why the big frown today, of all days?" And he tried to draw me toward him affectionately.

I drew my hand from his. I don't know what got into me. Somehow, his every word seemed to rub me the wrong way.

The smile left his face. A sudden anxiety seized him.

"Is there anything wrong? What's happened? Is Ruthie all right? Where is she?"

Suddenly, I hardly know what came over me, I found myself shouting at him—

"Ruthie—Ruthie—Ruthie! That's all I hear all day. That's all I've heard for over fourteen years. That's all I'll hear for the rest of my life—Is Ruthie all right? Is Ruthie all right?" I mocked his words. "I'm a person, too. Why don't you ask whether I'm all right? Or don't I count? No, of course not. I'm just the mother around here. I don't have to live. I don't have to get any pleasure out of life. But I'm going to. Do you hear me? I'm going to think of myself for a change—"

THAT outburst marked a changed attitude in me. I wanted to live; I wanted to feel that I was getting things out of life. I made up my mind that I must not let my whole existence revolve about Ruth any more. I had been spoiling her, over-doing things. As never before, I threw myself into the whirl of social life in my set. I got Sue Parker to start giving me bridge lessons. I learned to drive the car. I began to go regularly to the Ladies' Club meetings. I insisted that Louis and I drive down to Laconia at least once a week and visit my sisters. Ruthie could stay at home alone and do her home work. She wasn't a baby any more. I was through coddling her.

Friends who used to think of us as "stay-at-homes" were surprised at the change.

And, strangely enough, it all seemed to turn out for the better. As Ruth matured into young womanhood her cheeks took on color, her dark blue eyes flashed with new life, her appetite grew, her thin body began to fill out. As I watched her from my window one morning walking down the street on her way to school, the change in her seemed almost unbelievable. There was a spring, a lightness in her walk—something that seemed to cry out, "I'm young! I'm fifteen! I'm happy!" Her well-shaped legs, her young, lithe body—so supple, so softly rounded, it was almost as though a wisp of a bud had blossomed into a full, beautiful flower.

I suppose, though, I went from one extreme to another. From babying her, being with her all the time, checking her home work, and watching her every move, I changed to almost complete neglect. And what made things worse, I insisted that Lou follow my actions and pay her less attention, make her stand on her own feet.

One Saturday afternoon after she had been visiting a classmate, she came home with a surprise for me—her cheeks were rouged for the first time, her lips thick with paint.

"How do you like it, Mother?" she asked in a tone that seemed to say, "Don't you think it's pretty smart of me?"

But I didn't think it smart at all.

"You run upstairs at once, my fine young lady," I told her, "and wash that filth from your face. Go on, don't stand there. Use plenty of soap and water—"

I suppose I might have been more tactful. She stood there for a moment—half defiantly—bristling with chagrin. Tears rose to her eyes. She started to answer me, then changed her mind and whirled angrily from the room.

She stayed in her bedroom until dinner-time. All evening, right through to bedtime, she wouldn't speak to me, but just sulked.

But such things are soon forgotten, and, I suppose, nothing would have come of it if other things hadn't arisen soon afterward which aggravated that slight estrangement between us.

She had hardly turned fifteen when suddenly Ruth went boy-crazy. I don't know what possessed her, but she seemed to lose interest in everything but attracting boys. There wasn't a day that she didn't come home from school with a boy carrying her books for her—and almost every day a different one, too. She seemed to have suddenly discovered how attractive she was and to have determined to use her powers to the best advantage.

IF I let her have her way she would have gone out every evening in the week. Home work, school the next day, things like that didn't seem to mean anything to her any more. She thought I was just trying to be mean and couldn't see that it was for her own good when I positively refused to let her make any dates during the week.

"But, Ma, I'm no baby!" she complained. "The other girls go out with fellows during the week, why can't I?"

But I was firm. And I was firm, too, about her coming in very late, for, if I weren't, she would think nothing of coming in at one or even two o'clock after being out on a Saturday night.

In spite of my warnings about being in at a reasonable hour, one Saturday night she went to such an extreme she had me really worried. I made a habit of waiting up for her when she was out. Somehow, I just had to. Not that I felt she couldn't be trusted when she was out with a boy or that anything wrong might happen, but just—well—I suppose it's hard to explain, but mothers—well, I guess it's just that mothers are mothers and just can't keep from worrying.

On this particular Saturday night she was out with a boy who was at least nineteen—or so he had seemed to me when he called for Ruth, and I couldn't help but feel restless about her. Twelve o'clock came—one—one-thirty and still she hadn't returned. By two o'clock I was a little frightened. Nervously I paced the living-room, stopping suddenly every time I thought I heard footsteps coming down the street. Finally, a little after two, just as I was going to wake Lou to get him to do something, in she walked.

My relief was so great that, somehow, in that peculiar way such things happen, it changed to intense anger. For the first time in my life I found myself really shouting at her.

"So this is your idea of twelve o'clock—And where have you been? What have you been doing—Why didn't you stay out all night while you were at it? Don't stand there that way. Say something!"

Her eyes were tired. Her shoulders drooped. I should have let her go to sleep. She was only a child, after all.

"I—we—the party didn't break up until late, Mother—You see, I didn't want to be the first one to go—and—"

She didn't get any further. Again I started my scolding. She didn't try to answer. She just stood there and looked at me, sadly, reproachfully. I wanted to stop. I knew I was overdoing things, but that very feeling of guilt only added fuel to my anger. When Louis came down from his bedroom, awakened by the disturbance, and tried to intervene, I turned on him.

"Sure, you be the good one," I told him. "Let me do the scolding then you come along and say there's nothing to scold about—I suppose it's all right for your darling daughter to come in when she pleases. Sure—"

At breakfast the next morning she avoided my gaze and sat stonily silent. I knew she was a sensitive child. I knew I had hurt her feelings by my harshness the night before, but I couldn't get myself to tell her I was sorry.

"Don't be a fool!" I told myself. "Since when does a mother have to apologize to her child for scolding her? If she wants to sulk, let her sulk."

ANOTHER time I really shamed the girl in front of one of her boy-friends. She had been sitting on the porch with the young boy when Lou and I had come from the movies. Her hair was rumpled, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment at our entrance. She rose to her feet, straightening her dress, and the boy sheepishly rose, too.

"Hello, Mother, Dad," Ruth sang out cheerily. "How did you like the movies? Oh! I want you to meet Ken Alcott. He's in my class at school—"

I couldn't help but be a little pleased at how quickly she had regained her poise. Deeply within me I knew Ruth could be trusted, that there was nothing wrong with her being alone with a boy that way.

"Well," I began after she had introduced the boy, "now don't you think it's about time to say good-night to Ken, Ruth? It's almost twelve, and though you may not like to think so, that's long past bedtime for a fifteen-year old girl."

The moment I said it I realized how thoughtlessly tactless it was of me. But it was too late to take it back. Her lips tightened, she raised her head defiantly as though she were going to make a retort. Fortunately, the young man broke in—

"Well—er—I didn't realize it was so late—I really must be going—"

She never really forgave me that. How was I to know that she had told Ken, and wanted all the other boys to believe, that she was eighteen? And now my remark had spoiled it for her. After that she stopped asking boys to



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MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

the house, and she stopped asking me
to let her go out during the week. For
a while I was foolish enough to think
that she had lost interest in going out
with boys—that she had just been try-
ing to imitate the older girls at school
and had found the game uninteresting.
But I was soon to learn differently.

It was not until a letter came from
school asking me to come in to see Mr.
Heywood, the principal, about Ruth
that I learned that she had been carry-
ing on behind my back. I could hardly
believe what I heard.

"I'm sorry to say, Mrs. Sloan," he
told me, "we have a real problem child
on our hands in your daughter. Her
teachers tell me she has no interest now
in anything but the boys in her classes
—The fact is—hmmr—hmmr—" he
cleared his throat as though he hesi-
tated to say the rest, "—I understand
she's been seen with boys of not too
good reputation frequently at night—"

"But—Dr. Heywood," I stammered,
"that can't be! She's been home every
evening—that is—we've left her at
home, and she—"

I caught myself as the terrible possi-
bility occurred to me. Could she have
been sneaking out when Louis and I
left her alone? Did she take advantage
of us when we were out? Was it possi-
ble?

I rose, burning with confusion and
anger. What a fool I had been! Now
I understood her vague answers about
how she spent her evenings when we
asked her when we got back. It was
all too clear. If the child were before
me at the moment, I would have slapped
her.

WHEN she came home that after-
noon, I faced her with the truth.
How I hoped she would tell me I was
wrong—that she hadn't been sneaking
out, that another girl had been mistaken
for her by those who said they had seen
her! But she made no denials. She just
stood there sullenly and admitted the
whole business. If only I had drawn
her to me, held her close and explained
why it was wrong for her to have
sneaked things that way, maybe I would
have won back her love that day! In-
stead, I sent her to her room after a
severe scolding. I shall never be able
to forget the look in her eyes as she
turned and left—It was almost as
though she thought me her worst
enemy.

The next afternoon at a bridge party
at Mabel Sherwood's I couldn't keep
from talking about it all, I was so
worked up. I told them what had hap-
pened—my being called to school, my

discovery of Ruth's carrying on. In-
stead of defending my daughter, instead
of fighting for her, standing by her, my
voice was the loudest in denunciation.
I am ashamed as I write of it, for it's
a sorry thing indeed when a child's own
mother isn't loyal to her. But there's
no use in making apologies for myself
now.

I was even annoyed with Mabel for
defending the child and agreeing with
Louis that it was not so bad as it
seemed.

"Oh, Wilma," she broke in, "you're
making a mountain of a molehill.
Ruth's just a normal sixteen-year-old
who's just found out that boys exist
and doesn't quite know what to do about
it. She'll find her bearings. We all
did."

It was Agnes Walker who suggested
Mrs. Hyatt's Summer Camp as a pos-
sible solution.

"There's no one can handle girls the
way Mrs. Hyatt can," she went on.
"That camp she runs is a wonder. Of
course, she's rather strict, but still that's
sometimes just what some girls need."

MY better sense should have warned
me. But in my nervous state then
I jumped at the idea of sending Ruth
away for the summer. I'd be abso-
lutely free. No ties, no worries, no
scolding to do. Ten weeks of real va-
cation. The more I thought of it, the
better the solution seemed.

Ruth, though, fought bitterly against
the proposal. For the first time I saw
her really defiant, almost bitter against
me. And she had Lou on her side, for
he didn't like the idea of sending her
away for over two months. Bit by bit,
by my persistence, I managed to con-
vince him, and finally I had my way.

I shall never be able to blot out from
my memory those two weeks before
Ruth left for camp. She avoided me,
hardly spoke to me. We were almost
like strangers and, fed up with things
as I was then, there seemed nothing I
could do to win her back.

When the day actually arrived for
her to leave, it was not so easy as I had
thought. Something told me I was do-
ing the wrong thing. I had blundered,
lost my child's love, and now I was
trying to escape from the whole prob-
lem by sending her away from me. For
a moment I hesitated. How easy it
would be to cancel everything, tell her
she didn't have to go, speak from the
heart, beg her forgiveness—But I
couldn't.

As we stood there—the three of us—
waiting for her train to arrive, I took
her hand in mine. I wanted to give her

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we walked across the quiet campus Mrs. Hyatt explained that almost all the girls and counselors were out on an overnight hike. As I looked about me at the deserted cabins in which the campers lived, I couldn't rid myself of the feeling that the place was more like a prison than a camp. When we came to where Ruth was kept this impression was heightened. It was a small cabin with one small window and outside were posted two girls on guard as though a real criminal were inside.

The door was opened for us by one of the girls. For a moment I could see nothing, it was so dreary inside. And then I saw her rise from a bench in the corner of the room. She was wearing the camp uniform—the drab grey and blue middie and bloomers. As she stepped into the light streaming through the window, she looked so frightened, so terribly brow-beaten. Gone was her smile, gone, too, the life and spirit that used to beam from her. She seemed so terribly alone, so lost, so miserably lonesome. I felt weak with remorse. I wanted to cry out, to call my baby to me—for in that moment she seemed like a little lost child—but the words stuck in my throat. Only a sigh escaped me as I stepped forward and reached toward her. For a moment she didn't seem to recognize me.

THAT moment of anguish was the worst I have ever lived in my life. In those few seconds the retribution I so fully deserved cut deep into my heart. "Ruth—Ruth—my baby," I murmured. "Can you forgive me?"

My voice seemed to awaken some-

thing within her. A new life seemed to surge through her as her face lit with astonishment.

"Mother—Mother—" she cried hesitantly, as though she couldn't believe her eyes, and then with a sob I shall never be able to forget, she threw herself into my arms and wept uncontrollably.

How good it felt to have her close to me, to feel the warmth and goodness of the child permeate my being.

"Ruth, Ruth," I kept repeating, "can you forgive me, can you forgive me?"

It was not until hours later, after her things were packed and we were in the car on our way home together, that she told me the whole story.

"I know I've been bad, Mother—I know I've been a trouble and annoyance all along, but honestly nothing has happened you need be ashamed of—nothing at all."

I stopped the car at the roadside, turned, and faced her. I put my hands on her shoulders and we sat there looking at each other. Not a word passed between us, but I knew in that moment that we were mother and daughter again—friends not enemies.

Ruth is twenty-one now; a Junior at State College. Lou and I are happy again—happy as we haven't been since we were first married. Of course, Ruth sees boys, she's is even more attractive than ever, but that hasn't spoiled her. We let her do as she pleases about dates and parties and such things, but she rarely goes out more than once a week, and she's at the top of her class at college.

DRAMATIZE YOUR CHARM!

▪ Seldom do we find ready made the clothes we dream about, the frilly little frocks that make us look so fragile yet so appealing; the costumes that set off the color of our eyes and hair, do nice things for our figures, and make us feel so lovely and elegant at the same time.

Such clothes can be bought, of course, but seldom inexpensively. Style and exquisite color and fine workmanship cost money. We have to do without many of the beautiful clothes we long for because our budgets simply won't permit them.

Fortunately there's a silver lining to the gloomy old cloud, which has often brought unexpected good luck to the person who finds it.

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In Love with Her Boss

(Continued from page 26)

tacked on the walls, the place was at least cozy.

And of course I put in a lot of time cooking. Often Stan would bring in two or three of the men from the lumber camp for supper, and I always had to be more or less prepared for extras because Stan couldn't phone to say that he was bringing company to dinner. And it took a long time to prepare a meal when you had to keep stuffing wood into the stove, when you had to carry water in tin pails from the spring. No shiny white stove here, no electric refrigerator or any of the hundred and one gay kitchen gadgets which you could buy even in the ten-cent stores back home.

But one day I found myself with nothing to do, not even supper to get. Stan had gone across the lake to see a lumberman, and he couldn't make it back home much before midnight. It was an endless day of dragging hours and after that there were many such days. Gradually, with the loneliness and the fierce quiet broken only by the endless sighing of the wind in the tall pines and the occasional honking of wild geese as they headed north toward one of the little lakes, I began to hate the place.

AT first I didn't recognize this feeling as one of hate. I told myself that what I felt was a sort of homesickness and that after a time it would wear off. I didn't want Stan to know I was unhappy. He was busy all day out in the woods and at night working on his reports to send in to Eric; he was keyed up with health and vitality. His face was no longer thin and pale, but burned brown with wind and sun, and he enjoyed his meals so much, and always told me I was the best little cook in the world.

But gradually there seemed to be a wall rising up between us, a wall built of Stan's enthusiasms and of my silences, for it was becoming a greater and greater effort for me to be light-hearted even when my husband was about, though I tried my best to be cheerful. Stan must not suspect how I felt—how often I told myself that! How often I branded myself for a weakling through the long, lonely days, flinging myself face down on our bed and swearing that I wouldn't give in to this mood!

Our only regular visitor was Trapper Jim who had a shack down toward Devil Lake, one of the tiny lakes you could see from our cabin. Of course some of the men from the settlement came up now and then to see Stan and several of them had brought their wives. Tired, dull women, I thought them, talking of their children or of what they cooked for their husbands—if they talked at all. They seemed unaware of any world beyond the Bay, placidly content to go on slaving day after day for their families with nothing ahead of them but more drudgery.

But two or three evenings a week Trapper Jim would come up to sit and

puff at his pipe and tell his stories of the backwoods. Frightening tales, of man's struggles against this country, and of men so often losing. There was one story which especially haunted me, the story of a young man—"a bright lad, and sturdy as they come," as Trapper Jim put it, who had gone out to set a line of traps one January day and lost his bearings in a snow storm. "Five days after, we come onto him," Trapper Jim told. "We'd been followin' his trail two, three miles in the snow. A crazy trail goin' 'round in circles, and when we come onto the boy he was crumpled in a drift, face up, his jacket and wool shirt torn open and his chest bare. Y' understand, when a man freezes to death, he gets feelin' awful warm toward the last. It was that way with the boy."

That was the story that kept me lying awake nights, staring into the darkness. And even as summer and warmer weather came I couldn't forget it.

Stan had brought out packets of flower seed from the settlement store, which we planted around the cabin. And Stan had cleared off a good-sized plot beyond the pines for a vegetable garden, and he was also busy digging a root-cellar for storing the winter vegetables. Winter. That was all that was ahead. Winter in this cruel, merciless country that could take a young man in the prime of youth and vigor and torture him in body and mind until, dying with the cold, he would tear open his clothing in a fever of delusion.

I was standing by our window one night in early autumn, looking out with unseeing eyes upon a world that was white with moonlight. A beautiful night. But it was a treacherous beauty, I thought. Stan came over and took me into his arms. He held me a long minute, his face pressed against my hair, and I could feel the steady beating of his heart.

"LISTEN, Nancy," he said then and his voice was troubled, "wouldn't you be happier if we had a child?"

Happier? So he had guessed how I felt. As though one person can love another and not know when he is happy and when he isn't. But I hated for Stan to understand my discontent, and I flung myself from his arms.

"A child?" I cried, my self-control gone. "You want me to bear children in this wilderness! You don't know what you are saying. You don't seem to know what this place can do to people, to strong brave people. You want to bring children into the world, poor tiny babies who will grow up and go out and meet their death in a snow bank. I tell you it's an evil thing, this country, Stan. I hate it! Hate it, hate it, hate it! I tell you you are a fool to want children here."

I was beating with clenched fists against Stan's breast. My words were frenzied sobs in my throat. Stan picked me up and carried me across to the bed. He drew the blankets up around my bare

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shoulders and held me hard against his strength, till finally my exhausted body relaxed and I lay utterly weary in his arms. Then he kissed me, gently, and with infinite tenderness.

"I'll write to Eric," he said, "to be on the lookout for something back home for me."

And the next day he took a letter which I knew was not a report down to the settlement post office.

But Eric didn't get that letter, not at least, till weeks later, for that afternoon he arrived in Half Moon Bay on the regular weekly trip of the little steamer. Stan was out at one of the camps and I was in the kitchen stirring up ginger-bread for supper, when all at once there was an excited, gay halloing down the trail. I dropped the mixing spoon and ran to the front door, and there was Eric. Tall, handsome, polished Eric, striding up the trail of slippery brown pine needles and weighted down with extravagant cowhide bags. A couple of the settlement boys followed with more bags and baggage.

"Eric, Eric!" I cried, so happy to see someone from back home.

He dropped his bags and caught me gayly into his arms and kissed me.

"NANCY, my dear, you're so pale and white. You've been ill, I'm afraid."

"Of course, I haven't," I laughed, bundling him into the house, half-believing that if I didn't get him inside and the door closed he would vanish.

How long the three of us sat before the fire that night, and how cozy everything seemed now! The wind howling a young gale outside and the warmth within. Eric's good-humored laugh ringing through the room, his wit. And the gifts he had brought us! It was like a story-book Christmas. Books and magazines, cigarettes and extravagant candied fruits and gorgeous boxes of little imported cakes, leather boots and jackets for Stan and for me a quilted robe in which I felt like someone in a movie. A little radio to be run with batteries. Perfume and lace squares that were handkerchiefs and a pair of jade-green earrings and gloves—foolish, expensive things that a woman loves. Eric knew that I wouldn't have use for such things, and yet he had brought them. Oh, Eric knew women!

We were sitting together before the fire one dark afternoon, Eric and I, when Stan had gone into the settlement for the mail. Eric almost always went with Stan on his trips to the camps, but of course there was nothing at the settlement to take him down there. "I'll stay and keep Nancy company," he had said when Stan was getting into his windbreaker. And sitting here with him before the fire, with the new radio softly drowning out the moan of the wind in the pines, I was strangely content.

"It's grand having you here, Eric," I said. "You don't know what this visit means to me." The tenseness, it seemed, was gone out of me. Nights, lying beside Stan, I wasn't afraid any more.

Eric rose from his chair and stood before me. He stood there looking down at me.

"You don't know," he said then slowly, "what you mean to me, Nancy."

Startled, my glance came up. "Eric, what do you mean?"

He sat down on the broad arm of my chair, picked up one of my hands and laid it upon his outstretched fingers. Slowly his hand closed over mine.

"My dear," he whispered, "I love you."

"Eric, you don't know what you are saying!"

"Don't I though?" His hand would not release mine. "I am telling another man's wife that I love her. And that man is a friend of mine. I hate that part of it, dear. But what am I going to do about it?"

"You—you'll have to go away, Eric."

With his free hand he tipped back my head against his knee until my eyes were looking up into his.

"But I'm not going away," he said with sureness. "Not until you are ready to come with me. You may think now that you won't come, but you will. You don't belong here. You hate it. Now, don't you?"

"I—yes," I admitted unhappily. "But I—there's Stan, don't you see?"

"What about him? Stan's crazy about the place. He belongs here. It'd be punishment to take him back to town now. And he knows you aren't happy here. In fact, he told me you weren't. He'd want what was best for you, and you belong back in town; you belong with me. We'll have the gayest times together, my dearest. We'll go everywhere and do all the things a beautiful child like you ought to be doing."

I'M not beautiful. But it was intoxicating to have a man like this telling you so, even when you knew in some remote corner of your mind which was still able to think that he had said this to countless other women. He kissed me then. It was a strange kiss, going on and on, till my mouth trembled under its demand.

"We—we're both mad," I tried to protest. "We can't do this." But he only drew me to my feet and held me in his arms and covered my face with kisses.

We heard Stan stamping the wet pine needles from his boots, and we drew apart. But he must have known that something had happened as he slowly came into the room. I don't know what it was, but a kind of tenseness like an actual presence crowded the place.

"Dirty weather ahead," Stan said in a matter of fact way as he pulled off his coat, but I saw the whiteness about his mouth. I was terrified. What had I done? What was going to become of us, three people caught in a web of emotions from which there could be none but a tragic escape?

After that Stan was away a lot, leaving me and Eric together. Evenings, when we all sat before the fire together, the three of us, you wouldn't have guessed that there was any unhappiness there.

"If only Stan didn't still love me—"

I said unhappily to Eric one afternoon when we were together, turning from the window where I had been looking out into the grey November afternoon. The little steamer would make its last trip to Half Moon Bay on Saturday, just two days away. Eric would have to leave then.

"Of course he still loves you," Eric put in quickly. "Don't you see, my sweet, the very fact that he does love you makes it obvious that he'll want you happy? That makes all this easy."

He took me into his arms.

"Not easy, Eric," I sighed, but I knew in that moment that I was going with him. I was too weak, too selfish to hold out against the glamorous future he offered and the chance to return to civilization.

SATURDAY morning we were ready to leave. The steamer would dock at two. Eric's bags were packed. I'd bathed the night before in a tub of hot water beside the kitchen stove. My dress and coat hung freshly sponged and pressed in the bedroom behind a curtain which served as a closet. Eric had engaged a boy from the settlement to run us down to the wharf in his car.

Not a word had been said to Stan. I kept telling myself that in going away I was at least leaving him to this life he loved, instead of dragging him back to the city. I kept remembering that Eric had said to me, "Oh, he may be hurt, but if you stay here you'll be hurting each other a thousand times over. Much better to make the break and get it over with."

I tried to make a pretense of keeping busy in the kitchen. Eric roamed about restlessly in the big room. At eleven o'clock Stan put on his big fleece-lined coat and took down his wool cap from the peg behind the kitchen door. "I'm going over to Devil Lake to get a minnow trap I set." The minnows were used for bait in fishing for trout in the big lake. To get these small fish you

had to set a trap in one of the little back lakes. "Won't take me long," said Stan, and the door swung closed after him.

I began to get something together for lunch. Stan would be back by noon. I didn't let myself think that it would be our last lunch together. I tried not to think at all, either about the past or the future. As to that future, Eric and I were to be married—as soon as Stan would release me. As if carrying out the letter of the law would in any way make right the wrong we were doing.

At twelve-thirty Stan had not yet come back. Outside, in the gray mid-day, large, slow-sifting snowflakes were beginning to drift down.

"We'd better have our lunch, Eric," I said, and the two of us sat down, though we touched nothing but the strong, hot tea. At half-past one Stan had still not returned.

"It'll be simpler this way," Eric said, relieved, I could see, that Stan had not yet come back. The boy from the settlement was at the door in a rattly car. The snow by this time was coming down in a whirling fury, with the wind howling and the air stinging cold.

"See here," Eric demanded of the settlement boy, "this squall won't hold up the boat, will it?"

The boy swung the bags into the car. "She'll put out, the boat," he assured us. "Lake will be freezing any time now, and she wouldn't risk being held up here for the winter. No dry dock nor nothing here. The captain can get through a blow like this. He's got charts and compass and the like."

But Stan, I was thinking in sudden panic, was out there in the bush somewhere, in that blinding, driving fury, without anything like a chart or a compass, without even enough clothing.

And all at once I think I must have gone mad, what with the doubt and uncertainty of the past days and the conviction of my wrong-doing and the fact that underneath it all I still loved Stan.



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The young boy in Trapper Jim's story suddenly became Stan. I could see Stan crumpled in a drift, his coat and his shirt and his wool underclothing torn open at the throat, agony about his mouth. His mouth looked like the time he had come into the room after Eric had held me in his arms.

I couldn't think or I would have known that the temperature hadn't dropped enough yet to freeze a man to death, I would have realized that enough snow hadn't fallen to blot out familiar landmarks. Though of course the whirling fury of the squall was almost blinding. I couldn't reason at all. And all I could see was Stan's mouth and the agonizing set of his sturdy jaw.

I stood there by the big fireplace, letting Eric help me into my heavy coat. I drew on the beautiful kid gloves Eric had brought to me.

"We'll have to be moving," Eric said.

AND all at once I was tearing the extravagant gloves from my fingers. I ran out to the kitchen and found the red wool mittens Stan had bought for me at the settlement store. I found a wool muffler and knotted it under my chin.

"What are you doing, dearest?" Eric questioned. "We'll have to go. We can't risk missing the boat."

"Oh, go, Eric," I cried out. "Catch the boat. I can't. I'm going to find Stan."

He tried to hold me. "Don't be a little fool, Nancy."

"Catch your boat, Eric—" I cried, and broke away and ran out into the whirling fierceness of the storm.

The afternoon was grey, the sound of the sobbing pines like the torture in my heart. I started along the trail toward Trapper Jim's cabin, praying that he would be there. Old Jim would know where to look for Stan. I stumbled and fell to my knees. I flung myself to my feet again and went on, tears seeming to freeze against my lashes and my fingers aching with the unaccustomed cold. What I should do if Trapper Jim wasn't at the cabin, I didn't dare to think. But after endless ages when I finally came in sight of the one-room shack, with the lean-to

where the old man kept his traps, I saw smoke coming from the big stone chimney.

"I know I don't deserve to find him, God," I cried, stumbling up the last few steps of the path. The door swung inward as I threw my weight against it, and the low-ceilinged room smelt of coffee and tobacco smoke. A man leaped up from a bunk in the corner.

It was Stan.

I couldn't believe it.

"Why, Nancy—" he said, unbelievably. Just that. I flung myself into his arms.

"My darling, you can't breathe," he said and grinned down at me in his dear, gentle way, and began to unknot the scarf I had tied around my throat.

And I knew, without his telling me, what he was doing here. He had come down here to Trapper Jim's cabin to stay till after the boat had sailed, to make it easier for me whom he loved better than himself. He had said to me once, holding me close as we lay side by side, "I will always love you, Nancy. Whatever comes, I will always love you."

And I had said, "It will be that way with both of us," Only—I had broken faith—

That was four years ago.

FOUR years of bitter remorse and of triumph. We are still at Half Moon Bay, Stan and I, and on our own land now. Stan is cutting and milling his own timber. We haven't much money, but we have the mill and many plans for the future. I have borne Stan two children, a boy and a girl; and at the settlement we have a Mothers' Club and a Citizens' Committee. This latter organization has paved the main street of the town, and now the Mothers' Club is demanding electricity for the district. The Committee says it can be managed by running a line from the dynamo at the stream which makes the power for our mill.

And now I must go. Stan is coming and it's time to feed the baby and there's bread in the oven. When you are busy living every minute of today, you don't have time to think of something you might want next week or next year.

Little Irish Beauty

(Continued from page 36)

above all the doors to bring us luck and protection. It was a cross similar to the one Shaun O'Dea and I had sworn eternal faith on.

Now that little cross may have been ready to fall. The next one who opened the door might have brought it down. But I didn't see it in that light and I don't see it that way even now. I considered it a direct warning from the supernatural that I must be true to my oath and religion. It brought me up with a jerk and make me realize fully what I was about to do. Nothing in this world could have persuaded me just then to step over that simple cross of faded rushes and go my way. I re-

turned to bed, to a sleepless night.

I never saw or heard of Stanley Raden again, though for many a long day my heart was sore when I thought of him and that was often enough. Still I never regretted what I had done.

I had no more love affairs, though several offers of marriage were made to me through matchmakers. Against my parents' advice I turned them all down. And, though the years were slowly rolling by, there was no news from my first love, Shaun. One by one the young people, including my brothers and sisters grew up and emigrated—mostly to America. For my own part, I could not bring myself to

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leave my parents and the old home. I felt rooted to the place.

Then my parents died and I was alone for a time. A lady teacher came to board with me and I was glad of the company. On the winter nights I would tell her the old traditional Gaelic stories I knew and in return she taught me how to write the Gaelic. In a short time I was wonderfully proficient.

When the native Government came into power I got the position of organizer of Gaelic Studies in the schools. I still kept the old home, letting it to an elderly pair returned from America on condition that they reserved a bed for me for the summer vacation which I always spent there.

Still the years sped. Old school chums were now all married, with families growing up. I was definitely in the old maid class, though I did not admit it to myself. All the time I was buoyed up by the hope that somewhere my old lover Shaun was living and would yet return for me. It is strange how many old maids cherish thoughts like that.

THEN one autumn evening, about twenty years after Shaun first went away, I was coming down the old road when I was surprised to see a magnificent car stop outside the nettle-covered ruins of the O'Dea house. Coming nearer, I saw a chauffeur at the wheel and then for the first time saw a large man standing in the doorway of the ruined walls.

He was a big, stout man with horn-rimmed glasses and he looked bigger still in the heavy overcoat he was wearing, though the day wasn't cold.

As I made to pass he came toward me and I got the surprise of my life when he saluted me in excellent Gaelic. There was a peculiar eagerness about him.

"Tell me," he said, pointing to our house farther down, "isn't that old Mickey Moran's house below there?"

"It was," said I, "but he's dead these many years, you know."

He paused at this and now, considering his features, I thought I saw something familiar about them. Then he began to speak again and asked after my mother, and brothers, and sisters, mentioning each one by name. Finally he came closer and, bending forward a little and speaking lower, said, "And Kathleen—what became of her?"

I was truly startled now.

"I'm Kathleen," I replied. He gave a jerk and looked closer at me.

"You!" he gasped. "You, Kitty! And you don't remember me—Shaun O'Dea."

I looked at him a moment and then turned away. So this was my strapping youthful lover, this over-fed, fat, mid-

dle-aged man. Somehow, I had always pictured him as I had last seen him. I had not allowed for the changes the years bring. And here he was, returned after twenty long years, and he did not even shake hands, nor did I want him to. I was cold. The fires of youth were dead within me.

After an embarrassed silence he spoke again. He asked me of this one and that one. He told me of his career in big business, how the lust for gold had got into his blood and he had forgotten everything, friends, and homeland, and everything in pursuit of it.

"And now," he said "what is it all, when I've sacrificed my youth for it?"

His voice was shaking now and I was glad when he suddenly turned and entered the car. I watched it, as it lurched down the old road out of sight. Then I walked on as in a dream and entered the house.

I could hardly realize as yet that my dream had been shattered, that Shaun had come and gone. Then I went down to the little room and, looking in the small mirror, saw myself with the eyes of truth for the first time in years.

I saw the face of a woman who looked almost aged. Grey hair, high-protruding cheek-bones, dull, tired eyes, withered, wrinkled skin. I was still less than forty, but like all women who lead a primitive life I had aged prematurely. Then the slow anger that was growing in me against Shaun O'Dea turned suddenly to pity, for I realized that most likely he had expected to find in me the same fresh Irish girl he had left twenty years before. What a disillusionment he must have suffered!

FOR my own part, I had rather a thousand times that Shaun O'Dea had never returned. I would then have had my hopes and dreams to cherish even perhaps into old age. Today I have only regrets and longings for what might have been. I think of the passionately happy years I might have spent with Stanley Raden or the children I might have had about me, had I married any of the several good men who offered me marriage.

Today I see tragedies like my own being enacted all around me. I shake my head when girls tell me they will not marry until their lovers have so much saved or have reached a certain salary and so on. So much may happen if you delay and even if nothing does happen, the golden years of your youth are slipping relentlessly by. I advise against delay. I advise taking a chance. for marriage will be a gamble, anyway, no matter how long you put it off; and the warnings usually go to the stout of heart.

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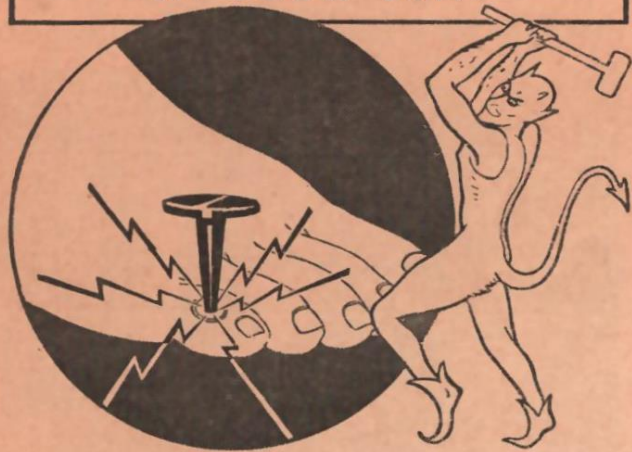
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Charm and Harm in Suntan

(Continued from page 46)

realize that it's smart as well as sensible to have an oiled skin in the process of becoming nut-brown maids, we refuse to give the matter another thought.

Bright lipsticks and some kind of protection for the hair are essential for your beach kits, however. The hair dries up very quickly when exposed to the glare and torridity of the sun and the scorch of summer breezes, so it's not a bad idea to rub a bit of oil or brilliantine on the outside surface of the hair while you loaf and to brush it thoroughly and frequently to coax the oil out of the scalp into the dried out locks. I personally believe that too long exposure to the sun's rays is not good for the hair under any condition and a bit of prevention is worth any number of pounds of cure, so why not wear a bandanna hanky or a light beret and avoid trouble while adding to your picturesqueness at the same time?

NUT-brown maids, or young persons in the process of becoming so, should remember that their ordinary processes of make-up must necessarily be altered to meet the exigencies of the new color scheme, and in general you are going to require deeper and more glowing shades of rouge, lipstick and powder than you did before the sun

brought out the gypsy in you. I have just learned of a new sunlight shade of powder, rather of two sunlight powders, one for light complexions, the other for young persons who have gone native seriously, that are particularly flattering to sunkissed complexions. Girls, returned from southern climes this spring, seized upon these powders eagerly, claiming that their mellowness of color and texture gave their suntan a softness and delicate bloom they could never achieve otherwise.

I HAVE also discovered a sun cream that can be used as a powder base and as a protection against freckles at the same time. If you use this cream sparingly, you will tan a nice even brown without a particle of burn. If you are lavish in its use, you will receive the tonic value of the sun's rays without altering your lily fairness.

I wouldn't worry too much about holding on to the latter, however, in this day and age when the movies have taught us what enchantment dwells in golden-skinned charmers under the South Sea moon and every civilization-weary male heart is developing a nostalgia for the girl with a scarlet flower behind her ear and lips as red as that flower.

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I Had Cheated Us Both

(Continued from page 37)

a child. I didn't tell my husband this before we married. Yet I knew how much children meant to him. Why? Because I could not bear to be a coward in the eyes of the man I loved and because I hoped that my desire to be the mother of his baby might overcome my dread. How many hours of useless anxiety I might have saved us both if only I had taken my husband into my confidence from the beginning!

Like many young couples, we wanted to be alone for a while. More than once Bruce said to me, "Alice, dearest, not even a son of our own could make me happier at this moment. I wouldn't want you to give your affection to anyone else."

THE first year we were married we were so busy making our new home that we were completely satisfied with each other. Our friends dropped in on us informally, too. We had many small parties, but the evenings we spent alone planning the future were the most wonderful of all. Sometimes I wished that those days could last forever. Almost before I knew it we were celebrating our first anniversary, and shortly after I came face to face with the fact that Bruce thought we were ready for what most married people regard as their greatest happiness. Bruce did not at first press the matter. He was a gentleman through and through. He felt that the final decision must rest with me. His remarks, though, told me what was in his heart. Often just before we dropped off to sleep he'd ask, "What shall we call our son, Alice?"

I'd laugh and answer, "Why, Bruce of course."

It was not long, however, before he began to notice that I never brought the subject up and avoided it whenever possible. One evening we were out walking. We were feeling closer to each other than usual. He asked me gently, "Alice, wouldn't a baby make you happy?"

I caught my breath, "Why, yes, Bruce, of course it would." I paused, "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes, I think you'd rather not."

"No. It isn't that."

"What is it then?" His eyes searched my face anxiously.

"Don't you see, Bruce dearest, all my life I've never done anything but help to look after my brothers and sisters? We were such a big family. And now I'd like to wait a little while. We're still young, you know."

He pressed me closer to him murmuring, "I understand."

I had told him the truth. I was the oldest of six children. I had seen my own mother worn out and broken down in health caring for us. It seemed to me there was never a time when I did not have to look after one of the younger children. When other girls crowded up to a soda fountain after school, I had to hurry home to help

Mother. Many a night I rocked a baby to sleep instead of going to a dance. Nevertheless, I loved my brothers and sisters. Caring for them would never have poisoned me against motherhood. No. It was Margaret's death. I could see her face now. Bruce must have sensed that I winced. He began again hesitantly—

"There's no reason why you couldn't have a child, is there?"

I shook my head.

"I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to you. I'd feel like a murderer the rest of my life."

"I'm perfectly all right. I'm sure," I reassured him.

I wonder now how I could have withstood such unselfishness. But at that moment I was trembling. My misgivings instead of dwindling had grown tenfold. If Bruce had been less patient, if he had tried to force his will on me, I believe I would have run away in panic. "I shall always feel like this," I shuddered to myself. What was Bruce saying?

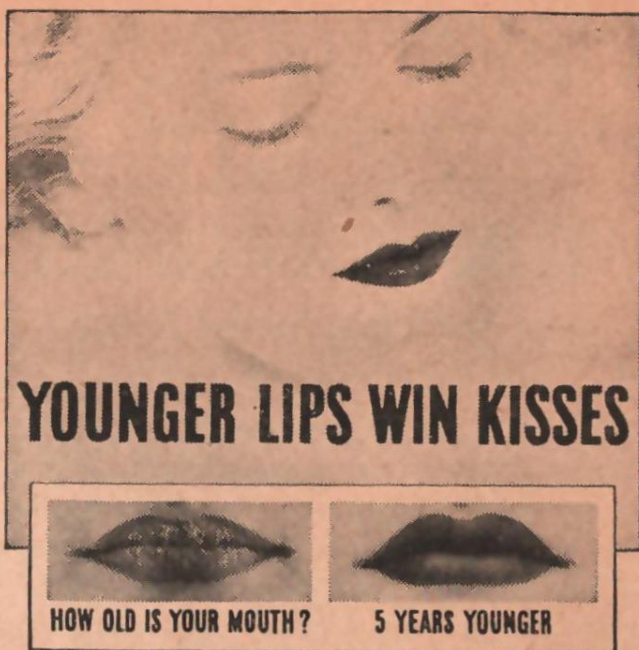
"Well, I'm willing to wait a little longer, if it will make you any happier."

His consideration touched me. "Thank you, darling," I whispered. And I promised myself to fight that dread with all my might.

SUCCESS was not to be had for the asking. I only managed to hide my fear from my husband. During the day I argued with myself. Couldn't I see that my health was excellent? That I had allowed my friend's tragic end to affect me morbidly? But unless you have been the victim of some shock you cannot understand its hold over you. You are left powerless.

Time passed by. We had been married two years. We were still happy, except that Bruce was perplexed and baffled. He could not see what was in my mind. I myself felt I had reached the end of my rope. I could not continue to put him off with excuses. I again debated going to him and confessing my fears. My pride would not let me. Admit to Bruce that I was a coward? That's what it would amount to—admitting that I could not face a situation which the women we knew faced bravely with a smile. No. I could never do that. I would rather have had him despise me for my selfishness.

The joy I saw my school friends derive from their babies made me envious, but it did not increase my courage. My friend Sandra, who had moved to Chicago when she married, wrote me continuously of the delight Bobbie gave her. Hardly a day went by that I did not see some example of the richness of motherhood. Yet I was not willing to pay the price for it. When I first met Bruce I fell so deeply in love with him that, if someone had told me I would not do the one thing to make him happy, I would have laughed in his face. And here was I fighting the dearest



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wish of his heart with every atom of my being. Excuses were no longer possible. It was now a matter of open refusal on my part.

The Christmas of our third year of marriage drew near. At breakfast one morning he handed me a twenty-dollar bill saying, "Let's not get ourselves anything for Christmas this year. Why don't you buy some toys for the kids at the Children's Hospital?"

"I think that's a wonderful idea, Bruce." I was so glad to be able to please him. "I'll just love doing it. I'll talk to one of the nurses today."

"Okay," he smiled bitterly. "I guess we might as well make other kids happy as long as we're not going to have any of our own."

I bit my lip. I didn't dare look at Bruce. It was the first time he had said anything like that, although his manner had grown more and more reserved. I could see and feel that he was changing toward me. We were drifting apart. Soon he might even hate me. Oh, the agony of seeing the person closest to you growing into a stranger! That morning I almost thought I could go to him and say, "Bruce, I'll do anything rather than see us become enemies." I almost believed I was ready to. Then I remembered poor Margaret. Her pain seemed to be my pain. I couldn't. I cringed. I couldn't.

I HURRIED down to the hospital that morning and talked to the head nurse about planning a little surprise for the charity patients. She took me to one of the wards so I could talk to the tiny invalids. My heart was wrung to see their twisted bodies. Yet each one of them beamed at me as I passed. Everywhere I went I was rebuked for my lack of fortitude.

On the way home I asked myself suddenly why we couldn't adopt a baby. My feet fairly flew. That was the answer to our problem. Some poor child would be given a home, and Bruce, I was sure, would soon come to love it as his own.

I heard Bruce open the door as I was cooking dinner.

"Hello," he called to me, without coming into the kitchen to kiss me, as he used to. We sat down at the table, and I told him about my visit to the hospital and about what I intended to buy the children, and then I told him about those little crippled tots. At last I broke out—

"Oh, Bruce, I know how much a baby would mean to you! Why couldn't we adopt one from an orphan's home?"

He did not answer at once. I wondered if he had heard me. I repeated the question. Then he asked slowly—"Why should we, when we can have one of our own?"

I did not know what to say. I had forgotten in my eagerness that he would naturally want a reason why I preferred to adopt a baby.

"Well, what's the matter with adopting one?" I countered lamely. "There are certainly enough children in need of a home."

"That's very true," he agreed sar-

castically, giving me a withering glance.

My flimsy scheme fell to the ground. I realized as well as he that nothing could take the place of a baby that was the result of our love. Suddenly his face flushed angrily. He threw down his napkin and shoved back his chair.

"I'm tired of this childishness," he shouted and stormed out of the room.

For the first time I saw Bruce in actual rage.

"Don't, Bruce! Don't!" I pleaded following him into the living-room.

He turned his back on me for a few moments as though he were trying to regain his self-control. Unexpectedly he turned toward me.

"What's the big idea?" he demanded with blazing eyes. "Are you holding something back from me?"

"No! No!" I denied frantically.

"Then tell me! What is it?"

"I—I'm— Oh, I don't know—" I ended helplessly.

HE paced back and forth in front of the fireplace.

"It seems to me that you might enlighten me on this subject." He turned toward me. "Look here, Alice, have I ever forced you into doing anything you didn't want to do?"

"No, Bruce."

"Then if it's simply that you don't want us to have any kids, why don't you say so?"

"I do. Sometime."

"You've been saying that for nearly three years," he said disgustedly. He calmed down a little. "If it meant putting you in danger, you know I wouldn't let you go through with it. But—but, ye gods, you're a perfectly healthy woman. And you know how much a kid would mean to me."

I sank down on the davenport, buried my head in my arms, and sobbed. He softened and sitting down beside me, took me in his arms.

"What do you say, honey?" he murmured. "I'll ask you just this once. Shall we?"

I grew rigid. I drew away. All reason left me. Hysterically I cried, "I can't! I can't!"

He stood up abruptly.

"Very well, then," he said harshly. "We're through. We can't go on like this. It's driving me crazy."

Those words were the sounding of doom to me. Bruce meant what he said. He was slow to make a decision, but, once he did, there was no changing his mind.

His eyes narrowed. "Do you know what I think?" he repeated slowly. "I think you're an out and out coward."

At that moment the doorbell rang. Bruce went to answer it. As I look back on it now, it seems to me that the ringing of the doorbell was a miracle. Otherwise our life together might have ended there. Bruce returned with a telegram in his hand.

"It's for you."

I opened it and read it.

"It's from Sandra," I told Bruce. "She says George has been killed in an automobile accident. She wants to know if I could go to her. Stay with

her for a few days."

"Gee, that's tough!" breathed Bruce. We forgot our own quarrel in Sandra's tragedy.

"And Bob's only a year old," remarked Bruce. Neither of us could speak. A few moments later Bruce added, "You'll go, of course?"

"Yes," I assented. "I'll take the morning train."

I arrived the day after the funeral. Much to my surprise, I found Sandra composed and smiling. She clasped my hand warmly.

"It's awfully good to see you, dear," she said. "Are you and Bruce just as happy as ever?"

"Yes," I lied. My unhappiness seemed so small compared with hers.

"Well, make yourself at home," she invited cheerfully. "This is going to be like old times. Only Bobbie will help look after us," she said jokingly.

Underneath her bright manner was a heavy heart. But she never gave in to it. There were times when she actually rose above her sorrow. She did her housework in the usual way. She did all she could to make me feel at home. She played with her little boy. He was a beautiful little fellow. I found myself gazing at him a dozen times a day. Once Sandra noticed me.

"He looks just like his father. Doesn't he?" she observed.

I nodded and then I burst out, "Oh, Sandra, how can you be so brave?"

SHE dropped her eyes and her voice trembled.

"It's not easy. But at least I'm not alone." She kissed one of Bobbie's hands. "It's Bobbie that keeps me going. It's just as though I still had some of George right here."

At that statement my own fears vanished. It was as though I saw a wonderful light. It came over me how much it would mean to have a son of my own. I knew that only one thing in the world could compensate the loss of Bruce, and that was Bruce's child. (Though, please God, I would never have to face that loss!) How I had cheated us both! And it was Sandra's courage that had driven out my morbid fears. I stretched out my hand.

"Sandra, you'll never know what you've done for me."

You can imagine how anxious I was to get home! I left the next day with the knowledge that Bruce and I need not be separated now. The train seemed to crawl. What if he had left me while I was gone? But my misgivings were groundless. He met me at the station that night when the train pulled in. We greeted each other like friends rather than husband and wife. He helped me into our roadster. As he drove, he kept his eyes on the road. He spoke first—

"I'm sorry about the other night. I—I'd rather we never had any children than do without you!"

My heart beat with joy. I put my arm around his shoulder. Now I could tell him everything. In a low voice I told him—

"You were right, Bruce. I was a coward. But I'm not one any more."

"Say, Mary, can't we do something about this Bathroom Odor?"



Bathroom odor is a problem. Guests are apt to notice unpleasant odors even more quickly than members of the family. Don't run the risk of your bathroom being offensive. Use *Creolin* regularly. Creolin dispels odors quickly and effectively. Pour it into toilet and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floors, walls, toilet bowl and tub. It will keep your bathroom clean-smelling and sanitary. As a disinfectant, antiseptic and deodorant, Creolin has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years.

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YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

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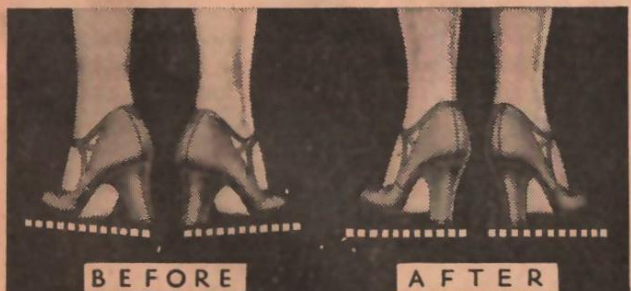


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Men, women 18 to 50. Be Gov't File Clerks. Common education sufficient. Write today, for list of many U. S. gov't jobs and full particulars on how to get them.

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Don't blame your shoes if they lose their shape and the heels wear crooked. It is the way you walk—the weight of your body is off balance. Dr. Scholl's WALK-STRATES correct this fault by equalizing the body's weight. They stop strain on the ankles; keep your shoes smart and trim; save on repairs. Easily attached in any shoe. Sizes for men and women. Sold by all drug, shoe and dept. stores—only 35¢.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates

Happiest Moment of My Life

(Continued from page 7)

FIVE-DOLLAR PRIZES

WHERE do children get the wise, sweet things they are forever whispering into a mother's ear? It is one of the compensations of motherhood which might otherwise seem just a hard, thankless task.

I well remember the day my small daughter, who had just started school, came running in to tell me that the next day would be Mother's Day. All the mothers were invited to attend school. Would I come?

We were in rather poor circumstances at the time and presentable clothes were a problem. I said to her, in a joking way, "Wouldn't you hate for Mother to come in her old bird-nest hat?"

She stood regarding me seriously for a moment and then, putting a small hand on each side of my face and looking straight into my eyes, she said, "Mother, honey, if you was six times as shabby I'd still be proud of you!"

Oh, the joy of that time! She died of pneumonia shortly afterward, and you can easily see why I treasure this incident as probably the happiest moment of my life.

—MRS. H. F.

JOHN and I were sweethearts when Annie Mears came to town, and I soon saw that John was falling for her. Naturally I hated to lose John, yet I loved him too deeply to stand in the way of his happiness, and so there came a day when I was forced to face the crisis of my life and one of the most heartbreaking ordeals ever endured by any woman when, with a heart that beat in agony, I stood in the church and saw Annie Mears legally married to the man I worshipped.

I saw the smile of conquering pride on John's face when he turned to take his bride into his arms, and then I closed my eyes, for I could not stand the torture any longer. My heart—my very soul—seemed dead as I walked from the church for the last time, and a few minutes later I boarded a train for a distant city.

In my heart I knew that I could never love again, and so it was that the years sped on. The wound in my heart gradually healed, but my love for John changed, only to grow stronger. The years mounted up, nearly forty of them, before I saw John again. He was changed—older and grayer, but so was I. We talked, and among other things, he said that Annie, his wife, had been dead for nearly ten years. Afterward, we saw each other several times, and so, after forty years of waiting and just a few days after my sixty-fourth birthday had passed, I am sure the happiest moment of my life came when John took me into his arms and kissed me—his wife!

—G. E. H.

I MARRIED him not knowing or realizing what a grip the drinking habit held upon him. Later, like many

young girls, I hoped to reform my husband. He was wonderful—so generous, so handsome, so domestic, so companionable—when not under the influence of liquor. But when he was drinking!

I worked, finally, to earn our living—his efforts didn't bring in a steady income—and had to keep house on the run, besides seeing that my son was cared for. I prayed through twenty years of harassed nights to the tune of constant repetitions, breaking glass, cursing, mumbling, pounding—and what not!

Then, suddenly, of his own volition, my husband determined to stop drinking. Many times before he had said he would, but for some reason this moment was different.

From that second to this day he has not touched even the least intoxicating of liquors, though he has been subjected to countless temptations; and during these last twenty years I have been praising God, to the tune of the wind in the trees, for His goodness in saving my son from more worry, in saving my two daughters the shame, torment, and ignominy of a drunken father, and in granting my—and my husband's too, for he deplores those first twenty years—peace.

—MRS. M. T.

I WAS one of the so-called modern co-eds, several years ago, eternally in search of thrills. Promiscuous petting made me popular, so I petted with whoever my escort happened to be. After the first adolescent thrill passed, I became disgusted with this mad pawing. Way down in my heart I longed for a—gentleman who would respect as well as love me.

When I returned home for the Christmas holidays I met the man of whom I had dreamed. It was grand, being treated like a lady. I went back to school with a new attitude—a more wholesome one, I am sure. You see I really loved this boy. I stopped petting and tried so hard to be worthy of him.

I was thrilled as I had never been thrilled at the prospect of our meeting when I returned. He was his old, courteous self when he called and I was so perfectly happy. Imagine my surprise when, after we had been driving a few moments, he casually placed a hand over my knee. That was the day of short dresses.

I was stunned for a moment, then unceremoniously knocked his hand away.

"Now, baby, don't be like that," he cajoled. He repeatedly attempted those same besmirching advances with which I had become so disgusted.

I endured all I could, then in a shaking voice said, "Please take me home, Bob. I can't stand any more of this."

He actually breathed a sigh of relief.

"Please forgive me, dear. Some of the boys said you were a wild little petter, and I just had to know. I'm crazy about you and want you to marry me." Wasn't that a grand moment?

—MRS. N. R.

Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema. The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus  The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack

Nurse Uses Cascade on Nearly Every Case

I have this to say now and always. I sure could not and would not be without a Cascade for my own use. I also use one in my work on nearly every case I go on. I enjoy using it because I can always depend on good results; it never fails me. I surely have had some wonderful results by the use of the Cascade. I guess I could fill a book with my different cases and the results I have had. I just couldn't nurse any more without it.

Lena Lierman, R.N.
1731 Delaware St.
Anderson, Ind.
Nov. 8, 1934

ing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

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How to Make Money at Home

(Continued from page 5)

MAGIC POLISHING PAD

Castile soap	2 pounds
Jewelers' rouge	1 pound
Water	20 pounds

Dissolve soap in water by first heating water, then add rouge. In this solution soak pieces of woolen cloth cut to size desired. Chamois skin may be used but at greater expense. Remove from solution and dry.

—MRS. C. W.

Contrary to the customary belief, there are things that the farm wife and mother can do to make a bit of extra money. Here is one of them.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

DEAR MRS. MORTON:

From the old goose pond in my pasture comes the moody, deep bass voice of the frogs that will go to their doom to satisfy the appetites of those who love their tender, white meat.

In our pasture, a short way from the house, are two large springs that run together, forming a large pond. I tried raising geese there for a while, but found there was little profit and a great deal of muss and worry as the geese were very noisy and fought the children.

After disposing of my geese my pond soon became inhabited with many minnows, crawfish and little frogs. One day I read an ad in a farm magazine promising rich returns from a pair of frogs for breeding purposes. It informed me that just one pair of breeders would lay more than 10,000 eggs a year, and giant frogs, about a year or eighteen months old, weighing up to three pounds, sold for five dollars a dozen on the big markets.

I immediately ordered two pair of breeders and placed them in my old pond. I received instructions on their care with my order and a promise of disposal. My pond already held minnows and crawfish and their offspring made plenty of food for the frogs, thus settling the food question.

For a year I just sat back and let the frogs raise their family. I sold only a few dozen of their offspring, as I wanted to get a start. My first year I bought a few articles on breeding and raising frogs and got the idea of dividing my pond off into three groups. One for the breeders, another for tadpoles and a third for the growing frogs, the last being the largest pond of the three. As my spring supplied plenty of water, all I had to do was collect rocks and build small dams forming my different homes, which the frogs use winter and summer.

Their care is very simple. I have a screen which I use to dip the eggs that are laid some time between spring and autumn, out of the breeders' pond. I

(Continued on page 101)

SHE WON HIM WITH Golden Hair

THAT WAS ONCE
BROWNISH



Shampoo-Rinse Lightens Hair 2 to 4 SHADES

EVERY Blonde whose hair has faded, become brownish, yearns for the gleaming golden lights, the fascinating glints of true blonde beauty. If you are a "used-to-be" blonde—don't yearn for ravishingly lovely hair—have it! Use Blondex. One shampoo with this unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one does wonders for the dulled, most streaked hair. Use Blondex tonight. See how quickly, easily your brownish hair is washed 2 to 4 shades lighter. And safely, too, for Blondex is a harmless rinse, not a harsh chemical or dye. Used by a million blondes. Don't delay. Bring back glorious golden beauty to your hair today. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

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For quick relief from the itching of pimples, blotches, eczema, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for—

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WANTED-VERY SHORT TRUE ROMANCES

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MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. are in the market for very short true stories. By "very short" we mean stories of from 2500 to 4500 words. For the fifty-three best true stories falling within these word limits and submitted before July 1st, 1936, \$10,000 will be paid in amounts ranging from \$100 up to the magnificent grand prize of \$1500. The greater part of this money undoubtedly will go to men and women who have never before written for publication. Why not get your share? To the person who has never written, the thought of setting down a story of ten thousand or more words might seem a hopeless task. But to write a story from 2500 to 4500 words presents no such problem. Comparatively little time is required and if successful how else could you realize as substantial remuneration for the time and effort involved?

The chances are that, as you read this, a true story has recalled itself to you that might easily merit the big \$1500 first prize or, failing that, one of the substantial lesser prizes—a romance rooted deep in the magic, the mystery, the romantic lure of love, a story that thrilled you while you were living it, or when you saw it working out in the life of some friend.

Do Not Fear That You Lack Skill

If you know such a story, by all means set it down and send it in. If it thrilled you, there is small doubt but that it will thrill others. Consider the gorgeous additional thrill you would receive if you were to open an envelope and find a check for \$1500 in return for from ten to fifteen typed or hand-written pages. Do not hesitate for fear you do not have the requisite skill. That feeling has prevented thousands from realizing handsomely on episodes in their lives.

It is the story that counts, not literary craftsmanship. If your story has the romantic, human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skilfully written they may be. Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the \$1500 first prize, the person submitting the next best will be awarded the \$1000 second prize, etc.

In addition every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it. You may

submit more than one manuscript, although not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual. There is no limit to the number we may purchase.

Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is lived so surely you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize.....	\$1500
Second Prize.....	1000
Third Prize, 2 at \$500..	1000
Fourth Prize, 4 at \$250.	1000
Fifth Prize, 10 at \$200..	2000
Sixth Prize, 35 at \$100.	3500
Total, 53 Prizes.....	\$10,000

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 nor more than 4500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on **FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL**, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME (or nom de plume) **AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE** and sign your full name (or nom de plume) and **LEGAL** address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

This contest ends at midnight, Tuesday, June 30, 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications **SHORT ROMANCE** Contest, Dept. 26C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

(Continued from page 99)

place these eggs gently into the tadpole pond and there the sun hatches them into tiny black tadpoles about one quarter of an inch long. I keep them there and feed them on table scraps, etc. The tadpole begins to sprout legs when about four months old. At that time I seine them out and place them in the growing pond where they stay until ready to sell. They live on insects, minnows and crawfish until about a year or eighteen months old, and measure about four inches in body length, and over. At this size they are worth about five dollars a dozen.

Jumbo frogs are the most valuable of all, but it takes about two or three years for them to reach that size, which is about eighteen inches, stretched out, and they weigh over three pounds. Due to the number of years needed for their growth, frogs are usually sold before the jumbo size is reached. Before you plant potatoes and tomatoes in your yard, pause to think, for not only is frog raising a profitable business, but you can also make the pond a place of beauty. Just plant a few water lilies, cat-tails or any other water plant.

—F. K.

Here is one of the simple ways of making extra money that I mentioned above. The cost of starting this is small. After that all you need is perseverance and a systematic way of doing things.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

DEAR MRS. MORTON:

We live in a small town and about a mile from us is a two-acre patch of horse radish. The owner gave us permission to dig as much as we wanted, so in the fall my husband dug and stored in a pit in the ground enough horse radish to keep us busy all winter. We clean and wash it thoroughly, then grind it with a food chopper with a fine blade. This done, we mix it with white vinegar and pack it in clean jars. These jars are of various shapes and sizes that we have been collecting for a long time. We price the larger jars at thirty cents and the smaller ones at twenty and fifteen. It has gone over so big in our town that we decided, a short time ago, to take in some of the adjoining towns. We make the horse radish one day and the following day go out and sell it. This way we are

sure it is absolutely fresh. We have many regular customers in restaurants, dog wagons and private individuals. We have as much as three dollars and fifty cents a day and it has given us a steady income all winter.

—MRS. R. J. A.

Perhaps you have thought of sun ray lamps as being only a luxury for the rich.

But this next prize letter tells how one man and his wife have discovered them to be a nice source of income.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER

DEAR MRS. MORTON:

Recently my wife and I racked our brains trying to discover some way of making extra money. There were several things that handicapped us from doing this. We live in a small apartment and have no room at all to do things that require tools. Then, too, neither of us have any knowledge on any subject other than what we do in our office jobs. Most of all, when we are through at the end of a day we are pretty well tuckered out—so much so that any mental labor would be impossible at night.

Finally one day I saw an advertisement about a sun-ray lamp. I sent for one and a week after the machine arrived both my wife and myself had acquired a coat of tan that made us look as if we had just come back from a winter in Florida. Naturally, both our friends and the people we work with were curious. We started talking up our lamp and before long several of them came over to the house and we gave a demonstration. After that it didn't take much salesmanship to sell them a machine. These machines are reasonable and those who sell them make a nice profit. There are several types on the market and all of them are practical and beneficial both for health and appearance. And they are guaranteed to last a year. I think the carbon lamps are best. We also rent ours. We charge twenty-five cents a treatment or, in the case of people who already have a good coat of tan and use the lamp longer, it is thirty-five cents. There is very little competition in this field.

—MR. AND MRS. EDWIN J. K.

Do You Need Advice?

(Continued from page 9)

his industry and I love his magnificent character. He is a man of the utmost integrity. But what am I to do to solve this problem and to make life happy all the way round, both for him and for me? Let me add that, if this sounds foolish to you, nevertheless it is true. It is just what John is doing.

ELSIE.

I am so glad that you approach this

problem with understanding, Elsie, and not with anger. There is something very pathetic about John's attitude, and I think he is fortunate in having fallen in love with a girl who realizes how this passion of his for rules and regulations came into being. Of course, it is all a result of his early life. Indeed, he chose his present life because of that devotion to routine which was planted in him in

(Continued on page 103)

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28x4.75-19	2.45	33x4	2.95	33x5	3.75
29x4.75-20	2.50	34x4	3.25	35x5	3.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	32x4 1/2	3.35		
30x5.00-20	2.85				
5.25-17	2.90				
28x5.25-18	2.90				
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30x5.25-20	2.95				
31x5.25-21	3.25				
5.50-17	3.35				
28x5.50-18	3.35				
29x5.50-19	3.35				
6.00-17	3.40				
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TRUE STORY Magazine and the various publications of a similar nature that have won a circulation of nearly four million copies a month have many imitators. Some rival publishers imitate our covers, use our sub-titles and in other ways try to deceive the public.

Please note that the Macfadden Publications publish only four magazines of a True Story type—TRUE ROMANCES, LOVE AND ROMANCE, and TRUE EXPERIENCES, in addition to TRUE STORY.

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"I FELT more like a guest than a master in my house. I paid none of the bills. I had no part in choosing the furniture or buying the food. My father-in-law paid for everything without a murmur. My wife and her mother said they did not like my taste. The new shirts in my bureau Evelyn bought and paid for. In short, I was being kept, just like any cheap gigolo, because I had been able to arouse and keep a woman's love."

Eric Murray had sold himself to get a medical education, and now he was paying back his debt—with his own self-respect. That was bad enough. But now there was Mary, and real love! And Mary's expected baby.

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ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

FRED STONE'S OWN STORY—I TRIED TO LIVE MY CHILDREN'S LIVES—THE WOMAN I CAN'T FORGET—THE MAN WHO SET ME FREE—HEARTBREAK IN SING SING—I LOVED A MILLIONAIRE—HER LOVE WAS MY REDEMPTION—I MARRIED A PICK-UP—TEN KINDS OF DEVIL—STRANGER THAN FICTION—HOME PROBLEMS FORUM—ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF BILLY AND BETTY—TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER.

ON THE SCREEN

If you are one of the great number of readers who have wanted to see TRUE STORY brought to the screen, you will be delighted to know that arrangements have been completed with Columbia Pictures to make your wish come true! Production on the initial release will get under way in the near future and it will not be long until you can enjoy your favorite magazine on the screen of your favorite theater. Watch for further announcements as this thrilling new feature develops.

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True Story

JULY ISSUE NOW AT ALL NEWS STANDS

(Continued from page 101)

the orphanage. When large groups of people live together, either children or adults, and when there is so little love involved, routine is necessary and people naturally seek refuge in a fixed schedule.

You are right in thinking that so fixed a routine is impossible for a full adult life. It is decidedly limiting, and it deprives the individual of that extreme joy of doing happy and beautiful things impulsively. Impulsive actions are often the very soul of life, although a life built entirely on impulse is not desirable. I don't blame you, though, for being frightened by the prospect of living by the clock, as you say, but I think perhaps you have underestimated the softening influence of love in John's life.

THE marriage relationship has wonderful powers for reconstruction. If John is capable of love, as he must be, then he is certainly capable of feeling the transcendent beauty of love after marriage. And you must consider this your most powerful ally. In subtle ways, however, there are things you can do now. But you must be very patient with him and work silently and carefully. Don't try, all at once, to overrun every rule he has laid down. Give him the fullest love and understanding of which you are capable. If you can, devise little instances which will look unexpected, and watch John's reaction to them. After all, people can attempt to regiment their own behavior, but they can't control the behavior of others.

Some night when you and John are spending the evening at home, arrange to have a few friends drop in "unexpectedly". That is, don't tell him that you have made any such arrangements, but ask some good friends to cooperate with you. If it is a friend you can trust, then you can certainly explain the situation.

Now, if John is really a man of the utmost integrity, as you say, his good manners will come to the rescue. He certainly isn't going to put the friends out or be rude to them in any way. If they are people whom he likes and he spends a pleasant evening with them, you may even find at the end of the evening that he has no regrets about the upsetting of his schedule, because good fellowship and joy are the elements of freedom.

You might also, some night, buy some tickets to a play and not tell him until he arrives that you have these seats. I think this will give you an idea of what can be done to bring into his life, slowly, the idea that unexpected plans can be delightful, and are as necessary as fresh air and sunshine. If he has a birthday soon, you might make a surprise party for him. And there isn't a man living, I think, who can resist the appeal of a surprise party staged by friends who have given up their own plans and come to celebrate some occasion with him.

All this time, however, you must be careful not to give him any idea that you are deliberately making him over or that you disapprove of his way of life. Just let him feel that you are try-

ing to bring the greatest possible happiness into his life, to make it a richer and broader one. There may be disappointments and little setbacks. But, if you really love John, you will keep on, and the rest of the work will be done by your genuine love.

Tabloid Answers

MARY JANE: You had better pull yourself together quickly and stop this nonsense. Send Tommy about his business and give your time and attention to your husband and children. You talk about not being willing to separate your husband from his children, but under the circumstances the chances are that you would be separated from them. I doubt very much whether you would receive their custody, should you take the step you have contemplated. You must remember that a father has legal rights to his children, too, and you certainly can't be sure that the judge will consider you the natural guardian. A man has to be a very unusual person to be willing to take care of three children belonging to another man. If you still consider taking the step you spoke of, you must also consider the fact that you may not see the children again—and it has been my experience that no matter how happy a woman's second marriage may be, she always regrets having given up her children. If you really want to, you can make up your mind to forget Tommy. It may not be easy at first, but I think you should have your hands full with three children, and, if you give them all the attention they require, you will have no time to think of anybody else.

MARY J.: I would advise you to stick by your decision and not see this man again. You have shown a great deal of courage so far and the best thing you can do is to keep up this courage and be firm. I do not think you would be happy being involved in a situation like this. Indeed, considering your training and upbringing, you would find little happiness in the whole thing. Just make up your mind that it can't be, and see to it that he keeps away from you and does not involve your name in any way. You may be rather unhappy at first, but if you find new friends and new interests, you will forget in time. I really think this is the best way.

SALLY: Your friend Jack is acting like a spoiled baby. So far as I can see, you have not offended him in any way, and he has no good reason for acting injured. This is always a sign of selfishness on the part of a man. Don't cater to his whims like that. You will be making a great mistake, if you do. Any man who will greet every other member of a group and deliberately keep silent before you, when you are in that group, is extremely rude. Maybe he thinks he is punishing you for something, but that, too, shows selfishness. You will be very foolish to talk to him first, since he has not spoken for such a long time. Let him go his own way and you go yours. Of course, he doesn't

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care for you! He cares only for himself and his own feelings. You can't be happy with a man like that.

MELANCHOLY MARIAN: Since your training from childhood has been against divorce, isn't it quite obvious, that, if you really love Tony, you will have to sacrifice something in order to marry him? If you feel that you can't sacrifice the rules by which you have been brought up, then you must give up the thought of marrying him. Of course, in a situation of this kind, I can give you very little advice. You must decide for yourself which sacrifice you want to make, because unquestionably something will have to go. Unfortunately, you find yourself in one of those situations where you can't have your cake and eat it, too. You must make up your mind to keep it or to eat it, and nobody can decide for you, since it is too important a matter.

BETSY J.: Unless Bob is willing to gain his freedom and marry you, he does not love you. If he cared about you in the right way, he would certainly want to make you happy, but under the present circumstances he isn't doing it. I would advise you to come to a definite understanding with him. You will get yourself talked about and be involved in many unpleasant circumstances, if you go about with a married man who shows no intention of getting his freedom. Make it plain to him that he must bring you the happiness you desire or you will have to break with him. Don't let him involve you in his selfishness. He wants all the pleasure of your companionship, without assuming any responsibility. At the same time he is spoiling your chances of meeting some other nice young men who would be willing to assume the duties and obligations of marriage. Don't go on this way.

MRS. K. E. W.: I wouldn't advise you to send your son away, but I certainly would advise you to deprive him of privileges, until he learns how to conduct himself. The first thing I would do is to deprive him of his allowance, if he isn't working. See that he is fed and has a roof over his head, for, after all, you can't thrust the boy out just because he is not working. But what you can do is to refuse to give him money so that he will not be in a position to get drunk. If he realizes that his money supply depends upon his keeping sober and being able to work, then it might help him to pull himself together and act like a decent, respectable citizen. I do not think you should blame his father for his drinking habits. There is a great difference between taking one drink in a group and getting drunk. His father apparently knows how to control himself, whereas the boy doesn't. You must remember that this is going to be a long and perhaps painful process. A habit like this is not cured overnight. It will require a great deal of patience, and you must expect a few disappointments, but it seems to me that the whole question hinges upon his not having enough money to drink.

What Do We Eat?

(Continued from page 52)

Boil the water, honey and orange rind together 3 minutes. Strain, chill, and add the fruit juices.

ORIENTAL PUNCH

- 3 cups orange juice
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon clove extract
- 10 drops peppermint extract
- 1 quart freshly made tea
- Ice

Strain orange juice, add water and sugar, boiled together to a syrup, then flavoring extracts and tea. Chill and serve in tall glasses partly filled with cracked ice. Serves 8 to 10.

TOMATO FRUIT COCKTAIL

- 1 cup tomato juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grapefruit juice
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons Mayonnaise
- $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper

Blend all ingredients and chill thoroughly. Serves 2 or 3 persons.

STRAWBERRY TREAT

- 2 cups strawberry juice
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup honey
- 4 cups cold water

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Serve in tall glasses with crushed ice.

MINT JULEP

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
- 2 1-pint bottles gingerale
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mint extract
- Green vegetable coloring

Combine water and sugar and bring to boiling point while stirring constantly. Remove and cool. Add lemon juice and mint extract and enough green coloring to tint a delicate green. Just before serving add gingerale. Garnish with thin slice of lemon over edge of glass and a sprig of mint.

APRICOT PUNCH

- 1 pound dried cooked apricots
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups water
- 1 quart cider
- Juice 2 lemons
- Juice 2 oranges

Rub apricots through a coarse sieve. Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes, then add apricot pulp, cider, orange juice and lemon juice. Let stand at least 2 hours to mellow and pour over cracked ice.

SYLVIA'S FAVORITE COCKTAIL

- 1 cup tomato juice
- 6 drops onion juice
- 1 teaspoon horse radish (grated)

- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
 - 2 drops tabasco
- Mix all ingredients together and chill.

WHAT HOUSEWIVES WANT TO KNOW:

Miss D. F.: Lansing, Mich.

Q. I understand that iodine is very necessary to protect one against goiter and would like to know just what foods one can eat to be sure to have enough iodine for protection.

A. One must have iodine in the diet or else the thyroid gland will become affected. The following foods are rich in iodine: clams, cod-liver oil, halibut, lobsters, oysters, salmon, shrimp and iodized salt. And the following foods also contain iodine unless the ground in which they are raised is definitely deficient in this mineral: barley, green beans, carrots, cherries, corn, loganberries and spinach.

Mrs. T. E.: Fort Worth, Texas

Q. I would like to have a good sponge cake recipe, with a simple filling and a frosting to go with it.

A. Here is a delicious Sponge Cake recipe that I am sure you will have success with because it is so simple to make.

SPONGE CAKE

- 2 egg whites
- 2 egg yolks
- 4 tablespoons hot water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon lemon extract
- 1 cup flour
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons baking powder

Beat egg whites until stiff and add half the sugar. Add hot water to egg yolks and beat until thick; then add remaining sugar and lemon extract gradually, while beating constantly. Add whites, and fold in flour, mixed and sifted with baking powder. Turn into deep cake pan and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 35 minutes.

Remove cake from oven and invert pan until cold. Remove from pan and trim edges. Cut crosswise in thirds and put together in three-layered loaf with Lemon Filling, and spread Lemon Frosting on top and sides.

RICH LEMON FILLING

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- 4 tablespoons cake flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 1 egg, well-beaten
- 2 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- Dash of salt

Combine sugar, flour and salt in the top of a double-boiler; add water and egg, mixing thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 10 minutes or until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from boiling water; add butter, lemon juice, and rind, and

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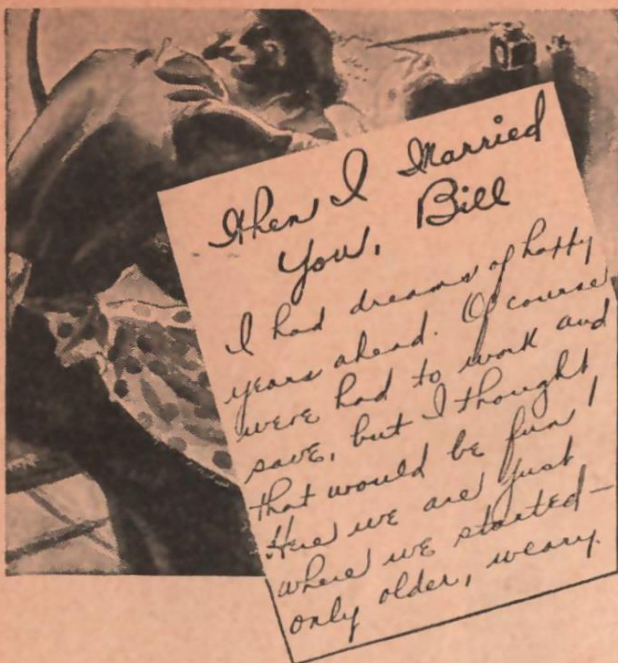
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| ☐ Architectural Draftsman | ☐ Bridge Engineer |
| ☐ Building Estimating | ☐ Bridge Foreman |
| ☐ Contractor and Builder | ☐ Building Foreman |
| ☐ Structural Draftsman | ☐ Diesel Engines |
| ☐ Structural Engineer | ☐ Aviation Engines |
| ☐ Electrical Engineer | ☐ Automobile Work |
| ☐ Electric Lighting | ☐ Plumbing ☐ Steam Fitting |
| ☐ Telegraph Engineer | ☐ Heating ☐ Ventilation |
| ☐ Telephone Work ☐ Radio | ☐ Air Conditioning |
| ☐ Management of Inventions | ☐ Refrigeration |
| ☐ Mechanical Engineer | ☐ R. R. Locomotives |
| ☐ Mechanical Draftsman | ☐ R. R. Section Foreman |
| ☐ Patternmaker ☐ Machinist | ☐ R. R. Signalmen |
| ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints | ☐ Air Brakes |
| ☐ Heat Treatment of Metals | ☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy |
| ☐ Sheet Metal Worker | ☐ Coal Mining |
| ☐ Welding, Electric and Gas | ☐ Navigation |
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cool before spreading on cake.

LEMON FROSTING

- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon water
- Dash of salt

Add orange rind to butter; cream well. Add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Combine lemon juice and water; add to creamed mixture alternately with remaining sugar, until of right consistency to spread. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add salt.

CORRECTION

If you've placed our "Caramel Junket" recipe, which appeared on page 67 of the April TRUE ROMANCES magazine, in your cooking file, we would like you to turn back to make the following correction: The one-half cup of evaporated milk, diluted with one-half cup of water, should be one cup of fresh milk instead. Junket should not be made with evaporated milk.

And, while we're on the subject, I wish you would try this recipe. I know you'll enjoy it—

CARAMEL RENNET-CUSTARD

- 1 "Junket" rennet tablet
- 1 pint milk
- 1 tablespoon cold water
- ¼ cup sugar
- ¼ cup boiling water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Dissolve "junket" rennet tablet in 1 tablespoon cold water. Put sugar in a small saucepan, and heat carefully, stirring constantly until melted and golden brown. Add water drop by drop to caramelized sugar, and stir until dissolved. If caramelized sugar becomes hard, add water and heat slowly until the sugar dissolves. Add milk and vanilla flavoring and warm until luke-warm, not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved "junket" rennet tablet, stir a few seconds, and turn at once into individual dessert glasses. Let stand in a warm room until firm—about 10 minutes. Then chill in refrigerator before serving.

MRS. R. P.: Bridgeport, Conn.

Q. I have been married a year and I rather hate to give up my very fine responsible position, but I find keeping house and working all day very strenuous. My biggest difficulty is preparing dinner at night. I think if I knew how to do this simply, the double job would not be so difficult. Will you print this in your columns because I am sure there are a great many women who have similar difficulties that may be helped with your advice?

A. I am so glad you wrote to tell me of your problem and am also glad that you asked to have it printed in these columns. It is true, there are many women today who must work and keep house also. But one really need not wear herself out preparing dinners,

if she knows how to organize her work and plan some simple menus. Here is a plan for one meal which will present to you a simple pattern to follow.

Broiled Salmon	Sauce Tartare
New Potatoes with Peas	
Apple and Onion Salad	
Sweet Pickles	
Whole Wheat Bread, Toasted	
Crushed Strawberries	
Hard Sauce	Coffee

SHOPPING LIST

- 1 center slice salmon
- 1 bottle capers
- 6 new potatoes
- 1 pound peas
- 2 small apples
- 1 box strawberries
- Young onions
- Whole wheat bread
- Cream, lemon, parsley
- Mayonnaise
- Sweet pickles

HAVE READY

- Frying Pan
- 2 saucepans
- 2 bowls
- Egg-beater
- Tablespoon, teaspoon
- Measuring cup
- Toaster
- Percolator
- Sharp knife
- 2 dinner plates

Preparation: Time 40 minutes

Light the broiler flame for the salmon.

Spread salmon on both sides with 1 tablespoon butter.

Put in the frying pan. Broil 30 minutes.

Shell the peas and scrape the potatoes.

Put the potatoes into boiling water. Boil 20 minutes.

Put the peas into saucepan, using 2 cups boiling water. Boil 20 minutes.

Remove the cores from apples, leaving them whole.

Scoop the centers out to form apple cups.

Slice 2 young onions thin and cut the centers of the apples into small pieces.

Mix the onion and apple with ⅓ cup cream, whipped, 1 teaspoon sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika and juice of half a lemon.

Heap the salad in the apple cups.

For the Sauce Tartare use 4 tablespoons Mayonnaise mixed with 1 teaspoon capers, 1 sweet pickle minced, 1 teaspoon parsley minced.

Drain the potatoes and peas. Combine them.

Dress with 4 tablespoons cream and 1 tablespoon butter. Heat them and keep them warm.

Set the table.

Make the coffee.

Make the toast at the table.

Since space here will not permit giving you more than this menu, if you wish, I will send you an attractive variety as soon as I hear from you.

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